ABVSES STRIPT, AND WHIPT OR SATIRICAL ESSAIES,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Diuided into two Bookes.

Alſo the Scourge. EPIGRAMS.

By GEORGE WITHER.

Πολλακις τοι καὶ μικρὸς ἀνὴρ κατανυλεμονίτης.

Deſpiſe not thus what ere I ſeeme in ſhow,
A foole to purpoſe ſpeakes ſometime you know,

AT LONDON,
Printed by G. ELD, for FRANCIS BVRTON, and are to be ſold at his ſtop in Pauls Churchyard, at the ſigne of the Green-Dragon.
1613.

To himselfe, *G. W.* wisheth *all happinesse.*



THou (*euen my selfe*) whom next *God*, my *Prince*, and *Country* I am most engaged vnto; It is not vnlikely, but some will wonder why, contrarie to the worlds custome, I haue made choise of thy Patronage for this booke, rather then the protection of such whose mightinesse might seeme better able to defend it; especially considering such a *Gigantick* troupe of aduersaries haue banded themselues against the *Truth*, that one of them *Goliah*-like dares raile vpon a whole hoast of *Israel*. It may be (I say) some will wonder, and some scoffe at mee for it; for which cause (though to answere them with *sic volo* had been sufficient, yet to shew I will not like our *Great ones* stand so much vpon

my authoritie as to make my *Will* my *Reason*) I heere let you know why, and for what causes I haue done it; the first is this: I could not amongst all men finde any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my *Worke* was vnworthy, or too worthy their Patronage. Secondly, it is said; *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free speech would hardly make a *Diapason*, pleasing to the eare of a common *Mecenas*, thought it best to hold my tong, or speake to my selfe, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather indure the *Kites* tyranny, then with *Æsops* Doues make the Sparrow-hauke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I haue spoken *Truth* it is able to defend it selfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I must answere for it. Fiftly, for asmuch as I know my owne minde best; I purpose, if need be to become my owne *Aduocate*. Sixtly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I my selfe haue most right vnto it. But seauenthly, and lastly which is indeed the principal *Reason*, I haue

haue made this *Dedication* to thee, poore *world*-despised *Selfe*; euen to put thee in mind, (seeing thou hast here boldly begun to bid defiance to the *Flesh*, and vpon iust causes quarrelled with the *world*) that thou take heed to thine owne words, and not through basenes of minde or vntowardnes of *Fortune* (to thy euerlasting disgrace) faintly giue ouer so noble a *Combate*. If euer aduersitie (as tis like enough) oppress thee, yet remember thy owne sayings, and in despight of outward *Destinies* haue a care to keepe an vndeiected heart still free for *Vertue*. Or on the contrarie, if euer (as tis vnlikely) vnexpected *Prosperitie* bee cast vpon thee, then look to thy selfe, take to thee this poore booke of thine, wherein thou shalt see the dangers of it, and be, perhaps, therby staid from many a perilous enterprise, which that estate might else driue thee into. Reade it, weekely, daily, yea and howerly toe: what though it bee thine owne? thou knowest mans nature to bee so vncertaine, and prone to forgetfulnesse, euen in the best things, that thou canst not haue too many *Memorandums*.

The

The wisest fall, and therefore euery day was *Philip* desirous to bee remembred that hee was a *Man*; thou thinkest I know, still to remaine what thou art, I desire in some things thou maist, but vnlesse thou labour it with diligent watchfulnesse ouer *affection*, it is at least much to be doubted, if not altogether to bee despaired of; thou hast seene many by an alteration in their estate beene so *metamorphosed*, as if they were not the same men, nor of that *Nation*.

Nay remember it, thou thy selfe, and that but vpon a bare hope, or imagination of some preferment, hast bin puffed vp and exalted aboue measure: consider now then how much more thou hadst beene so, and what had become of thee if God had not by dashing those hopes called thee to thy selfe againe? Alas! if hee had answered thy *ambitious* expectations to thy desire, thou hadst bin by this time past recouerie and not thought of this; but delighted in *villanie*, been ouer-mastred by *passion*, rusht into all *vanity* and *presumption*; yet neuer felt any danger, till it were too late to preuent it. Thou hast oft wisht thou hadst bin borne to

the

the like means that others are, which might it haue beene so, now thou seest thou shouldst hardly, or neuer, haue come to the knowledge of those things, that are now shewne thee. Tis true, thou hast lamented to be croſt in thy preferments, but thou seest since that it might haue beene thy vndoing if it had not beene so, and maist perswade thy selfe, whether it be now or neuer, it will be to thy good. For tell me, hast thou not often felt, euen when thou wert busiest to preuent them; *fond loue, ambition, reuenge, couetousnesse* and such like *Passions* then to inuade thee? Hast thou perceiued it I say? How much more then would they haue beene ready to assaile thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadst wholly addicted thy self to the things of this *world*? Let mee aduise my *deare selfe* then, to make vse of this thine owne worke, it will be better to thee then all the *world*: for this good it may do thee, and to this end I made both it and the *Dedication* thereof to thee, that if euer hereafter the temptations of the *world*, the *flesh* & the *diuel*, or any occasion should make thee to forget this mind that thou art

now

now in ; or so blind thy vnderstanding thou shouldst not perceiue thy owne and the *Worlds* follies as thou now dost ; That if thou shouldst be in that miserable state as many are, to haue no feeling of thy danger: that if thou shouldst bee wofully flattered and haue no friend that dares, or loues thee so well to put thee in minde of thy transgressions.

Then I haue ordained this to shew thee what once thou wert, to touch thee againe with the feeling of thy miseries, and to bee vnto thee that true *Friend*, which, free from all faigned inuention, shal plainely tell thee, what perhaps should else haue neuer beene brought againe to thy remembrance. Looke then that for thy owne sake thou respect this, how euer to others it may seeme a trifle. Bee carefull of thy actions, for seeing thou knowest the dangerous *Passions* whereunto *Man* is subiect, hast showne his *Vanities*, layed open his *Weakenesse*, and sharpely taxed his *Presumptions* : If now thou shouldest wilfully runne thy selfe into the same euilles, the *World* would vpraide

thee

thee, this *Booke*, yea thy *Conſcience* accuſe thee, God and good-men hate thee, thy fault be more odious and in-excuſable, thy *Iudgement* more ſeuere, and which is worſt, thy puniſhment moſt intollerable; I ſay ſeeke therefore (if for no other cauſe) ſo to carrie thy ſelfe, that at leaſt thou maiſt haue a good conſcience before God, for *Si Deus tecum quis contrate*, but if now hauing made the *world* thine enemie, expoſed thy ſelfe to the malice thereof, and hauing ſo many *Legions* of foes without thee, thou ſhouldeſt alſo, by thy negligence, ſuffer the inuincible fortreſſe of a ſound *Conſcience* to be crazed within thee, the *Diuell*, that is alway watching ſuch aduantages, would quickly poſſeſſe it with vn vnmercifull troupe of *Horrors*, *Feares*, and *Diſperations*, that without *Gods* miraculous aſſiſtance thou wouldeſt grow wholly paſt either comfort or recouerie.

For all the *world* cannot defend thee againſt thy *Conſcience*, but that beeing with thee, thou maiſt preuaile againſt all the *world*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zibethum* yeeld a perfume to ſweeten others

and

and be of thy selfe a stinking vermine, but let this thy owne worke bee first confirmed by thy life and conuersation, yea let it bee a *President* to thy selfe, for, *Tanti erit aliis quanti tibi fuerit*, but if not, I say if the *World* mis-esteeme either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore esteeme the lesse either of thy booke or of thy selfe, but rather let them know

That thou hast learned, still thy care shalbe,
A rush for him, that cares a straw for thee.

But now, though for these and diuers other *Reasons*, I haue to thee my *Owne-selfe* committed the *protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this booke, yet my meaning is not that thou shouldst keepe it wholly to thine owne vse; But rather seeing it is honourable to giue, (though none will giue thee any thing.) I haue bestowne this on thee, that if thou canst in this corrupted age, finde any, whom desert, and thy loue may make so deare vnto thee, or whom thou art perswaded will gratifie, or but thinke wel of thy honest endeauours, thou maist bee liberall to them both of these thy labours and expences. But this I con-

iure

iure thee to: be they neuer ſo great yet flatter not, or if he be a man whom thou knoweſt the *World* ſpeakes any way iuſtly ill of; either tell him his fault, or leaue him wholly out of thy *Catalogue:* But becauſe I begin to grow tedious to my *owne ſelfe*, and ſince I ſhall haue *Opportunitie* enough to conſider with thee what is further needfull without an *Epiſtle*, with my prayers for my *Prince*, my *Country*, my *friends*, and my *owne* proſperitie, without any leaue taking, or Commendations of my *Selfe*; I heartily wiſh my owne *Soule* to fare-well.

Thy Princes, thy Ceuntries, thy friends, and thine i. *thine owne whilſt Reaſon maſters Affection.*

GEO. WITHER.

To the Reader.



Eaders; I speak to you that haue vnderstanding; when these first fruits, of my conuerted Muses, *shall come to your iudicious censures, Do not looke for* Spencers, *or* Daniels *wel composed numbers; or the deep conceits of now flouri∫hing* Iohnson, *no; ∫ay tis hone∫t plaine matter, and there's as much as I look for. If I haue ∫eem'd to erre in any thing ∫uppo∫e me not ∫o obſtinate, or well conceited of my owne opinions, but that I may be perſwaded by any that ſhall produce ſtronger* Reaſons *to the contrarie. If any thing may ſeeme to haue a doubtfull interpretation aſſure your ſelues the hone∫t meaning in it is mine, and although ſome may thinke I haue not ſo wel ioined things together as I might haue done, I know when you haue conſidered the nature of the* Subiect, *& the diuerſitie of things therein handled, you will accept my good will and let my yeeres bee an excuſe for that and all other ignorant ouer-ſights whatſoeuer. Some no doubt*

will mistaste my plainnes, in that I haue so bluntly spoken what I haue obserued, without any Poeticall additions or faigned Allegories, I am sorry I haue not pleased them therein, but should haue been more sorry if I had displeased my selfe in doing otherwise, for I know if I had wraps vp my meaning, in darke riddles, I should haue been more applauded and lesse vnderstood, which I nothing desire. I neither feare nor shame to speake the Truth, and therefore haue nakedly thrust it forth without a couering. To what end were it, if I (as some doe) had apparelled my minde in darke Parables, that few or none might haue vnderstood mee? I should doe better to be silent; but if it be more in request I may hereafter bee obscure enough, yet in this tis not my meaning, for indeed, if I knew how; my desire is to bee so plaine, that the blunteſt Iobernole might vnderstand mee. Our Grand-villaines care not for a secret ierk; well wee may shew an honest wit in couertly nipping them; but either tis in vaine, cause they perceiue it not, or else ridiculous, seeing they onelie vnderstand it who will but either malice or flout vs for our labors. Many may dislike the harshnes of the Verse, but you know, although it be not stately, yet it well

enough

enough befits the matter, and whereas I may seem blame worthy in mixing Diuinity *with* Humanity: *yet when you haue found my generall ayme; considered with what reuerent respect I haue done it, and what commendable authorities I may haue for it; I nothing misdoubt your approbation. Those things which concerne my selfe, may seeme childish, nothing pleasing, but you must consider I had a care to please my selfe as wel as others; and if the* World *blame mee as to sawcy with her; 'tis for want of manners, but her owne fault, that would allow mee no better education. To bee briefe if I haue any way offended I am so well perswaded you wil mildly conster my errors and infirmities, that I rest wholly, and onely on your sound and incorrupted* Iudgements.

**But*

Readers; *I meane you that are no more but* Readers; *I make no question if this book come to your spelling, it will haue many halting verses; and disioynted sentenses: for I haue had experience of your insufficientie: yet haue* I *strin'd to bee for your sakes* I *tell you (because* I *would if it were possible bee vnderstood) as plaine (as they say) as a pack-saddle, and now the doubt is them fooles will tide me. If they doe certainly,* I *shall*

be rough & vneasie for their tendernesse. Though you vnderstand them not, yet because you see this want, some fine Phrases *and flourishes, as you find other mens writings stuft withall; perhaps you will iudge me vnlearned. Well; and right enough. Yet you will be counted but sawcy* Coblers *to go beyond your* Lasts. *And if that be a fault, did not the subiect and your ignorance, require me to bee in that sort faultie? I could with ease haue amended it, for it cost me (I protest) more labour to obserue this plainenesse then if I had more* Poetically *trim'd it, but for feare if I speake much, I confound your* Memories, *I will say no more but this,* Read and welcome, *but* Censure not *for your iudgement is weake, and I vtterly renounce it.*

Valete.

G. W.

To Time.

EPIGR. 1.

NOw ſwift- deuouring, bald and il-fac't *Time*,
Doſt not thou bluſh to ſee thy ſelfe vncloak't?
Oh that I knew but how to laugh in *Rime*?
Faith I would doe it though thou wiſht me choakt.
Did'ſt thou not ſee how thy faire *antique ſhape*
Is now transformed to a *ſhapeleſſe hew*:
How lke thou look'ſt to ſome *Barbarian Ape*,
Couldſt thou I ſay with me thine owne ſelfe view,
Thou wouldſt be *Metamorphoſed* a new,
Run quite away, and either all amend,
Or wiſh thy ſelfe and all things at an end.

And yet deſpaire not *Time*, though thou art ill;
The worſt that euer yet was knowne to be;
Tis not ordain'd thou ſhouldſt remaine ſo ſtill,
For I my ſelfe this Age doe hope to ſee:
The gloriou'ſt work that euer Time brought foorth,
The maſter-peece, and the moſt noble act;
In the reſpect of which 'twere nothing worth
If all the braue deeds done were but one fact;
Romes fall I meane, I heard it when it crack't.
Yea from my *Cradle* I did ſtill ſurmize;
I ſhould ſee *Babel* tumble, *Bethel* riſe,

EPIGR. 2.

I Heare there's some aske, how I dare so plaine,
Tax the *abuses* that I now see raigne,
I muse as much they dare say ill vnto it,
Or dare but aske, but how I dare to doe it.

To the Stranger. 3

THou that wert so vnhappy, first to breath,
Without the compasse of *Great Brittans* power;
And blest againe that fate did thee bequeath,
The knowledge of so rich a tongue as our.
If vnderstanding thou dost hap to read,
This booke wherein thou seest my nations shame,
Yet doe not thou against my country plead,
For thine thou know'st doth merit as much blame;
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;
But were they moe, we were no worse then you.

To the Satyromastix. 4.

OH Lord Sir, y' are deceiu'd, I'me none of those,
That write in Anger, or malicious spleene,
I haue not taken pepper in the Nose,
Nor a base forger of false libels beene:
Such ones there be indeed, such I haue seene,

I enuy no man for his greatnes I,
Nor ſeeke I any honeſt mans diſgrace:
I ioy in euery ones proſperitie,
Ile not the credit of a dogge deface,
My Aduerſarie ſhall not prooue the caſe.

Then ſtand back ſirrah Whip-Iach with your ſcourg
Doe not incenſe my Satyr for thy life:
Hee's patient enough vnleſſe thou vrge,
Contentions are now a dayes too rife,
And he is very backward vnto ſtrife.

But notwithſtanding here he lets thee ſee,
As long as there is cauſe and reaſon why:
In ſpight of all that foes to Satyrs be.
He ſhall, if I liſt, taxe iniquitie,
It is a matter of neceſsitie.

What? you would faine haue all the *great ones* freed
They muſt not for their vices be controld:
Beware; that were a ſaucineſſe indeed;
But if the *great ones* to offend be bold,
I ſee no reaſon but they ſhould be told.

Yea and they ſhall; their faults moſt hurtfull be,
And though I will not put them to that ſhame,
I no iniuſtice in the matter ſee,
If they were taxed by their proper name,
For no ſinne can on earth haue her full blame.
Then *Scourge* of *Satyrs* hold thy whip from mine,
Or I will make my rod laſh thee and thine.

To the gald Reader.

Epigram. 5.

SIr he that's night-gald, or hath cornes on's toes,
May blame the Shoomaker and curſe his ſhooes;
But thoſe that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reaſon wherefore he doth halt;
So thou maiſt think (perhaps) theſe *Satyrs* ſting thee
Where only thy owne guiltines doth wring thee:
For if thou wert from theſe diſeaſes free,
Thou wouldſt be quiet as ſome others be.
But tis well knowne *a tickliſh beaſt hath tricks*,
And the old *Prouerb* ſaith *a gald Iade kicks*;
But Ile aduiſe thee, if thou feele it ſmart,
Be ruld by me and play not the fooles part:
Keep't to thy ſelfe, and there are none ſhall know,
Whether that thou art toucht therein or no.
Thou ſeeſt thou neither art markt out nor nam'd,
And therefore onely to thy ſelfe art ſham'd;
Now if thou ſtir, at beſt thou ſhalt but make
The Country of thy faults more knowledge take.
And (as indeed, it iuſtly may) diuine,
The worſt faults that I write againſt are thine.
Then ſince to be reprooued ſeemes a curſe,
And to be mooued makes the matter worſe,
Either for to amend thy life haue care,
Or like a Packhorſe and an Aſſe ſtill beare.

To

To the Impartiall Author.

George, I did euer thinke thy faithfull breast,
Conteind a mind beyond the common sort;
Thy very looke an honest heart expreſt,
And ſeem'd an aw-full mildnes to import:
Poets may vaunt of ſmooth and lofty ſtraines,
Thine with thy ſubiect fitly do agree;
But then thy *Muſe* a better praiſe obtaines,
For whil'ſt the greateſt but *time-pleaſers* be,
Thou vnappal'd, and freely ſpeak'ſt the truth.
Not any one for feare or lucre ſparing:
A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth;
Another *Cato*, but I thinke more daring;
Well maiſt thou ſpeed in theſe tempeſtuous times,
Thou ſoone beginn'ſt to make the world thy foe;
Yet I ſo well doe like thy honeſt rimes,
That I could wiſh all Poets would write ſo;
For thou the way of truth ſo rightly tend'ſt,
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'ſt.

Thy deare friend, TH. C.

The Contents of the first Booke.

The Occasion.		
The Introduction.		1
Of Man.		
Of fond Loue.	Satyr.	1
Of Lust.		2
Of Hate.		3
Of Enuy.		4
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The Conclusion of the first Booke.		

The

THE SECOND BOOKE.

Of Vanitie. Satyr. 1
Of Inconſtancie 2
Of Weakenes. 3
Of Preſumption 4

The Scourge.

Epigrammes to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Perſonages and friends to whom the Author gaue any of his Bookes.

THE OCCASION *of this worke.*

VVHen nimble *Time*, that al things ouer-runs;
Made me forſake my tops and elderne guns,
Reaching thoſe yeares in which the ſchoole boyes
In leauing off the bottle and the bagge: (bragge,
The very ſpring before I grew ſo olde,
That I had almoſt thrice fiue winters tolde,
Noting my other fellow-pupils haſte,
That to our *Engliſh Athens* flockt ſo faſt:
Leaſt others for a truant ſhould ſuſpect me,
That had the ſelf-ſame *Tutor* to direct me;
And in a manner counting it a ſhame,
To vndergoe ſo long a Schoole-boyes name,
Thither went I; for (though Ile not compare)
With any of them, that my *fellowes* were;
Yet then, (Ile ſpeake it to my *Teachers* praiſe)
I was vnfurniſht of no needfull layes;
Nor any whit for Grammar rules to ſeeke,
In *Lillies* Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke.

But

But ſo well grounded, that another day,
I could not with our idle ſtudents ſay
For an excuſe, I *was ill aduis'd*; no:
There are too many know it was not ſo;
And therefore, ſince I came no wiſer thence,
I muſt confeſſe it was my negligence,
But dayly longing to behold and ſee
Thoſe places where the ſacred *Siſters* be;
I was ſo happy to that *Feard* I came,
Of which an *Oxe*, they ſay, beares halfe the name.
It is the ſpring of knowledge that imparts,
A thouſand ſeuerall Sciences, and Arts,
A *Chriſtall* fount, whoſe water is by ods,
Far ſweeter then the *Nectar* of the *Gods*:
Or for to giue't a title that befits,
It is the very *Nurcery* of wits;
There once arriued, cauſe my wits were raw,
I fell to wondring at each thing I ſaw,
And for my learning made a monthes vacation,
In noting of the places ſcituation:
The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
Vnto the wiſe *Minerua's* hallowed crue;
Their cloiſters, walkes and groues, al which ſuruei'd;
And in my new admittance well apaid;
I did (as other idle *Freſh men doe*)
Long for to ſee the Bell of *Oſney* too.
But yet, indeed (may not I greeue to tell?)
I neuer dranke at *Ariſtotles Well*.
And that perhaps may be the reaſon why,
I know ſo little in Philoſophy.

Yet

Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot;
The *Forrest* by (beleeue it they that will)
Retaines the surname of *shot-ouer hill*:
Then hauing seene enough, and therewithall,
Got some experience at the *Tennisball*,
My *Tutor* (telling me I was not sent,
There to be idle, but with an intent,
For to increase my knowledge) cald me in,
And with his graue instructions did begin
To teach; And by his good perswasions sought,
To bring me to a loue, of what he taught:
Then after that he gan for to impart,
The hidden secrets of the *Logick* Art;
In steed of grammer rules he taught me than,
Old Scotus, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
He shew'd me which the *Predicables* be:
As *Genus*, *Species*, and th'other three:
So hauing said enough of their contents,
Handles in order the ten *Predicaments*,
Then *Postpredecaments*: with *Priorum*,
Per' ermenias and *posteriorum*:
He with the *Topicks* opens; and descries
Elenchi, full of subtile falacies:
These to vnfold, (indeed) he tooke much paine,
But to my dull capacitie, in vaine.
For all he spake was to as little passe,
As in old time vnto the vulger was
Their *Latine* seruice; which they vnderstood,
Aswell as did a horse to doe them good,

And

And I his meaning did as neere coniecture,
As if he had beene reading *Hebrew* lecture;
His *Infinits*, *Individualities*,
Contrari's, and *Subcontrarieti's*,
Diuisions, *Subdiuisions*, and a crew
Of tearms and words, such as I neuer knew;
My shallow vnderstanding so confounded,
That I was graueld like a ship that's grounded;
And in despaire the mystery to gaine,
Neglecting all tooke neither heed nor paine:
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
Till *Cynthia* six times lost her borrowed light;
But then asham'd to finde my selfe still vnte,
And other little *Dandiprats* dispute,
That could distinguish vpon *Rationale*,
Yet scarcely heard of *Verbum Personale*;
And could by heart (like *Parots*) in the Schooles,
Stand pratling; those me thought were pretty fooles,
And therefore in some hope to profit so,
That I like them (at least) might make a show;
I reacht my bookes that I had cast about,
(To see if I could picke the meaning out)
And prying on them with some diligence,
E're long, I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open; and perceiued more
In halfe an houre then halfe a yeare before,
And which is strange the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembred not,
Since first my *Tutor* read them; those did then,
Returne into my memory agen.

So

So that with which I had so much to do,
A weeke made easie, yea and pleasing too.
But then with that not thoroughly content,
I practis'd to maintaine an *Argument*,
And hauing waded thorough *Sophistrie*,
Fell vnto reading of *Philosophie*;
And thinking there the *Ethicks* not enough,
I also had a longing for to know,
The cause of *snow, haile, thunder, frost, and raine*,
The *lightenings, meteors*, and what here 'twere vaine
For me to speake of; since I shall but show-it,
To those that better then my selfe do know-it.
Then from the causes of things *naturall*
I went to matters *Metaphisicall*:
Of which when I a little newes could tell,
I (as the rest did) vnto wrangling fell.
And as the fashion was for to disgrace her,
When I oppos'd the *truth* I could out-face her,
But now ensues the worst, I getting foot,
And well digesting *Learnings* bitter root:
Ready to tast the fruite; and when I thought
I should a *calling* in that place haue sought,
I found I was for other ends ordain'd,
Yea to forsake this course I was constrain'd:
For *fortune* that full many a boone hath lost me,
Thus in the reaping my contentment lost me.
You sir (quoth she) that I must make my slaue,
For whom in store a thousand plagues I haue,
Come home, I pray, and learne to hold the plough,
For you haue read *Philosophie* enough. If

If *wrangling* in the *schooles* be such a sport,
Go to those *Plydens* in the *Innes of Court*,
For aske your parish-neighbors they can tell,
Those fellowes doe maintaine *contention* well:
For Art in *Numbers* you no coyle need keepe,
A little skill shall serue to tell your sheep:
Seeke not the *starrs* thy euils should relate,
Least when thou know them, thou grow desperate;
And let alone *Geometry*, 'tis vaine,
Ile find you worke enough to marre your braine;
Or would you studdy *musique*? else 'twere pitty,
And yet it needs not, you shall find Ile fit ye:
Ile teach you how to frame a song, and will
Prouide you *cares* to be the subiect still:
This, *Fortune* or my Fate, did seeme to tell mee,
And such a chance, indeed, ere long befell me:
For ere my yeeres would suffer me to be
Admitted for to take the lowest degree;
By *Fates* appointment (that no stay can brook)
The Paradise of *England* I forsooke,
And seeing I was forc't to leaue those *mountaines*,
Fine groues, faire walks, and sweet delightful fountaines,
And since it might not vnto me be granted,
To keepe those places where the *Muses* haunted.
I home returned somewhat discontent,
And to our *Bentworth* beechy shaddowes went:
Bewailing these my first endeuours lost,
And to be so by angry *fortune* croft,
Who though she dayly do much mischiefe to me,
Can neuer whilst I liue a greater do me;

And

And yet in that, ere she procur'd her will,
I learn't enough to scorne a *Fortune* still:
Yea vse hath made her enuie seeme so vaine,
That I am almost proud in her disdaine:
But being back return'd, as I haue said,
Hauing a little in the *Country* stai'd.
I there espide (as I had long suspected)
I (vndescreu'd of some) was ill affected,
And that by those, tis thought my friends had been,
But though they kept their malice long vnseen,
And made fayre showes, as if they sought my good;
Yet they the same, of all men, most with-stood;
For, (seeming kind) they often did perswade
My friends, to learne me some *Mechanick* trade,
Vrging expence, (perhaps) and telling how
That *Learning* is but little made of now;
When 'twas through malice, cause they fear'd that I,
Might come to vnderstand my state thereby,
Exceed their knowledge, and attaine to doe
My selfe more good, then they could wish me toe:
For that a worse, or some such scruile end,
This self-conceited crew did euer bend
Their spitefull heads, by secret meanes to crosse
My wisht desire, and to procure my losse:
But hauing noted this their hollownesse,
And finding that meere *Country* businesse,
Was not my *calling*; to auoid their spight,
(Which at that season was not showne outright)
To see if either that place, or the Court,

Would yeeld preferment; but in vaine I sought,
Ill *fortune* still my hopes confusion wrought.
Which though for an ill signe some vnderstood;
Yet I presum'd vpon some future good.
For though I scarce am wisht so well of some,
I hope I haue a happy time to come:
Which, when I haue most need of comfort, shall
Send me true *Ioy*, to make amends for all;
But say it be not whil'st I draw this ayre,
I haue a heart (I hope) shall ne're despaire;
Because their is a God, with whom I trust,
My *soule* shall triumph when my body's dust:
But when I found that my endeuours still,
Fell out as they would haue 't that wisht me ill;
And when I saw the world was growne so coy,
To deeme me then too *young* for to employ:
And that her *greatnes* thought she did not want me,
Or found no *calling* bad enough to grant me,
(And hauing scap't a *thrall*, which Ile not touch,
Here in this place, for feare I haue too much
Spoke on't elsewhere:) I say well weighing this,
Together what a foule reproch it is
To be still idle: and because I spide
How glad they would be that my state enuide
To find me so; although the *world* do scorne
T' allow my action, as if I were borne
Before my time; yet for to let them see
In spight of *fortune*, Ile employed be;
Casting *Preferments* too much care aside,
And leauing that to God for to prouide;

The

The times abuſes I obſerú'd, and then
In generall the *ſtate* and *trickes* of men.
Wherein, although my labour were not ſeene,
Yet (truſt me) the diſcouery hath beene
My great content: and I haue for my paine
Although no outward, yet an inward gaine.
Of which becauſe I can with all my heart,
Allow my *Country men* to haue a part;
And cauſe I thinke it may doe ſome a pleaſure,
On opportunitie Ile now take ſeiſure,
And ſummon vp my *Muſe* to make relation,
I may b' imploide ere long, now 's my *Vacation*.

AN INTRODVCTION.

COme then *Inuention*, and call *Iudgement* in,
Knowledge, and *Reaſon*, fie, where haue you bin?
Goe whiſtle off my *Muſe* that wanton plaies,
With Epigrammes, Loue-ſonnets, Rounelaies,
And ſuch-like trifling game; Bid her come on,
I haue found brauer prey to ſeize vpon.
Some new-inſpiring prayer warmes my heart,
And addes freſh courage vnto euery part:
New bloud hath fild vp all my *loue-dri'd veines*,
A ſacred *Fury* hath poſſeſt my braines.
And ſomething too there is that ſwels my breſt,
Till that be vtter'd I expect no reſt;

For full with matter, like a *Sibill Nun*,
I ſhall grow furious till this taske be done.
Then rouſe thee *Muſe*, each little *Hobby* plies,
At *Scarabes* and painted *Butterflies*:
Leaue thou ſuch traſh, it is not now for vs,
To flye for pleaſure, weele in earneſt truſſe;
But thou lookſt dull; vnfit for lofty things,
Thy wanton flight I feare hath tir'd thy wings,
Leaſt therefore thou ſhould'ſt faint, forſake the ſift,
And turne thy ſelfe into a *Satyriſt*;
Not of the rougheſt, nor the mildeſt ſort,
Be moſt in earneſt, but ſometimes in ſport:
What ere thou find, to ſpeake be not affraid,
And for aſiſtance craue *Iehouahs* ayd.
Vſe all thy art, for why thou muſt vnfold,
The ſtrangeſt *Nature* that was euer told:
At ripping vp whereof ſome ſmart will be,
Yet go thou forward ſtil, who dares touch thee?
Diue if thou canſt till thou the bottome ſound,
Yet not to farre leaſt, thou thy ſelfe confound;
Miſtake me not; I meane not thou ſhouldſt goe,
To ſearch *th' earths center* what lyes hid below,
Or vndermine it for rich *Mineralls*,
Thou ſhalt not haue to doe with *Vegetalls*, *Plants*,
Strange natures haue both *ſtones*, *Trees*, *Herbs* and
Which let him ſpeake of that a ſubiect wants.
There is an Herb indeed whoſe vertu 's ſuch,
It in the paſture onely with a touch
Vnſhooes the new-ſhod ſteed: within the North,
The *Scottiſh* Iles cald *Orcades* bring forth

Trees,

Trees,(or elſe writers faine it) from whoſe ſeeds,
A certaine kind of *water-foule* proceeds.
The *Load-ſtone* alſo drawes the ſteele vnto it,
Yet hath not ginne or inſtrument to doe it,
Rare properties you ſee, but neither theſe,
Nor what lies hidden in the vaſt wide ſeas
Meane I to ſpeake of; I no knowledge haue,
What monſters play with *Neptunes* boiſtrous waue,
Nor qualitie of *birds*, nor *beaſts* I ſound;
For why their natures may be quickly found;
Indeed we may by little inquiſition,
Find out the bruitiſh creatures true condition,
As for example we for certaine know,
The *Elephant* much loue to man will ſhow.
The *Tygers*, *wolues*, and *Lyons* we do find,
Are rauenous, fierce and cruell, euen by kind:
We know at carryon we ſhall find the crowes,
And that the rooſt-cock when tis midnight knowes:
By a few daies experience we may ſee,
Whether the Maſtiffe, curſt or gentle be;
And many other natures we find out,
Of which we haue no cauſe at all to doubt.
But there's another *creature* called *Man*;
Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
What his condition is; obſerue his deeds,
His ſpeech, his rayment, yea and how he feeds,
Try him a month, a yeare, an age, and when
You haue ſo tride him; ſay, what is he then?
Retaines he either vnto *Preſter Iohn*,
Or elſe vnto the whore of *Babylon*?

If that you know not which of them to grant,
Is he a *Browniſt* or a *Proteſtant*?
If in an age you cannot find out whither,
Are you ſo much as ſure that he is either?
Is his heart *proud* or *humble*? know you where,
Or when, he *hates*, or *loues*, or *ſtands in feare*?
Or who can ſay (in conſcience I thinke none)
That this mans *words*, and *deeds*, & *thoughts* are one?
Where ſhall you him ſo well reſolued find,
That wants a wandring, and a wauering mind?
Nay he of whom you haue moſt triall, when
You ſee him dying, will you truſt him then?
Perhaps you may; yet queſtionleſſe he leaues you,
A mind miſdoubting ſtill, that he deceiues you.
And no great wonder, for he's ſuch an elfe,
That euer is vncertaine of himſelfe.
He is not *Semper idem* in his will,
Nor ſtands on *this* or *that opinion* ſtill,
But varies; he both will and will not toe,
Yea euen the thing hee thinkes and ſweares to doe
He many times omits. Now God forgiue him,
I wonder how another ſhould beleeue him.
But this ſame *diuers*, and *inconſtant creature*,
That ſo contrary is in his owne nature,
'Tis him my new-inſpired *Muſe* here tries,
Whilſt he is liuing to *Anatomize*.
'Tis his abuſes and condition,
(Although it be beyond all definition)
I labour to diſcouer: But aſwell
I may againe dragge *Cerberus* from hell:

Alcydes toiles were much, yet this is more,
Yea if his *twice-fixe*, had beene *twice fix score*.
It is so infinite for to vnfold,
Although that I did speake till I were old,
Yet should I leaue vnnam'd, I'me sure e'en than,
Many a humor I haue seene in *Man*.
And yet I must needs say in him there be,
A thousand times more *tricke* then I can see.
Tis wonderfull, and my *imagination*
Is almost ouerwhelm'd with *admiration*;
Indeede it is; so deep's mans heart; but yet,
Since either *want of yeares*, or *want of wit*,
Or *lacke of worke*, or *lacke of all*, hath brought me,
To be more heedfull, then a number thought me;
Since it some *time* and *study* too hath cost me,
And many a *humor* of mine owne hath lost me.
Since it hurts none, and since perhaps some may
Be benefitted by 't another day,
Although it be a taske that 's not alone
To huge for to be done by any one:
But more then all the world can well dispatch,
Yet looke what my weake memory could catch
Ile here relate; and nothing of it spare,
Saue things vnfit, and such as needlesse are.
Now some will say, t'were fit I held my tongue,
For such a taske as this, I am too yong:
He ne're had dealings in the world with men,
How can he speake of their conditions then?
He cannot they conclude: strong reasons why,
Know none how market goes but such as buy?

We ſee it happens that a ſhifting *Knaue*,
A ſly deceitfull Connicatching ſlaue,
Playing at *Cards* with ſome vnskilfull gul,
Whoſe purſe is lin'd with crownes and penniful,
May put a nimble feat for to deceiue;
Which though a cunning gameſter neere perceiue,
He peraduenture may the ſame deſcry,
That is no player but a ſtander by:
So I *aloofe* may view, without ſuſpition,
Mens idle humours and their weake condition:
Plainer perhaps then many that haue ſeene,
More dayes & on th'earths ſtage haue Actors been.
And tis no meruaile for employment takes them
Quite from themſelues, and ſo dim-ſighted makes them'
They cannot ſee the fooleries they doe,
Nor what ill *paſſions* they are ſubiect to:
Then who e're carpe, the courſe I haue begunne,
In ſpight of them I will *(God helping)* runne:
And leaſt th' exordium hath too tedious beene,
My *Obſeruations* loe I now begin.

OF MAN.

MOunted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
And noting with my ſelfe the ſtate of things;
I plainely did perceiue, as on a *ſtage*,
The *confus'd actions* of this preſent age:
I view'd the *World*, and I ſaw my fill,
Becauſe, that all I ſaw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well, and found it was the *Scæne*,
Of *Villany*, of *Luſt*, and all vncleane
And loath'd corruption. Seeing which, my *Mind*,
(That by ſome *inſpiration* ganne to find
The place was not in fault for this) ſearch 't on,
To find the cauſe of this confuſion.
And noting euery creature, there I found,
That onely *Man* was the chiefe *ſpring* and *ground*
Of all this *vproare*; Yea I ſoone did ſee,
He there was all in all, and none but he;
Then being alſo willing for to know,
What thing *Man* was, I did begin to grow,
Yet more inquiſitiue. An old *Record*
At laſt I hap't vpon which did afford
Much ſacred light. It ſhewd, *Man was a Creature,*
Firſt made by God, Iuſt, and vpright by nature,
In his owne likenes. That he was compounded
Of ſoule and body: That this laſt was founded

Of

Of earth: The first infus'd by inspiration,
And that the finall cause of his creation,
Was to set forth the glory of his maker,
And with him to be made a ioynt-partaker
Of endles happinesse. Growne much amaz'd,
To read this of him, for a time I paus'd,
And finding now in man no marke or signe,
That ere he was a creature so deuine;
I knew not what to thinke, vnlesse the same,
Meant any other *Creature* of that name:
But prying further on, I there found out,
The resolution of my present doubt:
I saw the cause of's fall: How with free-will
He fell from his *first goodnes* vnto *ill*:
I saw how he from happinesse did slide
Through disobedience, and vnthankefull pride:
Yea and I found, how by that curs'd *fall*,
He was bereaued and quite stript of all
That so adorn'd him; his *first holinesse*
Was chang'd to a *corrupted filthinesse*:
Then he began to draw a *painefull breath*,
And was a *slaue* made *captiue* vnto *Death*;
His body was expos'd to labour, sweate,
And much disquieting: He got his meat
With sorrow, care, and many perturbations;
And then his soule grew subiect vnto *Passions*
And strange distemperatures. More-ouer he,
So perfect miserable grew to be
That if he had not a *Re-generation*;
Nothing was left him but meere *desperation*.

Hauing

Hauing ſeene this, I made no queſtion than,
But this was ſpoken of the Creature *Man*
Which I ſought after: Serching further yet,
On ſome *Apochriphall* records I hit,
The workes of wiſe *Philoſophers*; from whence,
I haue receiued more intelligence
Concerning him; for there they doe vnfold,
Each part about his body, and haue told
Secrets of *Nature*, very rare to finde,
Beſides they haue conſidered of the *Minde*,
The *vnderſtanding part*, and doe relate
The Nature of his *ſoule*, and her eſtate:
Deepe miſteries indeed; But cauſe that I
Cannot diue into that *Philoſophy*,
So farre as theſe. And ſince I ſhall but tell,
Thoſe things which no men can explane ſo well
As they themſelues, I leaue you to their bookes,
In which he that with good aduiſement lookes,
Shall find it largely handled; As for me,
I meane to ſpeake but what I know and ſee
By tri'd experience; which perhaps may giue,
(Although I haue but now begun to liue)
Some profitable notes. Firſt I avow,
What euer *Man* hath beene, that he is now,
A reaſonable liuing creature; who
Conſiſteth of a ſoule and body too.
His Bodies fleſh, and blood, ſubiect to ſinning,
Corrupting euen in his firſt beginning,
And full of all vncleannеſſe: Then his ſoule,
Is a pure laſting ſubſtance, yet made foule.

Through th' others filthinesse: much suppresst
By diuers hurtfull passions, which molest
And hinder her proceedings: Yea he 's this,
A creature that exceeding wretched is,
And that he may be sure no fault to want,
Vaine, Fickle, Weake and wondrous Arrogant.
And though his nature heretofore were pure,
Now nothing is more fading and vnsure.
But Ile omit at this time to relate,
The curses I 'ue obseru'd in 's outward state,
For though the body that before the fall
Sustein'd no sorrow were it nere so small:
Doth now feele hunger, with heat, thirst, and cold,
A feeble birth, defects in being old:
With thousands more; And though each gaspe of (breath,
In misery he draw vntill his death.
Yet all this outward change which I doe finde,
Is nothing when I doe behold the mind:
For there (as I haue said) abused *Passion*,
Keepes Vmpire, and hath got *predomination*.
Vertu's depos'd thence, and *Vice* rule obtaines;
Yea, *Vice* from *Vice* there by succession raignes:
Thrusting out those that *Vertues* presence grac't,
And in their steeds these hurtfull monsters plac't.
Fond Loue, and *Lust*, *Ambition*, *Enuity*,
Foolish *Compassion*, *Ioy* and *Iealousie*:
Feare, *Hope*, *Despaire* and *Sadnesse*, with the *Vice*
Cal'd *Hate*, *Reuenge*, and greedy *Auarice*,
Choller and *Cruelty*: which I perceiu'd,
To be the onely causes *man's* bereau'd

Of quietneſſe and reſt. And theſe I found
To be the principall, and onely ground
Of all pernitious miſchiefes that doe rage,
Or haue diſturbed him in any age.
And therefore I do here entend to ſhow,
Ere I goe farther, What ill *Humors* flow
From theſe fore-named; yea I will declare,
To what *abuſes* moſt men ſubiect are
Through any of them: For when as I tooke view,
Although I ſaw not all, I found a few;
And for becauſe I will not order breake,
I will aſſunder of each *paſſion* ſpeake.

OF

OF THE PASSION Of Love.

Satyr. I.

FIrſt *Loue*; the ſame I here the *firſt* doe call,
Becauſe that *Paſſion* is moſt *Naturall*;
And of it ſelfe could not be diſcommended,
Wer't not with many a foule abuſe attended;
Or ſo much out of meaſure, as we ſee,
By thoſe in whom it raignes, it oft will be:
For looke where't growes into extremitie;
It ſoone becommeth *Vertues Lathargy*,
Makes them ſet light by *reaſons* ſound direction,
And beares them head-long, by vntam'd affection.
Counſels in vaine, cauſe when this fit doth take them,
Reaſon and *vnderſtanding* doth forſake them;
It makes them ſom-time *merry*, ſom-time *ſad*,
Untam'd men mild, and many a *mild* man *mad*:
To fooles it wiſedome giues, and makes the witty
To ſhew themſelues moſt fools, (the mores the pity:)
Some it makes purblind, that they doe not know,
The Snow-white *Cygnet* from the cole-black *Crow*;

That, one to gold compares his Mistris *hayre*,
When tis like *fox-fur* and doth thinke shee's faire,
Though she in beauty be not far before
The Swart *West Indian*, or the tawny *Moore*.
Oh those faire Star-like eyes of thine, one sayes:
When to my thinking she hath lookt nine waies;
And that sweet breath; when I thinke (out vpon't)
Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't,
Another hauing got a dainty peece,
(Prouder then *Iason* with his golden fleece)
Commends her vertues, that hath iust as many
As a *shee-band* that neuer yet had any.
Yet sweares shee's chast, and takes her for no more,
When all her neighbors know she is a———
Another he growes careless of his health,
Neglects his credit and consumes his wealth,
Hath found a *pretty peat*, procur'd her fauour,
And sweares that he, in spight of all, will haue her;
Well let him take her since they are contented,
But such *rash-matches* are the soon'st repented.
Then there is one who hauing found a peere,
In all things worthy to be counted deere;
Wanting both *Art* and *heart* his mind to breake,
Sits sighing (*woe is me*) and will not speake.
All company he hates, is oft alone,
Growes Melancholy, weepes, respecteth none,
And in dispaire, seekes out a way to dye,
When he might liue and find a remedy.
But how now; wast not you saies one that late
So humbly beg'd a *boone* at *beauties* gate?

Was

Was it not you that to a female Saint
Indited your *Aretophels* complaint?
With many dolefull *Sonnets*, wast not you?
Sure t'was faies he; but then how comes it now
You carpe at loue thus in a *Satyrs* vaine?
Take heed you fall not in her hands againe,
Sure if you doe, you shall in open court,
Be forc't to sing a *Palinodia* for't.
What are your braines dry, or your blood growne cold?
Or are you on a sodaine waxen old?
To flout at loue, which men of greatest wit,
Alow in youth as naturall and fit.
What reason haue you for't else? what pretence
Haue you for to excuse this vild offence?
To him I answere that indeed en'e I
Was lately subiect to this malady:
Like 't what I now dislike, emploi'd good times,
In the composing of such idle *Rimes*
As are obiected: From my heart I sent,
Full many a heauy sigh, and oft-times spent
Vnmanly teares. I haue I must confesse,
Thought if my *Lone* smil'd that no happinesse
Might equalize it, and her frowne much worse,
(O God forgiue me) then the *Churches* curse.
I did (as some doe) not much matter make,
To hazard soule and body for her sake;
Hauing no hope, sometime I did despaire,
Sometime too much built *castles* in the ayre.
In many a foolish humor I haue beene,
As well as others; looke where I haue seene

Her(*whom I lou'd*) to walke, when ſhe was gone,
Thither I often haue repair'd alone:
As if I thought the places did containe,
Something to eaſe me (*oh exceeding vaine!*)
Yet what if I had beene thus idly bent,
Shall I be now aſham'd for to repent?
Moreouer I was in my *child-hood* than,
And am ſcarce yet reputed for a *Man*.
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry;
Nor cloi'd with any foule diſeaſe am I:
'Tis no ſuch cauſe that made me change my minde,
But my *affection* that before was blind,
Raſh and vnruly; now begins to find
That it had run a large and fruitleſſe race,
And thereupon hath giuen *Reaſon* place.
So that by *Reaſon*, what no *Reaſon* might
Perſwade me from before; I haue out-right,
Iuſtly forſaken; for becauſe I ſee
Twas Vaine, abſurd, and naught but foolery.
Yet for all this looke where I lou'd of late,
I haue not turn'd it in a ſpleene to hate:
No, for 'twas firſt her *Vertue* and her *Wit*,
Taught me to ſee how much I wanted it;
Then as for *Loue*, I doe allow it ſtill,
I neuer did diſlik't nor neuer will;
So it be *vertuous*, and contein'd within
The bounds of *Reaſon*; but when t'will begin
To run at randome and her limits breake;
I muſt, becauſe I cannot chuſe but ſpeake.
But I forget my ſelfe; wherefore am I

So

So tedious in my owne *Apologie*?
It needed not at all, Ile on againe,
And shew what kind of *Louers* yet remaine:
One sort I find yet of this louing crew,
Whose qualitie I thinke is knowne to few:
These seeke by all the meanes they can to gaine,
Each *Virgins* liking: Sometime not in vaine,
They doe obtaine their wish, but when tis got,
Sorry they are, and wish they had it not.
For peraduenture they haue plac't their *Loue*,
So as it cannot, or it must not moue.
And yet if they should faile for to procure it, (it.
Twould greeue them so they hardly would endure
Yea though in shew (at least) they haue said nay,
Their *Loues* with like affection to repay,
If they perceiu't abate, as it will doe,
Both this and that, doth make them sorry too.
But he that is with such a humor led,
I may be bold to terme a watle-head.
Moreouer men in placing their affection,
Haue seu'rall humours for to giue direction.
Some like the *Faire*, but theirs not all the grace,
She may be faire and haue a squemish face.
Some like the *wanton*, some the *modest* eyes,
The *pace*, or *gesture*, some's affections ties.
A *smile* wins one, anothers *lookes* moues pitty,
The next commends the lasse that's *bold* and *witty*.
Againe, some loue, where they no cause can finde,
But onely this; *the wench they see is kinde*.
Yea one doth thinke her faire (another loathes)

Becauſe ſhe ſeemes ſo in her gaudy clothes.
More ſorts there are; but ſure I am, not many
That for bare *Vertue* haue affected any.
Wealth many matches makes; but moſt can proove,
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it winnes not *loue*.
Then to obtaine his Miſtres, one man tries,
How he can ſtretch his wits to *Poetize*.
His *Paſſion* to relate his skill he proues,
But in this blockiſh age it little moues;
Nor doe I wonder much true meaning failes,
And wit ſo little in this caſe auailes,
Since dunces can haue *ſonnets* fram'd & ſend them,
As their inuentions when ſome others pen'd them.
Another ſeekes by *Valor* to obtaine,
His wiſhed prize, but now that tryal's vaine;
The third brings *wealth*, and if he doe not ſpeed,
The *womans* worth the ſuing for indeed.
Then he thats neither valorous nor wiſe,
Comes ruffling in, with ſhameleſſe brags and lies,
Making a ſtately, proud, vaine-glorious ſhow,
Of much good matter, when tis nothing ſo.
In ſteed of lands, to which he ne're was heire,
He tels her tales of Caſtles in the ayre.
For martiall matters, he relates of fraies,
Where many drew their ſwords and ran their waies.
His *Poetry* is ſuch as he can cull,
From plaies he heard at *Curtaine* or at *Bull*,
And yet is fine coy Miſtres-*Mury-Muffe*,
The ſooneſt taken with ſuch broken ſtuffe.
Another ſhallow braine hath no deuiſe,

But

But prates of ſome ſtrange caſts he had at dice,
Brags of his play, yea ſure it doth befall,
He vaunts oft-times of that which marreth all;
But ſome I note (now fie on ſuch a man)
That make themſelues as like them as they can,
Thereby to winne their loues; they faine their pace;
Order their lookes and ſtriue to ſet their face
To looke demure: Some wooe by nods, and lookes,
Some by their ſighes, and others by their bookes;
Some haue a nature muſt not be denaide,
And will grow furious if they be delaide:
Others againe haue ſuch a fancy got,
If they ſoone ſpeed then they eſteeme them not.
When women woo, ſome men do moſt affect them,
And ſome againe for wantons doe ſuſpect them:
Beſides, we ſee that fooles themſelues they make,
What toyes they count of for their wenches ſake;
One for ſome certaine months, or weekes, or daies,
Weares in his hat a branch of wither'd bayes.
Or ſweares for to imploy his vtmoſt power,
For to preſerue ſome ſtale-neglected flowre:
He weares ſuch colours as for Louers be,
Drinks vowed healths vpon his bared knee:
Sue's mainly for a ſhoo-ſtring, or doth craue her,
To grant him but a buſk-point for a fauour:
And then to note (as I haue ſeene) an Aſſe
That by her window, whom he loues, muſt paſſe,
With what a fained pace, the Woodcock ſtalks;
How skuruely he ſleareth as he walks:
And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,

As if his horſe were troubled with the bots;
'Twould make one ſwell with laughing: In a day
He makes more errands then he needs that way,
Bearing himſelfe as if ſhe ſtill eſpide him,
When as perhaps ſhe flouts, or lookes beſide him:
Nay ſhould I tell you all the *Vanitie*,
I haue obſerued in this maladie,
I ſhould ſhame *Louers*, but Ile now be huſht,
For had I ſaid more I my ſelfe had bluſht:
Yet know; although this paſsion I haue tyde
To loue of women, it includes beſide
All whatſoeuer kinde of loues there be,
Vnles they keep the mind from trouble free,
And yeeld to *reaſon*: but of ſuch-like *louers*,
My *Muſe* hereafter other feates diſcouers.

OF DESIRE OR LVST.

SATYR. 2.

LVſtfull deſire, (although twere rather fit,
To ſome *bruite creature* to attribute it)
Shall in *mans* heart retaine the ſecond place;
Becauſe it ſhrouds her vile deformed face
Vnder *Loues* vizard, and aſſumes that name,
Hiding her owne fault with the others blame:
Tis a baſe *paſsion* from the which doth flow
Many baſe humors; tis the ouerthrow

Of

Of all in whom it enters; tis an euill,
Worse then to be possessed with a diuell:
This 'tis that oft hath caused publike strife,
And priuate discord; this makes man and wife,
Grow each to other cold in their affection,
And to the very marrow sends infection;
And as Physicians say, it makes the face
Looke *wan, pale, yellow*, and doth much deface
The beauty of it; and as for the sight
It either *dims* it or *bereaues* it quight;
It dries the body, and from thence doth sprout
Griefes of the stomack, *leprosie* and *gout*,
With other such; beside it doth decay
Not life alone, but also takes away,
Both *memory* and *vnderstanding* toe;
So *Doctors* that haue tride it, say t'will doe.
And which way comes that foule disease to vs
We call the *French*, so vile and odious:
Ist not by *Lust?* Breed not such-like desires,
Children begotten by vncertaine Syres?
Strange Generations, beds so oft defilde;
That many a father scarcely knowes his childe?
Or, is't not hence this common *Prouerbe* growes,
Tis a wise child that his owne father knowes?
Doth it not others reputations foyle?
And them e'ne of their deerest Iewels spoyle?
Yes, yes; and hence a thousand other crimes
Doe daily spring, and yet in these our times
Tis highly made of: yea tis *lust* doth weare
The richest garments, and hath curious'st fare;

The

The ſofteſt beds it hath for to repoſe,
With ſweet perfumes, but ſure there's need of thoſe.
Drawne in a coach it viſits now and then,
Some neere acquaintance, mongſt the Noblemen;
Yet doth it not the *Court* alone frequent,
But is ith' *Cittie* as much reſident:
Where when it walkes the ſtreets it doth imploy,
Either a *Prentice*, or a *roaring-boy*
To vſher it along, and few diſdaine it,
But thoſe vnable for to entertaine it.
Twere much to note the paine that ſome indure,
And coſt that they'le be at for to procure
Their beaſtly wils: There's many ſpend their ſtocks
In *ruffes, gownes, kirtles, peti-coats*, and *ſmocks*,
For which one is paid with that ſhal make him craul,
(If he be friended) to ſome *Hoſpitall*.
Anothers quitted for his well-ſpent ſtuffe,
By ſome grim *Sergeant* with a *Counter-buffe*;
The laſt it brings if ſtill that courſe he followes,
Firſt to the *Goale*, and ſo forth to the *Gallowes*.
And what haue you obſerued to haue bin
The vſuall aſſociats of this *ſinne*?
But *filthy ſpeeches, bold fac't impudence*,
Vnſeemely actions, ryot, negligence,
And ſuch as theſe; yea to procure their luſt
It makes them into any miſchiefs thruſt,
How hatefull or aparent ere they be,
Or put in practiſe any villanie.
Moreouer, where it enters once, the minde,
Cannot true reſt, nor any quiet finde.

We

We ſee it alſo makes them for to craue,
Not what is beſt, but what they long to haue,
Yea, *Luſt* hath many miſchiefes that enſue it,
Which moſt men ſee, but few the leſſe eſchew it:
Men rather now, as if t'were no offence,
Are growne to ſuch a ſhameleſſe impudence,
They vaunt and bragge of their laſciuious facts,
No leſſe then ſome, of braue *Heroick* acts.
And not a few of this ſame humor be,
That would be term'd the foes of *chaſtitie*.
By whom if I ſee ill, Ile ſure conceale it,
For they themſelues will to their ſhames reueale it:
There's others who diſliking ſo to vaunt,
Will, *ſi non caſtè tamen cautè*, grant,
For that 's their *Motto*, they make modeſt ſhowes,
But what they doe in ſecret, man nere knowes:
Some make a Baud of their diuine profeſsion,
Like *Shamelings* in *Auricular confeſsion*.
Th' other are bad, and ſure of God accurſt,
But of all others, theſe I deeme the worſt.
There's other *Gallants* would deſire but this,
Without ſuſpition for to talke and kiſſe:
For other pleaſures they do neuer craue them, (them,
Nay if they might, they ſweare they will not haue
So mean, perhaps: but time brings alteration,
And a faire woman is a ſhrewd temptation:
Then many make their *fained loue* to be
A cloake to couer their immodeſtie:
Theſe will proteſt and vow, and ſweare their life
Conſiſts in hauing whom they woo, to wife,

Yet

Yet if the villaines can their luſt fulfill,
They will forſweare them and be liuing ſtill:
Some doe court all, and not alone doe proue,
But for becauſe with all they are in loue,
With ſuch deep *paſſion*, that they cannot ſmother,
Their hot affection till they meet another:
But why will man againſt himſelfe and *Reaſon*,
Conſent to ſuch a Tyrant in his treaſon?
Why will he ſo his liberties foregoe
To be a ſlaue to ſuch a monſtrous ſoe?
For what is this ſame paſsion We call *luſt*,
Iſt not a *brutiſh longing and vniuſt*,
And foule deſire of the ſoule, to gaine
Some euill pleaſure? Or to ſpeake more plaine,
A furious burning paſsion, whoſe hot fumes
Corrups the vnderſtanding, and conſumes
The very fleſh of man? then whats the fact?
What may I terme that vile and ſhamefull act,
But this; *The execution of an ill,*
Out of ſet purpoſe and with a good will,
In ſpight of Reaſon? Tell me iſt not baſe?
When men ſhall ſo their worthy ſex diſgrace,
To giue their bodies in a deed vncleane,
With a foule naſty proſtituted queane?
Or in their vnderſtanding be ſo dull
As to obſerue an idle ſhort-heeld trull?
A puling female *Diuell* that hath ſmiles,
Like *Syrens* ſongs and teares like *Crocadiles*.
Yet there be ſome (I will not name them now)
Whom I haue ſeene vnto ſuch *Puppits* bow,

And

And be as ſeruiceable, as a groome,
That feares another man will beg his roome:
They haue bin glad full oft to pleaſe their pride,
With coſtly guifts, and forc't for to abide,
Imperious ſcoffs, with many ſcornefull words;
Such as the humors they are in, affords,
And yet for theſe theyle venter *honors, liues*;
If they command it; when for their *poore wiues*:
(Though they in beauty, loue and true delight,
Exceed them more then day-time doth the night)
Theyle ſcarcely take vpon them for to ſpeake,
In any caſe of theirs, their lou's ſo weake;
Yea and their luſt doth wrap them in ſuch blindnes,
They cannot giue them one poore looke in kindnes.
Moreouer for their luſt they haue not laid
Baſe plots alone, like him that was conuaid
In a cloſe *trunke* becauſe in ſecreſie,
He would (vnſeene) enioy his venery.
I ſay not onely therein haue they retcht,
Their damn'd inuentions; It hath alſo ſtretcht,
Vnto *ſtrange luſts*, of which I will not ſpeake,
Becauſe I may offend, the minde that's weake,
Or leaſt I to ſome ſimple one ſhould ſhow,
Thoſe ſinnes by naming, he did neuer know:
And heare I leaue: Ther's lurking holes ſuch ſtore,
This ſtinking *Vermin* I will hunt no more.

OF

OF HATE.

SATYR. 3.

BVt I haue rouſ'd another here as bad,
They call it *Hate*; A worſe I neuer had,
Before in chaſe: I ſcarce can keepe (inſooth)
My ſelfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
This is the *Paſſion* that doth vſe to moue
The minde, a cleane contrary way *to loue*:
It is an *inſpiration* of the *Diuell*,
That makes men long for one anothers euill;
It cankers in the heart, and plaugeth moſt,
Not him thats hated, but the hatefull hoſt.
And yet there 's too too many I doe know,
Whoſe hearts with this foule poyſon ouer-flow:
Of which I haue a true intelligence,
By the ſharpe ſcoffs and ſlanders ſpringing thence;
For where it rules they cannot well conceale it,
But either words or deeds, or both reueale it,
Were it iuſt cauſes that did ſtill engender
This paſsion in them, or if they could render,
A reaſon for't t'were ſomewhat, but their will
Carries them on in ſpight of *Reaſon* ſtill.
Theſe are their *humors*, for a ſlight offence,
They'le hate th'offender for a recompence.
Some malice all that any way excell,
In which who thinkes but they doe very well,

And

And many haue abhorred (*God amend them*)
The *ſtranger* that did neuer yet offend them
Which they are not aſham'd for to confeſſe,
Yet in their hate continue ne're the leſſe,
But though that they can yeeld no reaſon why
They beare them cauſeleſſe malice, yet can I:
Their hearts are ill, and it is ſeldome knowne
That a ſweet brooke from butter ſprings hath flowne;
Ther's ſome toe, when they ſee a man reſpected (ted,
More then themſelues though they bee not neglec-
They inly grudge, and outwardly diſdaine,
Being alike condition'd as was *Cain*, (deare,
Some hate their friends that loue and count them
As by the ſequel plainely ſhall appeare;
One that a ſeeming friendſhip had profeſt me,
Vpon a time did earneſtly requeſt me
That I would plainely my opinion ſhew,
What I of his conditions thought or knew;
And that I would without exceptions tell,
What acts of his did not become him well.
I ſcorning flattry, with a loving heart,
Twixt him and me my minde did ſoone impart;
And as a friend, that is vnfeigned, ought,
Left nothing vnreueald of that I thought,
Yea without feare I boldly reprehended,
If I perceiued he any way offended,
Prouided alwaies, that I did not ſwarue,
From a decorum *fitting to obſerue*:
But marke mans nature; he perceiuing I
Had taken note of ſome infirmity

He

He would not haue vnripe; And seeing me,
I espide more then he wisht I should doe
Of his ill humours; (though I must confesse)
Being my friend I lou'd him nothing lesse;
In steed of thankes and liking for my paines,
My company and sight he now refraines;
And for my kindnes like a thankles mate,
Doth ill repay me with a lothing hate.
This one I know, and by that one I finde,
That there be many beare as bad a minde,
But let vs for their true conuersion pray,
For we alasse may very iustly say.

Quod nulla est in terra Charitas.
Et Odium parit ipsa Veritas.

Againe the wicked hates beyond all measure,
The righteous man that contradicts his pleasure;
And thats the fundamentall cause I know,
That many men doe hate their teachers so:
These common humors are obseru'd of few,
Yet may a yong experience find them true.
And boldly say that all in whom th'are found,
Haue poysoned hearts polluted and vnsound,
But they corrupted aboue all the rest,
Which hate their friends they should account of best:
But let men striue and study to remoue
This *passion* from their hearts and graffe on *Loue*.
Let them not harbor such a hellish sinne,
Which being entred maureth all within;
Nor let them thinke my counsell merits laughter,
Since Scripture saies, *to hate our brothers slaughter.*

O!

OF ENVY.

SATYR. 4.

THen ſome enuenom'd with an enuious touch,
Think eu'ry thing their neighbor hath to much:
O Lord ſay they (if in the field they be)
What goodly corne, and wel-fed beaſts hath he?
(If in the houſe) *they neuer in their lines,*
Saw fairer women then their neighbors wines:
Tis pitty Shee that puts ſo many downe,
Should be embraced by ſo rude a clowne:
That houſe is too well furniſht, or doth ſtand,
Better then his, or it hath fairer land:
This farme hath profits more then his by much,
For wood and water he had neuer ſuch.
Yea ſo he gurdges inwardly and frets
At euery good thing that his neighbor gets:
Of theſe beſides there art that when they ſee,
Any beloued or in fauor be,
Eſpecially in *Courts*, and great mens houſes,
Then the heart ſwelleth, and the Enuious rouſes,
Ne're reſting till that like a ſpightfull elfe,
He doe diſplace them or diſgrace himſelfe.
Now ſome are in the minde that *hate* and This,
Still goe together and one *Paſſion* is;
Indeed they fouleiniurious *Humors* be,
So like, they ſeeme to haue *Affinite*:

But if't were so, me thinks betwixt them both,
There should arise more wrangling then there doth,
So tis with *kinsmen*, they enuy the good
Of those that are the same in flesh and bloud.
But here may be the difference, and it shall
Hate doth extend to some, and this to all:
Yet enuious men doe least spight such as be
Of ill report, or of a low degree:
But rather they doe take their ayme at such,
Who either *wel-be-loued* are, or *rich*:
And therefore some doe fitly liken these,
Vnto those flies we terme *Cantharides*:
Cause for the most part they alight on none,
But on the flowers that are faireſt blowne:
Or to the boisterous winde which sooner grubs
The stately *Cedar* then the humble shrubs:
But yet that sometimes shakes the bush below,
And moues the leafe that's *Wither'd* long agoe:
As if he had not showne sufficient spight,
Vnlesse it also could orewhelme him quite
And bury it in earth; So I haue found,
The blast of *enuy* flies as low's the ground.
And though it hath already brought a man
Euen vnto the meaneſt state it can,
Yet tis not satisfi'd, but still deuising,
Which way it also may disturbe his rising,
This I know true; or else it could not be
That any man should hate or enuy me,
Being a creature, (one would thinke) that's plast
Too low for to be toucht with *enuies* blast,

And yet I am; I see men haue espi'd,
Some-thing in me too, that may be enui'd;
But I haue found it now: and know the matter,
By reason they are rich, and Ile not flatter.
Yes, and because they see that I doe scorne,
To be their slaue whose equall I am borne.
I heard (although 'twere spoken in a cloud,)
They censure that my knowledge makes me proud,
And that I reach so farre beyond my calling,
They euery hower doe expect my falling:
With many a prayer, and prognostication
To shew their loue not worthy Reuelation,
But what care I; to quit their good surmising,
I doe desire my fall may be their rising.
Which say should once be, as I hope twill neuer,
I trust to God it shall not be for euer;
And for because I know it cannot be,
Much lower then it is, it grieues not me.
And where they say my wit augments my pride,
My conscience tels me that I am belide:
For knowledge of my *wants* doth greeue me so,
I haue small ioy to boast of that I know.
But let them scandall as I heare they doe,
And see whose lot the shame will fall vnto;
The shafts are aim'd at me, but Ile reiect them,
And on the shooters too perhaps reflect them,
I care not for their enuy, since they show it;
Nor doe I feare their malice, now I know it:
For to preuent the venome of their throat,
Ile of this poyson make an *Antidote*:

And their preſaging (though it be abuſe)
I hope will ſerue me to an excellent vſe:
For where before I ſhould haue tooke no heed,
Their words ſhall make me circumſpect indeed.
Yea I will be more carefull to doe wel,
Which were a plague as bad for them as *hel*.
Some I doe know, yea yet too well I know them,
And in this place doe à remembrance owe them;
Theſe; when that through their enuy they intend,
To bring one out of fauour with his frind,
Wil make as though they ſome great vices knew,
That he is guilty of; and not a few,
Theil ſhake their heads, as if they did deteſt,
The courſe he followes; and that not in ieſt.
If to the *Father* they diſpraiſe the ſonne,
It ſhal be ſlily, indirectly done:
As thus (I hope) there's ſome wil vnderſtand,
He lyes I tell you at a ſecond hand.
Should I ſay all I know, 't would much offend you,
But more ſuch children, I pray God neu'r ſend you,
With other words of doubt, to breed ſuſpition,
But dare not, (being of a baſe condition)
To name them any fault: And good cauſe why,
It may be prou'd vnto their ſhames a ly;
Now 'tis a quality I do diſpiſe,
As ſuch a one doth him whom he enuies:
If therefore any do that loue profeſſe me,
Lord from their friendſhip, I beſeech thee bleſſe me;
Some crafty ones will honor to their face,
Thoſe whom they dare not openly diſgrace:

Yet

Yet vnder-hand, their fames they'l vndermine,
As lately did a seeming friend of mine;
They'l sowe their *slanders* as if they with griefe,
Were forc't to speak it: or that their vnbeliefe,
Were loth to credit it, when 'tis well knowne,
The damn'd inuention was at first their owne:
Some do not care how grosly they dispraise,
Or how vnlikely a report they raise;
Because they know it'f be so false an ill,
That one beleiues it, not, another will;
And so their enuy very seldome failes,
But one way or another, still preuailes:
Oh villanous conceit! an engine bent
To ouerthrow the truest innocent;
For well they know, when once a slander's sowne,
And that a false report abroad is blowne,
Though they would wipe it out; yet they can neuer,
Because some scar will stick behind for euer.
But what is this, that men are so inclind
And subiect to it? how may't be defin'd?
Sure if the same be rightly vnderstood,
It is a griefe that springs from others good,
And vexes them if they do but heare tell,
That other mens endeauors prosper well,
It makes them grieue when any man is friended,
Or in their hearing praised, or commended,
Contrariwise againe, such is their spight:
In other mens misfortunes they delight;
Yea, notwithstanding it be not a whit
Vnto their profit, nor their benefit.

Others prosperitie doth make them leane;
Yea it deuoureth and consumes them cleane:
But if they see them in much griefe, why that
Doth onely make them iocond, full and fat;
Of Kingdomes ruine they best loue to heare,
And tragicall reports doth onely cheere
Their hellish thoughts: And then their bleared eies,
Can looke on nothing but blacke infamies,
Reprochfull actions, and the fowlest deeds,
Of shame, that mans corrupted nature breeds:
But they must wink when *Vertue* shineth bright,
For feare their lustre mar their weakned sight.
They do not loue *Encomiasti k* stories,
Or for to read their predecessors glories;
For good report to all men they deny,
And both the liuing, and the dead enuy:
Yea many of them I do thinke had rather (father.
Loose all good fame then share't with their owne
The biting *Satyr* they doe onely like,
And that at some particulars must strike,
Or al's worth nothing: if they can apply
Some part of *this*, to him they doe enuie,
As well perhaps they may; then they'll commend it,
And spite of their ill natures, I that pend it (deem
Shall haue some thank; but why? not cause they
Me, or my writing either worth esteem:
No, heer's the reason they thy labor like.
They t inke I meane him, t ey suppose I strike:
Now whose endeauours, think you, prosper should,
If the euent of things were as these would?

(No

(No man can answer that, for it's vnknowne)
Nor parents, no nor childrens, scarce their owne:
(I say) their owne hand-works are seldome free,
But subiect to their proper enuies be:
'Witnesse a certaine rich-man, who of late
'Much pittying a Neighbours wofull state,
'Put to his helping hand, and set him cleare
'From all his former misery and feare:
'But when he saw that through his thrift, and heed,
'He had well cur'd againe his former need,
'And grew to pretty meanes, though he no whit
'Vnthankfull was for this his benefit:
'Yet, being of a nature that did long,
'And ioy, to see anothers case goe wrong,
'Hauing no second cause; much grieued now,
'That he once helpt him; all his study's how,
'To ruinate the poore mans state againe,
'And make through *Enuy* his owne labour vaine.
I wonder men should so from reason *range*,
Or entertaine a humor that's so strange
And so vnprofitable, tell me why,
Should we the honors or the wealth enuy
Of other men? if we delight to see,
Our brethren when in euill case they be,
Lets wish them Riches, Titles, and promotion,
Twill make them greedy, proud, & choke deuotion,
Twill plunge them in a flood of misery,
In the respect of which, the beggery
We thinke so vile, is heauen. Yea I know,
It is a thousand more mens ouerthrow

Then Pouerty can ba. That if we hate,
Or would enuy who are in happy ſtate,
In my opinion they muſt not be ſuch
That tides haue attaind, or to be ritch;
No, poore men rather, who are combred leſſe,
And haue indeed the trueſt happineſſe.
But be they rich or no, I paſſe not whether,
For my part, I am ſure, I enuy neither,
So I but reach the glory I deſire,
I do not care how many mount vp higher;
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me,
If I the pooreſt in the kingdome be?
Yet from this Paſſion, I beleiue not many
Can be exempted, if there may be any:
But ſure more miſchiefe alway doth betide
Th'enuious then to him that is enuide;
And they haue often, who would them bemone?
Loſt both their eyes to loſe their neighbour one:
Yea there is many a periur'd enuious *Noddy*;
Damns his owne ſoule to hurt his neighbors body.
But now ſuch men may beſt by this be knowne,
They'le ſpeake in no mans praiſe but in their owne,
And in their preſence but commend a man,
They'l from his worth detract cu'n all they can:
So do the foule mouth'd *Zoili* ſpightfull *Momi*,
Whoſe eyes on euery new pen'd treatiſe romes,
Not for their owne auaile or benefit;
To feed their humors by diſgracing it,
They rather ſeeke; and that they'l diſallow (how;
Which they would mend themſelues, if they knew

But

But what are they that keepe this cenſuring court,
None Ile aſſure you of the wiſeſt ſort;
None of the wiſeſt ſaid I: yet content ye,
They are a great way paſt *Aſs in preſenti*;
And think themſelues, (but thought ſomtime is free)
A great deale wiſer then indeed they bee,
For howſoeuer their inſinuation
Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,
They are but *glowe-wormes* that are briske by night,
And neuer can be ſeen when ſun giues light;
Ill tong'd and enuious, ignorant of ſhame,
And vile detractors of anothers fame;
But let them carp on, what need any care;
Since they are knowne for fooles without compare;
But fellow *Chriſtians*, thinke vpon this euill,
Knowe 'tis an inſtigation of the *Diuell*,
Remember 'tis a knowne apparant foe,
To *Charity*; and friendſhips ouerthrow.
A vicious humor, that with *Hell* acquaints,
And hinders the *communion of Saints*:
Conſider that, and how it makes vnable,
To be partaker of the holy *Table*.
And ſo I truſt you'll root it from the heart,
And, as th'Apoſtle counſels, lay apart
Deſſembling, *Enuy*, *Slander*, *Malice*, *Guile*;
And *Euil-ſpeaking* as moſt bad and vile.
Chiefely in thoſe men, whoſe *Religion* ſaith,
Her maineſt piller, is *True-loue*, next *Faith*.

OF

OF REVENGE.

SATYR. 5.

ROome for *Reuenge*, he's no *Commedian*
That acts for pleasure, but a grim *Tragedian*,
A foule sterne monster, which if we displease;
Death, Wounds and blood, or nothing can appease:
So wicked that though all good men disdaine it,
Yet there are many rashly entertaine it,
And hugge it as a sweet contented *Passion*:
But all men act not in one kind nor fashion,
For one so priuate is, that no man knowes it;
Another cares not, before whom he showes it,
Then some of them are fearefull, some are bolder,
Some are too hot, and some againe are colder:
Oh, I haue seene, and laught at heart to see't,
Some of our hot-spurs drawing in the street,
As though they could not *Passions* rage withstand,
But must betake them to it out of hand.
But why ith street? *Oh company doth heart them,*
And men may see their valarous acts and part them.
That humor yet, I rather doe commend
Then theirs whose fury hath no stay nor end;
Till of their liues they haue bereft their foes,
And then they think they pay them; but who knows?
Sure tis a small reuenge, since to be slaine,
Is to be free from danger, care and paine.

So

So whilſt his enemy lies and feeles no ſmart,
He hath a thouſand tortures in his heart.
And ſay his conſcience doe eſcape a flaw,
He brings himſelfe in danger of the Law.
If ſuch reuenge be ſweet, ſure Ile forgiue;
And neuer ſeeke for vengeance whilſt I liue.
But oh (me thinkes) I heare our *Hackſters* tell me,
With thundring words, as if their breath would fell (me:
I am a *Coward*, if I will not fight;
True, *Cauelieroes* you haue ſpoke the right,
And if vpon good termes you vrge me to it,
I haue both ſtrength and heart enough to doe it,
Which you ſhould finde; and yet my minde is ſtill,
Rather to defend my ſelfe then kill.
But moſt men thinke, that hee which kils his foe,
Is moſt couragious: now I tell thee no:
For he that hath a heart that fact to doe,
Is both a *Tyrant*, and a *Coward* toe.
But how is he a *Coward* ſome will aske?
To anſwere that is but an eaſie taske,
Thus he is one: He hauing by his might,
A power on him with whom he haps to fight:
Thinkes if he ſpare his life, in ſuch a caſe,
He one day may reuenge his foule diſgrace;
That thought with feare, of future danger fils him,
Which to preuent, he like a *Coward* kils him.
But thoſe that iuſtly in excuſe can ſay,
For preſent ſafety, they were forc't to ſlay,
I muſt count blameleſſe. Thou that haſt a *Foe*,
Seeke not to be his woefull ouerthrow.

Rather

Rather if't may be keepe him liuing ſtill;
I tell thee 'tis a neceſſary ill. [*inimicus amicus.*]
My ſelfe haue ſome, their liues I doe not grutch,
For they haue done me ſeruice very much;
And will doe ſtill for whereſoe're I goe,
They make me carefull what I ſpeake, or doe:
And when I ſtep aſide, I heare on't roundly,
Or (as themſelues ſay) they will tel't me ſoundly,
Whereas my friend, till I were quite vndone,
Would let me ſtill in mine owne follies run,
Or if he warne me, it is ſo in ſport,
That I am ſcarce a whit the better for't.
But this ſame good, I know but few can vſe,
Becauſe that they doe better things abuſe.
Mens natur's ill; and I haue noted this,
If they vpbraided be with whats amiſſe
They cannot brooke it, but are readier ſtill,
For to reuenge that, then amend whats ill.
VVe muſt not now our luſti-blouds gain-ſay,
No, not ſo much as in a yea, or nay;
But preſenly we die for't (*if we will*)
They haue both hand, and heart prepar'd to kill.
Let them but thinke a man to them iniurious,
Although he be not ſo, thei'l ſtraight grow furious:
And are ſo quickly vp in a brauado,
They are for nothing but the *imbrocado*:
And in this humor they reſpect not wheither,
They be vnto them friends, or foes, or neither.
All are a like; and their hot choller ends,
Not only loue, and friendſhip, but their friends:

I know 'twere vaine If I ſhould tell to theſe,
The peacefull minde of antient *Socrates*:
Or if I ſhould *Lycurgus* vengeance ſhow,
How he behau'd himſelfe vnto his foe,
Twere but in vaine (I ſay) for theres no doubt,
Our watle-headed *Gallants* would but flout
At their well tempred paſſions; ſince they deeme,
None now but fooles, or mad-men, worth eſteeme:
But what's the cauſe of their vnbridled rage?
Oh know, it is a humor in this age
For to be fooliſh deſperate; and many
Account not of him, will not fight with any
On the leaſt quarrel: Therefore moſt to gaine,
A little fame that way, though nere ſo vaine;
VVil put their liues in danger: nay there's ſome,
Had rather haue it, then the life to come:
Alas poore men, what hath bewitcht your minde?
How are you growne ſo ſenceleſſe, and ſo blind,
For to affect vaine ſhaddowes, and let ſlide,
The true ſubſtance, as a thing vnſpide?
Is *Reaſon* in you growne ſo great a ſtranger,
To ſuffer an *Affection* of ſuch danger
To ſettle in you? Baniſh't from your breſt,
And there let *Mercy* and *Forgiueneſſe* reſt:
It is a token of a humane mildneſſe,
But *Vengeance* is a ſigne of *Bruiſh* wildneſſe:
Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Beare*,
Or ſuch like creatures, that remorſleſſe teare,
VVhat ere they light on; Caſt it from you then,
Be in condition, as in ſhape y'are, *men*;

And

And ſtand vnmoou'd, for *Innocence* ere long,
Will ſhew her ſelfe abroad in ſpight of wrong:
And of your *Patience* you ſhall not repent,
But be auenged to your owne content:
Yet ſome may ſay the Counſell I haue giuen,
Is hard to follow, ſtrict, and too vneuen,
And whatſoeuer ſhow I ſeeme to make,
Such as my ſelfe would hardly vndertake.
Know you that thinke ſo; I am not afraid.
If that it be a burthen I haue laide,
To bear't my ſelfe; Nay, I haue vndergone,
If this be hard, a more vneaſie one:
For but of late, a friend of mine in ſhow,
Being (indeed) a ſpightfull ſecret foe,
I know not why, (for I did ne're in ought
Wrong him I'me ſure; no not in an ill thought.)
Yet this man hauing wiſely watcht his Time,
When I (a ſtranger, in another *Clime*)
Left my owne Country; did meane while repaire,
To my beſt friends, and with diſſemblings faire,
And ſhowes of loue and griefe, did there vnfold,
The groſeſt ſlander, euer Villaine told.
A damn'd inuention ſo exceeding vile, (boile:
That gallants 'twould haue made your bloud to
And out of your abuſed bodies ſtart,
I know it would haue broken veines or heart:
I ſay if you had felt that cruell ſting,
You would haue fret, fum'd, ſtampt, done any thing:
Or angry rag'd like mad-men in their fit,
Till mercileſſe *Reuenge*, had quenched it:

But what did I? at first I must confesse,
I was a little mou'd, who could be lesse?
But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
To ioyne with brutish *Passion* within,
And raise disquiet humors in my brest,
I fear'd if I should yeeld 'twould mar my rest.
And therefore to my selfe I *Patience* tooke,
Which whil'st I haue about me I can brooke,
Any misfortune. Then that *Patience*,
Grew so much stronger through my *Innocence*
That I forgot both wrong and vengeance too;
Some thinke 'twas cause that I lack't *Might* to doe
The hurt I would; No, it was onely *Will*
For I had power enough to doe him ill;
It is well knowne the *coward* dares not stand
T' abide the *Vengeance* of my wronged hand
Were his strength tripled; Nay were I in bands,
Of impotencie wrapt, and had no hands,
Yet I haue friends (whom if I had not prai'd
And beg'd vnto, to haue their fury stai'd)
Had chopt him, and made dogs meat for my sake;
Of his vile Carcas; yea and he would quake,
A twelue-month after, had he but the daring,
To thinke vpon the *vengeance* was preparing
For that lewd slanderous tale of his; which he
Might better raise on one vnborne then me:
Now though that course my *Reason* did gain-say,
I was allow'd Reuenge a better way,
Both *Law* and *Iustice*, proffer'd me a scourge,
To whip him for it, which my friends did vrge;

Shewing

Shewing me motiues to allure me to it:
Yet ſtill was I vnwilling for to doe it:
For though I might (beſide ſubmiſſion) gaine,
No little ſummes; my heart doth much diſdaine,
For to encreaſe my ſubſtance through his ſhame,
Or raiſe it with the ruines of my fame:
Now for becauſe there's ſome may thinke I faine,
Or ſpeake a matter fram'd by mine owne braine:
Know, this *back-biter lines* and may doe long
To doe me more, and many others wrong:
And though I doe not mind to ſtaine my verſe,
The name of ſuch a Monſter to rehearſe,
For others ſatisfaction and to grace it,
Vpon the Margent here I thought to place it:
But that perhaps would Vengeance counted bee
VVhereas it ſhal not be reueng'd for me:
Yet *Gallants* you may ſee I wiſh you to
No other thing, then I my ſelfe would doe,
You heare that I was wrong'd, and yet withſtood,
My owne mad *Paſſion* in the heate of bloud:
And am not I in as good caſe as thoſe,
That haue reueng'd themſelues with ſtabs & blowes
In my opinion it is aſwell,
As if that I ſhould pack his ſoule to hel
VVith danger of mine owne; and heere remaine,
To greeue and wiſh he were aliue againe;
Nay now tis beſt, for why, he may repent,
And I with a ſafe conſcience liue content:
Ther's ſome (perhaps) miſdeem'd my innocence,
Becauſe they ſaw that I with *Patience*

Indur'd

Indur'd the wrong: tis thought that I did know,
My ſelfe in fault, becauſe I tooke it ſo.
Indeed tis true, I let him ſcot-free paſſe,
What ſhould I doe vnto him? ſay an Aſſe
Had ſtrooke me with his heeles; how ſhould I quit
The harme he doth me? you would blame my wit
If I ſhould kill him; If I went to law
Who would not count me the moſt aſſe? a daw;
The worſt of fooles; I pray what were I leſſe,
If I had don't to his vnworthineſſe?
One thats more ignorant of his offence,
And ſeemes as if he had no ſparke nor ſence
Of humane goodneſſe: one whom if I touch,
Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much,
As if I in my anger would begin
To breake the ſtoole that erſt had broke my ſhin.
I knew in this, and that, the caſe was one,
And therefore I did let *Reuenge* alone:
Yet will I note him, for this cauſe indeed,
That other men may know him and take heed:
And therefore marke, *the greateſt feaſt ith' yeare*
And ioyfulleſt his name at full doth beare.
A ſacred ſy'lable makes the firſt part;
Which ſince tis there alone, and not in's heart:
Take it from thence with the enſuing letter,
And the remainder will beſit him better:
Hereof enough; for why there doth remaine,
Some more of theſe mad humors to explaine,
Beſides thoſe I firſt nam'd; for their brother,
They cannot their Reuengefull Nature ſmother;

And for becauſe they dare not deale with ſwords,
Like valiant Champions fight it out with words:
Such fraies haue made me oftentimes to ſmile,
And yet they proue ſhrewd combats other-while,
For from ſuch brawles doe ſodaine ſtabs ariſe,
And ſometime in reuenge the quart-pot flies:
Ioyn-ſtooles, and glaſſes make a buſtling rumor:
Yea this is growne a gentleman-like humor:
But in my minde, he that ſo well can fight,
Deſerues for to be dub'd an *Ale-houſe knight*:
Iſt not a ſhame that men ſhould at their meeting,
Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
As I haue ſeene, and yet before the part
Bandy their ſwords at one another's heart?
Wondrous inhumane, the Sauage bore,
The wild *Armenean* heards will doe no more:
Sure ſuch beleeue not it is God hath ſaid,
Vengeance is his and muſt by him be paid.
For if they did I thinke there would not be,
Such caruers for themſelues: But we may ſee
The diuell doth ſo much poſſeſſe them than,
They haue no honeſt thought of God or Man.
As in this *Humor* you ſhall ſee't explain'd,
Two falling out would fight, but are reſtrain'd:
Yet ſtill they ſtriue to be each others fall:
Which ſhowes their loue to man-kind none at all:
But curbed of their wils through ſtanders by,
Forth breakes their fury, and they ſtreight let flie
Such horrid, bloudy, fearefull Cannon othes,
As there's no honeſt Chriſtian eare but lothes

Almoſt

Almoſt to heare them nam'd: they ſeeme to teare,
Chriſts man-hood peece-meale from him when they
For *foot, heart, nailes*, ſtill vſing God withall (ſweare:
Their foule-mouth'd-rackets like a tenniſe ball
Doth bandy too and fro. *His blond* and *wounds*,
Set forth their vaunts they thinke with braueſt
And makes the ſimple people to admire, (ſounds,
Their courage, which is but as a flame on fire. (ther
Thrice valiant Champions; whereby ſhould one ga-
They haue a thought of God that's good? but rather
That they are vile blaſphemers; for when they
Cannot haue *Vengeance* they deſired, why,
As if they ſcorn'd th' Almighties fearefull rod
Thus thinke they to auenge themſelues on God,
Who were he not as mercifull as luſt,
Might with a blaſt conſume them into duſt.

OF CHOLLER.

SATYR. 6.

BVt now the cauſe of mens *Reuengefull thirſt*,
Proceeds from raſh, vnbrideled *choller firſt*:
Which *Paſſion* flowes from imbecilitie,
And brings vs vnto much abſurditie:
Yea thoſe that are infected with this crime,
Are in a manner mad-men for the time:
Tis a ſhort *Fury*, where-with man poſſeſt
Reſembles moſt a wild vntamed beaſt:
It makes him fooliſh, quite beſides his wit,
Doing and ſpeaking many a thing vnfit.

Thoſe men in whom I find this *Paſſion* raigne,
I haue oft ſeene to ſtorme for things but vaine,
Yea, and as if they had ſome greeuous croſſe
Chafe out of meaſure for a penny loſſe,
And fret as much in looſing of ſome toy
As if therein conſiſted all their ioy:
This too I noted in a *Chollerick man*,
(Let any one diſproue me if he can)
They are not onely apt for to beleeue,
Any report that may occaſion giue;
But in light matters if they ſhould contend,
Would pick a quarrel with their deareſt friend:
Yea I haue ſeen where friends, nay more then bro-
That ſhould & haue bin dearer far then others: (thers
Theſe I haue knowne in choller en'e like foes
Mingling ſharpe words, with farre more ſharpned
When they are in this fit they do not ſpare, (blowes.
Any degree; Noe reuerence nor care ſure,
Doth then remaine; Thei'le ſpeake though they be
Their heedleſſe words, not foes alone procure,
But looſe their friends: nor doe they in that caſe,
Reſpect the Time, the company nor place:
Beſides there is this ouerſight in ſome,
Where *Choller* doth the *Reaſon* ouercome:
They doe not onely blame him that offends,
But are diſpleaſed euen with their friends:
And all that are in preſence or in view;
I haue obſeru'd it often to be true:
Then if that any ſhould but tell theſe men,
Their anger were without iuſt Reaſon, then,

Although

Although it be ſo and they know it right,
Their fury is the more increaſt with ſpight:
They cannot brooke controule, nor yet can they
Endure that a man ſhould nothing ſay,
For then indeed tis preſently ſuſpected,
He cares not, and his anger is neglected:
And in ſome *Maſters* I haue noted this,
Wherein they doe in my conceit amiſſe:
If they but thinke their ſeruant doth offend,
He muſt not his ſuſpected crime defend,
Guilty or no; but yeild it an offence
As if men ſtill were ſlaues; but ſurely hence,
Springs this abuſe, in whom this humor paſſes:
Choller beares ſway, and they are wayward Aſſes:
Who though they haue read ſome ſtrict rules in *Cato*
Were neuer Schollers, to diuiner *Plato*:
Oh *Anger* is a wondrous headſtrong *Paſſion*,
That hath a beaſtly, frantick operation;
From which, how can we any man releaſe
Since we muſt neither ſpeake, nor hold our peace?
Some will be angry, if they cannot make,
Another their opinions for to take.
Others haue meanings but they cannot ſhew them,
Yet are diſpleaſd, with thoſe that doe not know (them:
And I haue ſeene (that anger may be holy) A good man mooued for anothers folly;
Yet in ſuch caſes let not any chaſe,
But pray (as I doe) they may mend and laugh;
Me thinkes they ſhould be men vnfit to weild
The ſword of Iuſtice that do baſely yeild;

Vnto so bruit a passion; yet haue we
Some Gouernours that ouer-ruled be
By this, and worse affections, yea some now
Haue charge of others, that doe worse know how
To guide themselues: the angry *Magistrate*,
To be aueng'd on him whom he doth hate,
For priuate causes drawes the publike sword,
And all the Rigor that the lawes affoord
Must serue his *choller*; such there be so many
You cannot misse one, though I name not any.
Now diuers doe affirme such men as be
Hasty, (so they tearme this infirmitie)
Are the best natur'd; who that lesson taught?
If they be best Ile sweare the best be naught:
Moreouer there be many doe suppose,
It is a signe of courage; what meane those; (gather
Where is their iudgements? they me thinkes should
That it were *weakenes* did produce it rather,
Or else why should the feeble and the sicke,
Women and children be most chollerick?
Againe there's some (whose iudgement is as rude,)
Doe thinke that *Anger* quickens *fortitude*:
But that's a vertue surely will deny,
With such a *Vice* to haue affinity:
Thou that hast iudgement, tell me, can it be,
That *Fortitude* and *Anger* may agree?
I thinke it not, for why, the one is steady,
And rul'd by reason, t'other rash and heady:
The one doth nothing but on consultation,
The other cannot take deliberation:

And

And therefore if that we be well aduis'd,
It is a humor ought to be despis'd:
And though some thence much help may seeme to gather,
To whet on *Fortitude*, it hinders rather:
Yea tis a strange vnreasonable *Passion*,
That brings the owner cleane beside all fashion;
Making him speake if ought but discontent him,
Yea doe the thing of which he shall repent him.
And of a friend if I might chuser be,
I'de rather haue a man that's mad then he:
Some say 'tis inflamation of the bloud,
And may with carefull heed be soone withstood;
But their's so few that seeke to stop this ill,
That most doe let it runne at randome still:
And very faintly yeeld to the inuasion
Of this wild *Passion* on the least occasion,
But he indeed that would a medcine find
For this disease, must haue a setled mind,
Not giuing credit vnto all reports
Nor yet delighting in vaine toyes, nor sports:
On dogs, or hawkes his mind must not be set,
So much, as for their losse to chafe or fret:
He should not fancy such fond idle trash,
But euer taking heed of being rash;
Athenodorus good aduice embrace,
And follow *Cotis* that wise King of *Thrace*,
Whereby he best shall quench this *Passions* tinder,
And many an *Angry* fumish fit may hinder.

OF IEALOSIE.

Satyr. 7.

BVt though theſe *angry-ones* ſoone breed a braule
And are pernicious to conuerſe with-all:
Not one iot better is the *iealous-head*,
That thinks his friend, and 's wife are ſtill a-bed:
This *Paſſion*, (as it plainely doth appeare)
Proceeds out of a too-much *loue* with *feare*;
Loue in a match procures the higheſt bliſs,
That for vs men on earth ordained is:
But adde a *feare* of looſing of our ioy,
And that we loue ſo dearely, 'twill deſtroy
All our delights; and ſtrewing good with ill,
Makes that ſeeme loſt which we haue with vs ſtill:
Thus doth it often with the *Iealous* proue,
Who carefull in the chooſing of his *loue*,
Hath gotten her that is not faire alone;
But modeſt, wiſe, and curteous, hating none,
Nor yet affecting any but her peere,
For which good parts, her husband counts her deere,
As well he may, her vertues he 'll vphold,
Dares ſweare ſhe will not be allur'd with gold,
Honor, nor beauty; but as ſhe is chaſt,
So hee 's perſwaded will be to the laſt;
And to himſelfe ſo well he ſeemes to thriue,
He thinkes his owne the happieſt choiſe aliue,

'Tis good: Thus for no hurt, he wiued well;
But ſoft there, there is an after part to tell;
This man when he by daily proofe doth ſee,
His wife no other then a wife ſhould be,
It ſo augments his *Loue* to that extreame,
He knowes not if he be awake or dreame;
Now doth this *Loue* (for *Loue* will euer do it)
For a Companion take in *Feare* vnto it;
A *feare* of looſing what he loues ſo much;
And then the nature of this *feare* is ſuch,
That it begets *ſuſpect*; which creeping in
Doth by a little at the firſt begin
To make him doubt his ſpouſe doth looſely liue:
Whereto vpon a ſlight report to giue
Firme credence he ſeems loth; but yet ere long
He doth (but) think perhaps ſhe doth him wrong,
Which if he doe, that one falſe thoughts enough,
To giue all former truths the ouerthrow,
And why? *Suſpect* growes thereupon ſo great,
She thruſts true iudgement, quite beſides her ſeat:
Which being done, then ſtraight begins to wane,
The good conceit he of his bliſs had tane;
For if his friend doth to his houſe repaire,
He thinkes tis onely, cauſe his wife is faire:
But if 't be ſtrangers, he durſt pawne his life,
There is ſome pact betweene them and his wife:
Yea though their buſines to himſelfe he find,
He thinks tis but a hood to keep him blind;
Then all the ſweet he had is turn'd to ſowre,
Faine would he thinke well but hath not the powre;

Much care torments his heart, and yet he will,
Be prying farther to encreaſe it ſtill:
Yea, he will ſeeke, although he truely know,
The more he ſeekes, the more he findes his woe:
Beſide, ſuſpect receiueth in the head,
All things that may be miſinterpreted,
And the beſt thought her vertue's like to winne
Is onely this: *It ſerv'd to cloake her ſinne.*
In briefe, his liking thus he marreth quight,
And there he loath's where once hee tooke delight;
But wherefore? Onely cauſe he doth miſtruſt,
And not on any proofe, that ſhee's vniuſt:
Vnhappy woman hapleſly to wed
So meere a ſot, and ſuch a Iealous head;
An owle-eyd buzzard, that by day is blind,
And ſees not things apparant; yet can find
That out which neuer was. The feare to looſe
The Iewell he aboue all Iemms did chuſe,
That feare, I ſay, of wit doth ſo bereaue him,
He thinks that's gone which means not yet to leaue him:
Oh fooliſh man, that hauing gain'd a bliſs,
Dooſt mak't a curſe by vſing it amiſs,
If iudgement be not blinded in thee? looke:
Try if thou haſt not all this while miſtooke:
Is not thy wife ſtill faire? and to the eye
Seemes ſhe not yet to haue that modeſty,
Thou didſt commend her for? Is ſhe not wary,
With whom ſhe walks, or ſpeaks, or where to tarie?
Is ſhe not ſtill as willing for to pleaſe;
As louing toe, as in her former daies?

In

In show he sees it, but he thinks 'tis fain'd;
Out blockish dolt that art most iustly pain'd:
Thou but a few supposed shadowes hast,
That makes thee to account thy wife vnchast;
But many firme substantiall proofes make cleare,
That shee's vnstain'd, and ought to be as deare
As e're she was; Why should an ill in thee
Make her seeme so, vnlesse she euill be?
A woman that is faire, shall much be view'd,
And haue perhaps vnlook't for fauours shew'd,
She shall be courted where she will or no,
Nay be resorted to; and though she show
Scarcely so much as common curtesies
She shalbe censur'd by misiudging eyes,
And false reports will fly; But what of this?
Shall he that hath had triall what she is,
And ne're saw ought amiss, shall he, I say,
Cast all the good conceit he had away;
And streight grow iealous, trusting the surmise
Of the lewd *Vulgar* more then his owne eyes?
It were mad folly; and yet I doe know
Some that are thus besotted, more's their woe.
And pitty 'twere but they had horned him,
Were't not a greater pitty so to sinne:
Should you but sit with such a one at table,
To hold from laughter you were scarcely able,
To see what note the Iealous wood-cock takes,
Of his Wiues words, and euery looke she makes:
In what a feare he eats his meat, and drinks,
What signes he vses, how he nods and winks,

With

With twenty ſcuruy geſtures; though he ſee
No reaſon he ſhould ſo ſuſpicious be:
Now ſome haue cauſe enough, but that's all one;
Why ſhould men ſtriue to hold what will be gone,
Vexing themſelues ſo for anothers ill,
Which they can neuer help? Let him that will,
But this is true, to ſeeke for to reſtraine
A womans will, is labour ſpent in vaine;
And he that tries to doe it, might haue bin,
One of the crew that hedg'd the Cuckow in.
Why ſhould a man go put himſelfe to paine,
As ſome haue done, a iourney for to faine?
And then at night come lurk about his houſe,
Where, be it but the ſtirring of a mouſe
He doth obſerue it: wherefore doth he ſo?
Since if thereby he ought amiſſe doth know,
The greateſt good that he ſhall thereby find,
Is more vexation to moleſt his mind:
For then the miſchiefe he but fear'd before,
Hee 's certaine of, and need not doubt it more:
A goodly meed, but ſure thoſe wretched elues,
Take pleaſure in tormenting of themſelues;
They hearken, watch, ſet ſpies, and alway long
To heare ſome tales or inckling of their wrong:
And he that can but whiſper ſome ſuch fable,
Shall be the welcom'ſt gueſt that ſits at table,
Though it be ne're ſo falſe; they loue ſo well
To feele the Torture of this earthly hell:
But I doe muſe what diuell keeps their heart,
They ſhould affect the cauſers of their ſmart;

Thoſe

Thoſe euer-buzzing-deadly-ſtinging flies;
Thoſe that of *Echoes* onely can deuiſe
A formall Lie. What if't be true they ſay?
It is a meanes to draw thy loue away
From her thou ow'ſt it to; and that's a crime,
Cauſe ſhe muſt be thy beſt belou'd a time,
Better or worſe, be ſure thou muſt abide her,
Till from thy ſelfe the death of one deuide her:
Then tell me were it not by much leſſe paine;
A good opinion of her to retaine?
Could'ſt thou not be contented by thy will,
At leaſt to thinke that ſhe were honeſt ſtill?
Yes ſure in heart thou would'ſt be glad,
Vnleſſe that thou wer't voide of ſenſe, or mad:
Why ſhake off all theſe claw-backs then that vſe
Thy ſoone-beleeuing-heart for to abuſe;
For (truſt me) they, are but ſome ſpightfull elues,
Who cauſe they haue not the like bliſſe themſelues,
Would faine marre thine; or elſe I dare be bold,
If thou the truth couldſt warily vnfold,
They are ſome luſt-ſtung Villaines, that did court
Thy honeſt wife to ſome vnlawfull ſport:
And finding her too-chaſt to ſerue their turne,
Whoſe euill hearts with foule deſires did burne,
To ſpight her (being far more euill doers,
Then *Daniels* elders, faire *Suſannaes* woers)
To thee they doe accuſe her of an ill,
VVhereto they ſought for to allure her will:
Nay, this I wiſh thee whatſoe're he be,
That of ſuch dealings firſt informeth thee;

Beleeue

Beleeue him not what proofes ſo e're he bring,
Doe not giue eare to him for any thing:
And though he be the neareſt friend thou haſt,
From ſuch like knowledge ſhut all ſenſe vp faſt;
Flye and auoid him as thou would the *Diuell*,
Or one that brings thee meſſages of euill:
Let him be to thee as thy deadlieſt foe,
A *fury*, or ſome one thou loath'ſt to know;
And be aſſured whatſoe're he ſhewes,
He is no friend of thine that brings that newes;
So if that thou wert his moſt deadly foe,
For any wrong it were reuenge enough.
Now ſome men I haue noted loue as well,
The husbands faults vnto the wife to tell,
And aggrauate them to; as if thereby
They either meant to feede their *Iealouſie*,
Or elſe ſtir vp their vnbeſeeming hates,
Againſt their guiltleſſe wel-beloued mates:
But of theſe Monſters (faireſt ſex) beware,
Of their inſinuations haue a care;
Beleeue them not they will coine tales vntrue,
To ſow foule ſtriſe betwixt your loues and you,
Out of ill-will; or elſe here is my *doome*,
They hope to get into your husbands *roome*
By the aduantage of the diſcontent
They'll worke in you. But their intent,
They'll ſo diſguiſe, that you ſhall neuer ſpy them:
Till you are ſnar'd too faſt for to deny them:
But oh you *Creatures*, that for excellence,
Haue *reaſonable* for a difference,

Auoid this paſsion; If your wiues be ill
Aduiſe them well, but let them haue their will.
For curbing makes them worſe, and their condition
Indeed is ſuch they cannot brooke *ſuſpition*;
Reſtraine them not, I ſay, for as the pouder
Being faſt ſtopt, makes the *report* the louder,
Sending the bullet with the greateſt force;
So he that ſeekes to barre a womans *courſe*,
Makes her more eager, and can ne're outſtriue her,
But on ſhe will, becauſe the Diu'll doth driue her.
Let thoſe that ſo are matcht then patience take,
And their are none ſhall know their heads do ake;
But beware chiefly that no falſe ſurmiſes,
Or flying tale, ſome enuious head deuiſes,
Make them to wrong their chaſt and modeſt wiues,
Who haue with Vertue led vnſpotted liues,
For though ſom ſtand vnmoou'd, yet that's the way,
To make a woman ſooneſt goe aſtray:
But now I thinke on't, I doe wonder why,
The greateſt part brand him with infamy
That is a *Cuckold*? Since that all men know,
It is not his offence that he is ſo.
I neuer heard a reaſon ſort ith ſchooles,
Yet ſure 'tis this the greateſt part are fooles,
But now I will conclude theſe *Iealous* humors,
Which part I found b' *experience*, part by *rumors*,
I feele it not, yet know it is a ſmart
That plagues the mind and gripes the very heart;
Yet I could wiſh but for the others ſake,
Their *thought-tormenting-paine* might neuer ſlake;

For

For there's none *iealous*, I durst pawne my life,
But he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

OF COVETOVSNES.

SATYR. 8.

BVt of that *Paſsion* how miſt I to tell,
The *ſame* that brings her Pedigree from *hell*?
Cal'd *Auarice*, a humor *vile* and *baſe*,
And yet as common as to haue a face:
I muſe it ſcap't, I ſay, ſince Ile be plaine,
Ilooke not vp but ſee where it doth raigne;
Many I know, and yet indeed but few,
That can this *ſlauiſh dunghill-vice* eſchew;
I neither can excuſe ſex nor degree,
Young folks, nor ſuch as middle aged be:
Nay I perceiue them giuen moſt to craue,
VVhen they had need to dig themſelues a graue,
Like *earth-bred moles* they ſcramble in the duſt,
Not for the treaſure that ſhall neuer ruſt;
But for vile cankred droſs is all their care,
As if the ſame their *ſummum bonum* were,
VVhen all that they haue with their labour bought,
In my opinion is not worth a thought:
I haue knowne Chuffs, that hauing well to liue,
Yea and ſufficient for to lend and giue:
VVill naith'leſs *toyle*, *moile*, and take more paine,
Then a *Iewes* bond-ſlaue, or a *Moore* in *Spaine*;

All

All day they brooke the *raine*, *haile*, *froſt* and *ſnow*,
And then as if they had not drudg'd enough,
They lie and thinke all night with care and ſorrow,
How they may take as little reſt the morrow.
'Tis ſtrange their minds ſo much for gold ſhould itch
And being gotten that it ſhould bewitch;
It is by nature in a priſon pent,
Vnder our feet i' th' baſeſt *element*:
And ſhall we pluck't from *dungeons*, *filth*, and *mire*
To giue 't the chiefeſt ſeat in our deſire?
'Twere want of iudgement; but braue ſpirits know
'Tis baſe, and therefore doe account it ſo.
I haue heard thoſe that trauaile to the *Eaſt*,
Where this beloued mettaile hath its *neaſt*,
That in thoſe places where ſuch *minerals* be
Is neither *graſſe*, nor *herbe*, nor *plant*, nor *tree*;
A curſed ſoile; and this at home I find,
That thoſe which too-much do imploy their minde
About that traſh; their hearts are (Ile be bold)
As barraine as the earth where men digge gold;
This humor hath no bounds, tis a deſire,
(Or diſeaſe rather) nothing can expire;
'Tis *hell*, for had it all the world, yet,
It longs aſmuch as if 't had ne're a whit;
A boundleſſe gulfe: and I lament their paine
Who haue this *neuer-quenched thirſt of* gaine;
So bottomleſſe a *whirle-poole* that receaues
Still, yet the ſelf-ſame roome ſtill empty leaues;
Hee's mad that food to ſuch a *Vulture* giues
That's neuer full; and e'ne as good fill ſiues

That haue no bottome, as for to endeauor,
To glut a Monſter that will hunger euer:
Yet men ſtill ſtriue although it be in vaine;
And though they feele their longing ſtill remaine,
They'l weary out themſelues like him that drinks
Brine, or ſalt water, and ſtill thereby thinks,
To ſlacke his thirſt at laſt; though he feel't more
Augmented, at each draught then twas before:
Yea, wealth doth as much leſſen this deſire
Of *Auarice* in men, ae flames of fire
Alay the heate: beſides, though they haue ſtore,
This makes them to themſelues exceeding poore;
And howſoeuer they may ſeeme, yet ſuch
Vntill their *dying-day* are neuer rich:
They very ſeldome haue reſpect or care
To promiſe, or Religion; thei'l not ſpare
To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himſelfe,
Thereby for to increaſe their curſed pelfe:
They neither reuerence the right of lawes,
Nor are they touched with the poore-mans cauſe:
They would be well content to ſhed their blouds,
Looſe ſoule and heauen, for to ſaue their goods:
To talke to them of better things 'twere vaine,
For they are onely capable of gaine;
They neuer liue in true *ſocietie*,
Nor know they *friendſhip*, *loue*, or *pietie*;
And in a word, thoſe that are thereby led,
Neuer doe good till they are *ſick* or *dead*.
And therefore with theſe vermine I will place them,
That ſeeme to no vſe till that we vncaſe them:

I haue

I haue obſeru'd that ſuch mens children be,
Borne many times to greateſt miſery;
For they haue neither *meanes* nor *education*,
According to their Kindred, State, nor Nation:
Whereby we ſee that they doe often run,
Into vile actions, and are quite vndone;
So then, theſe greeue to heare they doe amiſſe,
But ne're conſider that *their* fault it is;
'Tis greedines that makes a man a ſlaue,
To that which he ſhould for his ſeruant haue;
And teaches him for to eſteeme of more,
The *vicious-Rich-man*, then the *honeſt poore*,
Alas! how many are there I could name
Iniurious villaines; that for to defame
Or wrong another would forſweare ſaluation,
As if they thought that there were no damnation?
Prouided that when they their conſcience ſtraine,
It be out of a hatred, or for gaine:
Yea there be idle theeuing Rogues a many,
That haue no *Vertue*, nor will ne're haue any;
Yet for their wealth ſhall highly be reſpected,
When honeſt men their betters, are neglected;
And then we alſo ſee that moſt men doe,
Put many worthy titles on them toe,
That ſuch baſe-ſcums muſt oft entreated be,
With *good your Worſhip*, and with cap and knee:
But ſure the world is now become a gull,
To thinke ſuch ſcoundrels can be worſhipfull;
And yet in theſe daies, if that men haue riches,
Though they be *hang-men*, *Vſurers*, or *Witches*,

Diuels-incarnate, ſuch as haue no ſhame,
To act the thing that I ſhould bluſh to name,
Doth that diſgrace them any whit? Fie no,
The world it meanes not for to vſe them ſo;
There is no ſhame for Rich-men in theſe times,
For wealth will ſerue to couer any crimes:
Wert thou a *crook-back-dwarfe*, deform'd in ſhape;
Therſites like, condition'd like an ape:
Didſt neuer doe a deed a good-man ought,
Nor ſpake true word, nor had'ſt an honeſt thought,
If thou be rich, and hap to diſagree
With one that's poore; although indeed he be
In euery part a man, and hath a ſpirit
That's truely noble, able for to merit
Euen praiſe of enuy; yet if thou wilt ſeeme
A man farre worthier, and of more eſteeme,
Although thou canſt inuent no means to blame him;
Yet I can tell a trick how thou ſhalt ſhame him,
And that's but this, *Report that he is poore*:
And there's no way for to diſgrace him more,
For ſo this *Paſſion* doth mens iudgements blind,
That him in whom they moſt perfection find;
If that he be not rich they count him baſe,
And oft hee's faine to giue a Villaine place.
Moreouer the deſire to gaine this pelfe,
Makes many a braue man to forget himſelfe:
Some I haue knowne that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue and their skill in many Arts,
Deſerued honor; and if any can
Iudge by the outward looke, the inward man;

For

For to command men they me thought were borne,
And ſeem'd a ſlauiſh ſeruitude to ſcorne;
Yet haue I ſeene when ſuch as theſe (alas!)
In hope of gaine haue croucht vnto an Aſſe,
Obſeru'd a Dolt, and much debas't their merits,
To men of vulgar and ignoble ſpirits;
How many of our fineſt wits haue ſpent,
Their times and ſtudies in meere complement?
Greaſing with praiſes many a fat-fed Bore,
Of whom the world thought too too well before:
How many now that followed *Mars* his troope
Whom force of death could neuer make to ſtoope?
Nay more, how many of our graue Diuines
That ſhould ſeeke treaſure not in earthly *mixes*,
What ſtere I ſay of theſe *againſt the haire*,
(As goes the common prouerbe) *can ſpeake faire*,
Flatter for gaine, and humor ſuch baſe groomes,
As are not worthy of their horſe-boyes roomes?
They wrong themſelues: but thoſe are counted wiſe
That now a daies know how to temporize:
I cannot brooke diſſembling; and I vow,
E're I to any golden calfe would bow,
Flatter againſt my conſcience, or elſe ſmother
That which I know for truth, to pleaſe another,
E're I for gaine would faune to pleaſe a clowne,
Or feed *great fooles* with tales of the renowne,
Of their reputed fathers, when (*God mend them*)
Themſelues haue nothing why we ſhould commend (them;
And ere Ile coine a lie, be't ne're ſo ſmall,
For eu'r a bragging *Thraſo* of them all

In hope of profit; Ile giue vp my play,
And fall to labor for a groat a day;
And for my clothing in a mantle goe,
And feed on *Sham-roots*, as the *Irish* doe;
For, what contentment can in riches be,
Vnleſs the body and the mind be free? (ſway,
But tuſh what's freedome? looke where gold beares
It takes that, credit, yea and wit away;
Corrupts the iudgement, and can make the lawes
Oft-times to fauour an vngodly cauſe:
Beſides, a worldly mind doth ſo affect,
Where wealth abounds, and beares ſo much reſpect
To thoſe that haue it: that their vice they deeme
To be a vertue, and ſo make it ſeeme;
For, ſay they vſe extortion, no men more,
Vndoe their *Country*, hurt and wrong the poore,
Be damn'd Vſurers, and keepe a houſe,
That yeelds not crums enough to feed a mouſe:
Yet they'l not ſay hee's couetous; oh no,
Hee's thrifty, a good wary man, or ſo.
Another though in pride he doe excell,
Be more ambitious then the *Prince of hell*;
If his apparell be in part like vs,
Italian, Spaniſh, French and *Barbarous*,
Although it be of twenty ſeuerall faſhions,
All borrowed from as many forraine nations;
Yet hee's not vaine, nor proud; what is he than?
Marry a proper, fine, neat Gentleman,
Or if he be a drunkard that can ſwagger,
Goe daily armed with an *alehouſe dagger*,

Quaffe

Quaffe *ſoule ſick-healths* vntill his eyes doe ſtare,
Sing *baudy Songs*, and *rounds*, and curſe and ſweare;
Though he vſe gaming, as the cards and dice,
So out of meaſure that he mak 't a vice,
Turne his owne houſe into a filthy ſtewes, (newes
Keep *whores*, and *knaues*, and *baudes*, as that's no
Yet if he be a rich man what is he,
A rude ranke ruffine if you aske of me,
A Ruffin? Gueſt Iack ſauce-boxe with a wannion,
Nay hee's a merry and a boone companion,
This is the *Worlds* cenſure. Yet beſide,
Another qualitie I haue eſpide;
For thoſe diſeaſes they do ſhun the poore,
They doe abhor a Rich-man ne're the more:
Him I haue knowne that hath diſdain'd to ſup,
Water, or beere out of a poore mans cup,
For feare of poyſoning, or ſome thing as bad,
Although he knew no malady he had;
And yet haue I, ſeene the ſame curious *Aſſe*,
Pledging a rich-man in the ſelfe-ſame glaſſe:
When he hath knowne the party (*if you pleaſe*
Ile ſpeake plaine Engliſh) had the *French* diſeaſe:
But as the *Prouerb* ſaith, *Birds of a feather*
Will alwaies vſe to flock and feed together:
I haue oft muſed and doe ſtill admire,
That men ſhould hurtfull riches ſo deſire,
For weigh it well and you ſhall find it fils,
The owner of it with a thouſand ill's,
Much worſe then theſe forenam'd: for why we find,
It choakes and mar's the Vertues of the mind:

Then we perceiue it greatly doth annoy,
Vexes the heart, and hinders the true ioy
Would elſe be there; And as it may appeare,
Loads vs with diuers troubles, cares and feare:
It makes vs to grow arrogant, vniuſt,
Drawes vnto pleaſure, and prouokes to luſt:
More hopefull for to practiſe villany,
Then for to further vs in honeſty,
It nere contents the owners that enioy it,
And thoſe that haue it many times employ it
To corrupt Iuſtice; or for to allure,
Matrons, or Virgins, to an act impure:
It hires murthers, and makes men ſeditious,
Full of ſuſpect, and enuie, or ambitious:
Yea it breeds *claw-backes, pick-thankes, flattery*,
Makes many theeues and cauſes *periury*:
It hinders knowledge, for moſt that haue lands,
Liue neither by their wiſdome nor their hands.
They follow ſloath and pleaſure, not the ſchooles,
And that's the reaſon there's ſuch wealthy fooles:
Theſe are the fruits of wealth; yet that alone
Seemes now the faireſt marke of euerie one
To make his courſe for; and which to attaine,
Or keepe onte gotten, we refuſe no paine
Labor nor danger; yea it doth appeare,
They think *that all*, which they were plac't for here:
Now ther's a *Counterpaſſion* vnto this,
Which to ſpeake ſomething of 'twere not amiſſe:
Thoſe ſubiect therevnto, haue got a faſhion,
Thats quite contrarie to the former *Paſſion*.

For

For e'ne as greedy men are ſet on fire,
With an vnquenched and a ſoule deſire,
Of hourding *Riches* (*God in heauen amend them*)
So doe the other hie as faſt to ſpend them:
Their *humor's* diuers; ſome vaine-glorious Aſſes,
Conſum't in gaudy cloathes; and looking glaſſes;
Others blowne vp e'ne with the ſelfe ſame bellowes
Seeke to obtaine the loue of all good fellowes;
Theſe at the *Alehouſe* haue their daily pots
Though they be there or no. And looke what ſhots,
Are in their chambers ſpent, be't nere ſo many,
He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny,
Thoſe feaſt at *Tauernes* their ſuppoſed friends,
That pay with, *Thankes, we nere ſhall make amends*:
Yea, and in more things they haue lauiſh bin,
But thoſe are pathes I'me no experience in,
Yet ſuch as they ere many yeares be paſt,
Will wiſh (I warrant) they had held it faſt,
When for their kindnes and their former cheere,
They hardly ſhall procure a cup of beare.
But there muſt needs be ſome men prone thereto,
Or how a diuell ſhall o-r ſharkers doe?
Yet can I not ſay rightly that theſe be,
From *Auarice* and greedineſſe quite free:
For though they doe conſume it knauiſhly,
And ſpend it on vaine pleaſures lauiſhly,
They gladly would their euill courſe maintaine,
And therefore ouerſlip no meanes of gaine,
For they haue vſed (by their owne confeſsion)
Secret and open Robberies; Oppreſsion,

And

And diuers tricks which ſhow this ſpending vice,
May haue ſome reference to Auarice.
Others there are, (but few) who hauing ſtore,
Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poore;
And why? it ſtops the way to heauen they ſay,
Sure being miſimployed ſo it may:
And therefore rather then they ſhould abuſe it,
'Twere good they had it that know how to vſe it:
For ſuch are lightly weake in reſolution,
And men but of a ſimple conſtitution,
Or are by ſome ſeducing Villan taught,
That their *goods* (rather then their *good*) haue ſought:
Now I ſuppoſe the man that well obtaines
His wealth, and in an honeſt calling gaines,
More wiſedome ſhewes in vſing it aright,
Then ſuch a Cynnick as contemnes it quite.
Men will be in extreames; but ſure the leſſe,
Is to neglect wealth, for much greedines.
Makes not the body onely, leane and foule,
But alſo ſpreads infection to his ſoule,
And clogges her ſo with things of no account,
That ſhe is ouer-poyz'd to much to mount.
But thoſe that for to goe aſtray are loth,
Vſe their endeuours to auoide them both.

OF AMBITION.

Satyr. 9.

HEres yet another cal'd *Ambition*,
Little with men of low *condition*,
But 'tis a humor which doth euer search,
The *stout-high-minded*, and doth alway perch
In men of spirit This doth farre surmount,
The force of *Loue*; It maketh no account
Of *Nature*, nor *Religion*; 'tis not *Law*,
Nor *Conscience*, that can keepe such men in awe;
Ther's no estate contents them, peace and strife
Are both alike to them; yea death and life:
Wiues, children, friends, nor none but such as may,
Be vnto their ambitious plots a stay,
Shalbe respected; and so they may reape,
What they desire, the'il not stick to heape
Murther on Murthers; yea and think't no sin,
Be it of strangers, or their neerest kin:
They haue such flinty breasts they can out-beard,
Danger it selfe, and be no whit afeard;
Proud daring Spirits; yet we see *confusion*,
Of such high minds doth prooue the sad *conclusion*:
And he that first was ruin'd by this euill,
Was our grand foe which we doe call the *Diuell*:
For he aspir'd so high, that higher powers,
Wrought his iust fall, and now he seeketh ours;

He

He first infus'd this ill into our breſt,
For to diſquiet and diſturbe our reſt.
This moſt *vnreaſonable, ſtrong deſire*;
This *too exceſſiue longing to aſpire*
To honour and promotion; which indeed
Doth from a ſottiſh ignorance proceed;
It is the wild'ſt and moſt diſorderd'ſt paſsion,
And a great enemy to contentation,
For whatſoeuer ſtate man hath attain'd,
Tis e'ne as if that he had nothing gain'd;
For he hath hereby ſtill a farther ſcope,
And neuer reaches to the end of's hope,
That which he doth poſſeſſe he neere reſpecteth,
But altogether things vnknowne affecteth,
And counts them beſt; which what ſo e're they
Being once gotten too, are not eſteem'd: (ſeem'd,
But what's the reaſon that they doe abhor,
The things poſſeſt that they haue labor'd for.
What is the cauſe I ſay they doe contemne,
(Or cannot vſe) things hauing gained them?
Sure hence it doth proceed; they doe not know
What the things are that they doe long for ſo.
And they obtaine them oft, e're they haue might,
And *Reaſon* fit to gouerne them aright:
Had many of our reaching *Yeomanry*, (dry,
That haue growne wealthy through good husban-
And ſome of our proud *Gentry*, that haue ſought
Titles, and vndeſerued *honors* bought;
Had they, I ſay, before-hand knowne the ſhame,
And beggery that followed on the ſame,

For

For want of knowing whereto they aſpir'd
They would not haue thoſe *dignities* deſir'd,
And ſo indeed they might haue walk't the ſtreet,
And not haue fear'd the *Counters* nor the *Fleet*:
Yea and with *Good-man* haue contented bin,
Where now there's fearce a good man of the kin.
Ambitious men will euer enuious be,
Regarding neither loue nor amity,
And though that they may make a goodly ſhow,
With reaſon it can neuer ſtand I know,
They ſhould be faithfull, or with Iuſtice deale,
Either for *Princes* or for *Common-weale*:
For why, this humor makes them to attend,
And all their labors and beſt counſels ſpend
In their owne plots; And ſo they haue no loſſe,
They care not whoſe proceedings they doe croſſe:
Vertuous endeauors this doth alſo let,
Yea makes men many a good thing to forget:
And though I'me loath to ſpeake it I proteſt,
I thinke it raignes not in the *Clergy* leaſt,
For they at firſt ſhew great humility,
While that they are of meane ability:
Thei'le be induſtrious and take paine to teach,
For twice a weeke ſhalbe the leaſt thei'le preach:
Or in their pouerty they will not ſtick
For *Catechizing, viſiting the ſick*,
And ſuch like dutious workes of Piety,
As doe belong to their ſociety:
But if that they can reach a *Vicarage*,
Or be inducted to ſome *Perſonage*:

{ Men

Men must content themselues and thinke it well,
If once a month they heare the Sermon bell:
Now if it be a *Deanry* or so,
If not in twelue months it is oft enough,
And why? Alas consider that *deuotion*,
Is but a busie thing that lets *promotion*,
And if that they should giue their minds to't all,
Who should haue *greater* places when they fall?
No, no, 'twere fitter they their ease did take,
And see what friends and Patrons they can make
For the next *Hierarchy*; or learne how
To humor and to please the *great-ones* now;
But, if that they in that aduenture speed,
Thei'le be more painefull; yes, tis like indeed:
If they get into their *formalibus*,
And Reuerent *Pontificalibus*;
Tis very like I say that we shall heare,
They vse the Pulpit once in twise a yeare:
Nay and 'tis well if it be done so oft,
For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,
They soone forget their duties: and this pride
I in the Clergy worst of all abide;
In them I hold it the most odious,
And no Ambition so pernitious,
Either for prince, or Church, or common good,
Witnesse the Beast of *Rome* and his foule brood
Of clyming *Cardinals*, who from base *states*,
Are gotten to be Kings and Princes *mates*,
Yea their *superiors*. This the Diuell makes,
His cheefest engine wherewithall he shakes

Religion

Religions ſoundneſſe; And rends in it chinks,
Which he dawbes vp againe with what he thinks
Shall ruin 't all in time; was it not hence,
He had his meanes to mar the innocence
Of *Romes* firſt Biſhops? yes, the Church grew ſtrong
And floriſh't while it was ſuppreſt with wrong,
But when the worthy *Emperors* embrac't
The *ſacred* truth; and with their fauors grac't
Their good proceedings; They then gan to leaue
Their humble Nature off: and cloſely weaue,
Vnder a Religious ſhew (not a bare *Miter*
It fits not the ſucceſſors of Saint *Peter*)
A triple *Diadem*; and ſuch a ſtate,
That neuer any earthly Potentate
Enioy'd the like (*yet all with humble preaching*)
A long degree I tak't, beyond the reaching
Of temporall *Ambition*. *But I pray*
Er'e the firſt Beaſt his time be done away:
There riſe not vp another monſter here
'Mongſt our Ambitious Churchmen; I ſhould feare
A ſecond Antichriſt, but that I hope
They either ſhall be kept within their ſcope,
Or the laſt iudgement, whoſe nigh times vnknowne,
Shall vt him off e're he be wholly growne:
But more of theſe I here omit to ſpeake,
Becauſe, I thinke there's no mans ſight ſo weake,
But ſee's their doings; yet let none ſuppoſe,
I heare meane to defend, or maintaine thoſe
That doe our *Biſhops* Callings diſalow:
Let them that can, for ſure I know not how:

Nor

Nor would I haue the world to vnderſtand,
That I tax all the Clergy in the land:
Or the whole *Hierarchy*: Thinke not ſo;
For why; this preſent age doth yeeld, I know,
Men that are truely worthy; I hope many,
Yea I am ſure few times, ſince Chriſt, had any
More knowing or more painefull then ſome few,
And whatſoe're men thinke, yet for to ſhow,
Though I Satyrically carp at thoſe
That follow *Vice* and are true *Vertues* foes,
I haue not ſuch a ſpightfull cankred ſpirit,
As to conceale and ſmother worth and merit:
For Ile for *Canterburies* Grace be bold,
Out of mine owne experience to vphold,
That Sea was neuer gouerned as yet,
By any one more Reuerent or more fit:
For ouer and aboue his Country cares,
Wherein he neither *time* nor *counſell* ſpares,
Beſides *Church buſines* whereto he applies
His mind to further it, what in him lies;
I ſay beſide this publick care at large,
Few Miniſters haue, in their priuate charge,
Showne greater paine: that here the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witnes well,
And thou wert vnhappy *London* then,
When thou didſt looſe this rare *one* among men;
Yet thou wert bleſt againe, thy fate did bring,
In place of ſuch a FATHER ſuch a KING,
A maine Church-piller and of ſo great worth,
Europe can hardly bring his equall forth:

And

And for them both my *Muse* will this put downe,
(Who scornes to sooth a King to get a crowne)
Had she not thought them to be what she sai:s,
She would haue here disdain'd to sing their praise:
But to goe forward, I doe wonder why,
Men should be subiect to this *Vanity?*
For I haue seene those that had riches store,
Great offices, and fauours, no men more;
Honor and credit, yea and wisdome too,
Yet see what an ambitious head will doe:
Clyming too high they got so low a fall,
They forfaited their honors, liues and all.
Methinkes ere they in such an act should stur,
'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Aesops Cur*,
Who catching but to get a *shadow* more,
Did loose the *substance* that he had before:
I might a while vpon example stand,
Of former times; but that within this land,
The *present Age*, the which I onely view,
Can yeeld enough to proue my saying true:
And of so many in this kingdome showne,
I meane at this time to produce but one:
And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,
The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not;
I meane the pouder treason, and intention,
Brought (had not God assisted) past preuention:
Yet see, e're they could climbe to their desire,
When they were for to mount but one step-higher;
(*Let God be honor'd for't*) downe tumbled all,
And gaue these *bel-hounds* deserued fall:

As often as I call to memory,
That horrid and deteſted villany,
It makes me ſorry ſuch a helliſh plot,
Should ſcape vnblas'd to be ſo ſoone forgot;
But ſome good wit ere long I doe not doubt,
Will vndertake to paint that action out;
And in it owne true *ſable colour* ſhow it,
That children which are yet vnborne may know it:
And to make plaine that *ruine* and *perdition*,
Are the laſt *Periods* to conclude *Ambition*:
But to that purpoſe they may labor ſpend,
And peraduenture all to little end:
They will not thinke thereon, for we may ſee,
How lofty minded ſtill ther's many be:
With what deſires of titles they haue ſought them,
And at how deare a reckoning they haue bought
But that with other flowes from *Vanity*, (them
A part eſſentiall in humanitie,
Which (if God grant me leaue) I meane to chaſe,
But muſt referre it to another place:
Some haue ambitious heads but cannot riſe,
Becauſe the want of meanes and friends denies
What they aſpire vnto: but ſuch are vext,
Their mind I know is troubled and perplext
Beyond all reaſon; Oh ſtrange humor'd men:
Your folly you will leaue I thinke, but when?
Be with your ſtates content, for doe you know
Whether your wiſh be for your good or no?
Oh yes thinkes one; if I could once attaine
Such offices; or ſo much wealth to gaine

As

As this or that man hath; my wish were ended,
And such or such a fault, should be amended:
But this I say, though they may thinke it strange,
With the *estate* the mind doth also change:
And when in one thing thou hast thy *desire*,
Thou canst not stay there but must mount vp higher,
And higher still vntill thou dost attaine,
Vnto the *top* or tumble downe againe:
Bewarned then you that ambitious are,
And for to curbe your passion haue a care:
Else at the length, 'twill certainely deceiue you,
But you will haue your wils to which I leaue you.

OF FEARE.

Satyr. 10.

SOft now; what *Passions* this that followes next?
Surely I thinke hee's with a *feuer* vext,
He shakes and lookes so pale; O me, tis *feare*!
Ile make his humors also to appeare,
Since I haue found him. This is he that mars,
All our delight on earth: 'tis he that bars
Man the right vse of pleasure. And tis he,
That was at first ordaind our plague to be,
Auoid him you that loue or looke for rest,
Let a true courage banish him your brest:
For this makes not your bodies onely *numm*,
Tremblingly cold, *deform'd*, and *pale* become,

But 'tis a paſsion *vgly, grim*, and *foule*,
That doth with griefe e'ne clog the very ſoule:
And comes (if that I faile not in my skill)
Out of a falſe opinion, of ſome ill.
That's preſent or to come; It *only* ſtings,
And alſo for *companions* it brings
Both *paine* and *ſhame*; and diuers haue I ſeene,
That with this feauer haue ſore ſhaken beene;
Two but of late whoſe feare ſo fooliſh prou'd,
Many thereby were vnto laughter mou'd,
One came in puffing almoſt out of breath,
As if he hardly had eſcaped death:
And why? Alas he thought a whited poſt,
He on a ſodaine ſaw, had beene a Ghoſt:
And that ſurmiſe did ſuch impreſsion take,
That though he after ſaw 'twas but a ſtake,
If yet he doe but come that way benighted,
He is e'ne with the very place affrighted:
Th'other came running like a man that's mad,
Oh! he had ſeene the Diuell that he had:
Where in an old houſe ſitting on a block,
We look't and there wee found a turkycock:
Thus many feare where cauſe of feare is none,
And make themſelues a Ieſt for euery one;
Yea feare hath made a number ſo affraid,
That they haue oft their deareſt friends betraid
For this cauſe onely I doe ne're intend,
To chuſe a *coward* for to be my friend,
And if that women be not growne ſo coy,
To ſcorne to take aduiſement of a boy,

Let

Let them not chuſe a coward to their mate,
Leaſt they repent it as one did of late:
For not farr off their dwelt not long agoe,
(Ile tell a tale that many yet doe know:)
A Gentlewoman not of meaneſt ranke,
Whoſe fauour might haue well deſerued thanke,
For that in face and dowry few did match her,
Many a gallant tride his wits to catch her:
Who being kept but narrowly at home,
So ſhe were gone ſhe car'd not much with whom;
Now ſee Dame fortune that will ſeldome part,
Her fauours vnto men of good deſert,
Brings to the houſe a fellow that in ſhow,
Seem'd worthy of the priſe but was not ſo;
Yet hauing opportunity he tries,
Gets her goodwill and with her thence he flies;
But lo, the Parents quickly miſt their daughter,
Raiſ'd all the Towne, and following hardly after.
Were by meere chance into an old houſe led,
Where this young couple were new gone to bed:
You that haue euer in that pickle bin,
Indge what a caſe theſe naked folkes were in.
But what did he? there leaues his new ſtolne prey,
And like a fearefull Coward ſlunke away.
Out on ſuch Aſſes how could he for ſhame,
So leaue a woman to beare all the blame?
And for the griefe ſhe ſuffers with her friends,
How can the Villaine make the whore amends?
I know not: but for playing ſuch a part,
'Tis certaine he hath turn'd the wenches heart,

And she for climing to a cowards bed,
Hath lost her credit with her maidenhead.
Such was th'effect of feare. And more, from thence
Proceedeth *cruelty*, *impatience*,
Breach of our promise, with *much envying*,
Together with the hatefull Vice of *lying*;
Murthers, and treasons too; there's nought so *base*,
So full of *villany*, *shame* or *disgrace*,
The fearefull would not act with all his heart,
To free himselfe from feare of death or smart:
Yea some would be contented very well,
So they might scape *Death*, to go quick to hell
Such is their nature; I my selfe haue seene,
Feare brings those euils, that had else not beene:
As it hath brought the plague on some. Beside
There's many a one, for feare of death hath died:
And there be diuers haue so carefull bin,
To rid themselues from feares which they were in;
That as the ship that doth *Charibdis* shun,
They ranne on *Scylla* and were quite vndone;
And why? alas it is the *Cowards* error:
To thinke the present danger ful'st of terror:
The feare of euill more tormenteth some, (come.
Then doth the thing they fear'd when once 'tis
Men dread what is; what wilbe; and alas!
Many a thing that nere shall come to passe;
If they did onely feare apparant things,
That like-lihood of terror with it brings:
As troupes of enemies, or theeues, or treason,
Pyrats or stormes at sea; there were some reason

Or

Or colour for it then; but they will quake,
At fictions; at mere nothings; their hearts ake
At their owne fancies; Superstitious
At tales of *Fayries*, and of Visions.
Yea I haue seene some, heauy and full sad,
Because of a poore foolish dreame they had:
Oh what meanes man that hauing mischiefes store,
Must in his owne conceit needs make them more?
Thinkes he those will not grim enough appeare,
Vnlesse he apprehend them first by feare?
Sure 'tis a plague the Duell did inuent,
To worke in man a lasting *discontent*:
And taught it *Adam*, wherevpon he said,
I saw my nakednes and was affraid:
This is our fault; but yet I cannot see,
A reason why men should so fearefull be:
May they not ioy and be as merry still,
With hope of good, as sad with feare of ill,
Sure I thinke yes; and will on hope so feed;
No ill shall feare me till 'tis come indeed:
For that which likeliest seemes for to betide me,
God in his mercy yet may put beside me. (breast
And though much proofe hath bread within my
This resolution, yet of all the rest,
This last confirmd it most; for th'other day,
When the hard frost had stopt the Scullers way,
And that the flowing Thames *with yce was archt,*
So that the people euer on it marcht,
Among st the rest, one bolder then was fit,
Wandring beside the path for want of wit:

Stept on a peece of ice which with a crack,
Rent from the Maine, and stopt his going back:
The icie fragment, (twas a heavy token)
Swam to the bridge where all the yce was broken:
The people look't and help for aide did crave,
But oh! there was no power in them to save;
Which soone conceiving on his harme he fell,
(I from the bridge perceiu'd him very well)
And lifting up his hands his ayd implores,
That sau'd old Ionas without sailes or oares;
And see Gods mercy: when he drew so neere,
No hope of safety seemed to appeare,
And when that he had three times whirled him,
And that the Arch was like to suck him in:
Beyond our expectation (in a trise)
There thrusts betweene a greater peece of ice,
Which comming downe as if it scorn'd to stay,
Beat by the lesser for to give it way.
And a while staid it; but he had beene faine,
When that was gone to take his turne againe,
Had not, next God, the people stood his friend,
And sau'd him by a rope, that's some mans end:
So this proues, men may scape a mischiefe now;
When tis so neere them, they perceiue not how;
And I doe hope this Argument is cleere,
That we haue as much cause to hope as feare;
More trembling humors I might here vnfold,
Which, some will be vnwilling to be told,
And therefore passe them; but I doe protest,
This hurtfull monster I so much detest,

That

That I am very loath for to omit,
Any occasion of disgracing it:
Yet doe I not allow their resolution,
That meerely of a hellish constitution,
Haue such obdurate hearts so hard in euill,
They neither seeme afraid of God nor Diuell.
Such I haue noted too, but truely they,
Are in as bad, but a contrary way.
They prate and sweare as if they could affright,
And make Hobgoblin run away by night,
When questionles as bold as they appeare,
They are perplexed with an inward feare;
Yea I haue knowne a trifle or a blast,
Hath made such *Champions* oftentimes agast.
There is a feare that's good and hinders sin,
Indeed that, euery good man should be in;
And there's a feare that keepes a *kingdomes state*
From *ruine*, if it be not taine to late;
'Tis not a slauish terror, that's a crime,
No rather 'tis a wise fore-sight in time:
That makes men very heed-full to fore-thinke
Danger to come, and not as we doe, winke
At our owne nakednes; as without care,
Who spies it, so we see not our selues bare.
This *Feare* it is that makes men to prouide
Against a storme, they may the better bide
The fury of it; This 'tis keepes off wrong,
And makes a City or a Kingdome strong;
And I much doubt the wanting of these feares,
Will make vs smart for't yet ere many yeares.

For

For since we are become a pretty number,
Although we can but one another cumber,
Or serue to make a *Hubbub*, we suppose,
There are no *Nations dare* to be our foes;
We thinke a wondrous *policie* we shew,
If once in foure yeeres we doe take a *view*,
Or count the number of our able men,
Flattering our selues therewith; as if that then
(Hauing so great and huge a multitude,
Though we were ne're so inexpert and rude)
There were no cause of feare: but a *Realms* might
Consists not in the number that must fight,
More in their skill; for of good souldiers, ten
Will foile a hundred vnexperienc't men,
Such as we are: For, 'tis a shame to speake,
How wonderfull vnfitty and how weake,
This ignorance makes most of vs, except
Whom braue *South-hamptons* gouernment hath kept
In war-like order; I doe meane indeed
Our *Hampshire Ilanders*, of whom for need
A hundred boies that ne're had haire on chin,
Shall from fiue hundred of vp-landish win
Both Field and Towne. By which it may appeare
Good gouernment with profitable feare,
Within a few short yeeres so well will thriue,
One shall become to haue the oddes of fiue:
These therefore that haue wisedome for to tell,
When they doe any thing amisse or well;
Still in this *Passion* obserue a meane,
And not to feare nor to *presumption* leane.

OF DISPAIRE.

Satyr. 11.

NO more of *feare*, for lo his impious brat,
Lookes now to be admitted; this is that
We call *Dispaire*, with ghastly lookes he stands,
And *poisons*, *ropes*, or *poin-yards* fils his hands,
Still ready to doe hurt; one step no more,
Reaches from hence vnto *damnations* dore:
This is that *Passion* giues a man *instruction*,
To wrest the *Scriptures* to his owne *destruction*;
And makes him think while he on earth doth dwell,
He feeles the very torturing *pangs* of hell;
It makes men rage, like furies *screech* and *howle*,
With *exclamations* horrible and fowle,
Like Monsters more then men. Onely *damnation*
Is in their mouthes; no mercie nor saluation
They seeme to hope for: they extreamely feare
Some monstrous shapes, which seeme for to appeare,
Through their imaginations; and the paine
That they in soule and conscience doe sustaine,
All earthly tortures doth so much exceed,
That they haue thought themselues in hell indeed.
Oh what repentant liues, some vow to liue,
If God would but once more vouchsafe to giue
Their health and hope againe: then they would
Their liues, and good, vnto no other end (spend

But wholly for his glory: yet there's now
Some liuing that haue quite forgot that *vow*,
God giue them grace to looke into their error,
Or they will one day find a double terror;
Some in this agony haue little will,
To any thing, vnleſs it be to kill,
Or make themſelues away; whereto the *diuell*,
The author, and chiefe cauſer of this euill,
(Vnleſs that in his mercy God preuents)
Is ready to prouide him *inſtruments*;
I euen quake to thinke what humors be,
Attending on this helliſh maladee;
And for ſome cauſe I meane not here to ſhew them,
But pray that all had grace for to eſchew them:
Now ſome doe thinke this Paſsion being taken,
Can very hardly be againe forſaken;
But let none hold ſo; for why God in diſtreſſe
Doth neuer leaue man quite without redreſſe:
Nor can we ſay, that he hath left vs void
Of help for this, when e're we are anoy'd
Through Satans guile; for pittying our caſe,
He leaues vs hope of fauour and of grace
If wee'l lay hold on't; which to make more cleare,
He let his euerlaſting loue appeare,
In higheſt meaſure by the *ſacrifice*,
Of CHRIST his ſonne for our *iniquities*;
And alſo, did not ſinne thus make vs blind,
For eu'ry griefe of body and of mind,
He hath ordain'd a *ſalue*: All *Chriſtians* know, (ſhow,
(Or ſhould at leaſt) the *ſpring* from whence doth

A pretious liquor, that will quickly cure,
Our strongest *Passions* (if the cup be pure.)
Or if we doe not so presume as stand,
And lap it here and there with our owne hand,
For that's the way to sooth vp many a *Passion*,
And the all-onely cause of *Desperation*;
Which from all good-men I doe wish as farre,
As earth's low center from the highest *Star*;
But now *dispaire*, or *distrust*, is two-fold,
One sort of which I haue already told,
Being concerning matters of *salvation*,
The horriblest and feareful'st *desperation*;
But th'other is alone of earthly things,
Yet mighty *disaduantage* with it brings,
Where it gets entrance; this makes many loth
To vndertake great matters, cause through sloth
They do dispaire to reach them; yea it breeds
A carelesnes in man, and thence proceeds
Not a few *treasons*: for the breach of lawe
Makes many time the *subiect* in such awe,
That he dispaires of pardon for his ill:
And therefore not alone remaines in't still,
But being guilty, for to salue one sore
Incurs the danger of a thousand more;
And for because he thinkes himselfe vndone,
Will for assurance to *Rebellion* runne:
Besides, there's some despairing of their cause,
And being brought to triall by the lawes,
For some offence are obstinately mute:
To these forsooth the commons do impute

A manly Reſolution; cauſe thereby,
They ſaue their lands to their poſteritie;
But ſure there is no wiſe-man will commend
Him that ſo deſperately ſeekes his end;
And wilfully doth caſt away himſelfe
(Body and ſoule perhaps) to ſaue his pelfe,
To ſome *ſuruiuors*; whereas if he bide
On hope, and not diſpaire for to be tride
According to the lawes, he may be cleer'd
And quitted of the danger he ſo fear'd,
As ſome haue bin: Beſides, if we endure,
But a ſmall paine, if we diſpaire of cure,
Eaſe or amends, 'twill make it ſeeme to be
Vnſufferable; whereas if that we
Haue any Hope, the caſe we looke to win
Will mittigate the torture we are in;
His winter toile what plough-man could ſuſtaine,
If he deſpaired of his haruеſt gaine?
And the ſtrong'ſt army needs muſt faint and fly,
If it diſpaire before of victory.
But to conclude, it muſt be vnderſtood,
Diſpaire's a *Paſsion* that is no time good,
'Tis alway hurtfull; and I can obſerue
Nothing whereto a man may make it ſerue,
Vnleſſe to help a troupe of cowards fight:
For, could a man lead them paſt hope of flight,
Where they ſhould ſee there were no remedy,
But they muſt die or get the victory;
Deſpaire in that caſe may giue them the day,
That would haue loſt it to haue runne away.

OF HOPE.

SATYR. 12.

THrice welcome *Hope*, the *dwell* keep home the
Dispaire & *feare* are fitting for no other; (tother
This is the *Passion* that of all the rest,
We haue most reason to esteeme of best:
For if it be with good aduise applide,
A salue it is, *God* did himselfe prouide
To ease not onely euery outward griefe,
But when the very soule doth want releefe,
It will redresse her paine, although it were
The shaking of that hideous monster *feare*:
Oh precious *Balme*! Yea, if that man had power
To take it to himselfe at such an hower,
When black *dispaire* doth pinch him, that indeed
Would quite expell it; and he should not need
Apothecary drugs. But what can we
Apply aright and not instructed be,
By Gods good inspiration? Nay, 'tis true;
We are so farre vnlike for to persue
The way we should, that we doe follow still
The crooked'st path to loose our selues in ill:
This needing *Hope*, we either neuer vse it,
Or else for want of knowledge doe abuse it:
Yea this, that of all *Passions* was the best,
Is now as much corrupted as the rest;

We must consider then mans hope is double,
One true and certaine, th'other full of trouble,
And most vnconstant: the first *hope* attends
Things more immortall, and alone depends
On th'expectation of the certain'st things,
And such perfection of true Joy, as brings
No trouble with it. This through *faith* we gaine,
And 'tis sufficient to make any paine
Seeme short and easie; yea it cheeres a man,
And tis a help, without the which none can
Endure to liue: but now great store there be,
Who for because of their infirmitie,
Together through the bad and weake foundation,
They build this *hope* on, make it in some fashion
To be blame-worthy: It cannot indure,
Nor will it (without doubting) make them sure
Of what they looke for. Now the other kinde
Of *hope*, which I amongst vs men doe finde,
Is of vncertaine earthly things, and this
Of no continuance, and oft frustrate is;
For the best likelihoods that may be showne,
And the strong'st humane reasons that are knowne,
Are nothing for to ground a hope vpon;
(Since in the turning of a hand tis gone)
Were all the men on earth procured to
Some easie thing, that's in ones power to doe;
And all were well resolu'd to see it done;
Yea, were 't but one daies work, and that begun,
We may well hope indeed they'l bring to passe,
So small a thing as that; but yet, alas!

None

None can assure it, for because they know,
No warrant from aboue it should be so:
And therefore I could wish that euery man,
Should take vnto him the best hope he can:
In all his outward actions; but foresee,
At least on honest grounds it builded be,
And therewith be so well prepared still,
That if these doubtfull hopes doe fall out ill,
He ne're repine but tak't as if the same
Had beene expected long before it came;
And since that fickle trust did nought auaile him,
Depend on the *true hope* that shall nere faile him.
For that indeed that's plac'd on *wit* or *strength*
Is vaine; and most vncertaine, cause at length,
How ere it may seeme sure, it will deceiue him,
And when he hath most need of comfort leaue him.
Besides there's many to this hope are led,
By sundry *Passions* within them bred.
As Loue, Ambition, Auarice, and such,
Tis true that these will make a man hope much;
But many thereby into errors run,
So blindly on, that they are quite vndone,
Cause in their mindes, they hopefully expect,
A thousand things which they shall nere effect;
For they giue their desires too large a scope,
And do abuse themselues through fained hope,
Not hauing plac'd it on a certaine ground
(For then it neuer could be fruitrate found.)
But *Louers* hopes, and such as theirs are bold,
On euery paltry trifle to lay hold.

And whatsoere the *ambitious* doe intend,
They haue no hopes to bring their plots to end
Drawne from no other grounds but their affections
Which for the most part giue such blind directions,
That they, as we may by experience see
Together with their hopes oft ruin'd be;
But as this passion is now much abus'd,
The next that followes is as hardly vs'd.

OF COMPASSION.

SATYR. 13.

Pitty is knowne a kinde and tender *Passion*,
In it owne nature worthy commendation;
And if discretion guide it, well may be
Of meere alliance vnto *Charitie*;
If not, it then from vertue quickly swerues,
And with the rest a like reproofe deserues:
Now some will muse thereat; such as suppose
A man through *pitty* cannot erre, but those,
If they haue any iudgement of their owne,
Shall say *compassion* may amisse be showne:
Yea, and oft is, which they will quickly finde,
Or else I'le say their *Reasons* eye is blinde;
First let them tell me, is't not frequented now,
That those the which our Country lawes allow
Iurors for tryall, are oft-times compell'd
Through a base tender weaknes for to yeeld

Vnto

Vnto this melting *Passion*? sometime by,
A personall respect ta'ne by the eye:
Some time for that th'offendor it may be,
Already hath sustain'd much misery:
And thinke they not this *Charitie* and right?
Yet through their ignorance forgetting quite,
Whilst they an ill deserued life prolong,
Therein they doe not onely Iustice wrong,
But by their indiscreete and fond compaision,
Vnwisely hazard e'ne their owne saluation;
Then for their need, or cause they much implore,
In common pleas they leane vnto the poore.
(If might o're sway them not,) and that they trust,
Because they meane well, may be counted Iust:
Are there not some toe, who would faine be deem'd,
Good common-wealths men? yet haue misesteem'd,
That order which for wandring rogues was made,
(And as if they allowd their *begging trade*)
Much pittie those that iustly punisht be,
As though it were done void of charitie?
Yea they haue dar'd to say thus much and more,
There's no lawes made now, but against the poore.
Moreouer, he whose iudgement is so slender,
And hath an yeelding heart so fondly tender
To stoup vnto this *Passion*, neither spares
The lawes of God nor man; but rashly dares
Peruert them both, supposing his intent,
Shall free him from deserued punishment:
These though that God himselfe saies *kill*, reply
With *no alas? tis pitty he should dye*:

But such as they deserue the self-same check
He had, that spar'd the king of *Amalek*:
For to say truth as vertuous as it showes,
A *foolish pitty* quickly ouerthrowes,
In War an Army, and in peace a State;
And this Ile stand to, 'tis as bad as *hate*,
For that and *bribes* to such a power is growne,
Iustice can little in some courts now be shownе;
Yea it is cleere and cannot be withstood,
That *Pitty* sometime hurts the common good,
And more we find that *God's* thereby offended,
And therefore man must haue his fault amended,
And be perswaded tis his part to see,
How farre this *Passion* may admitted be;
For seeme how 'twill, all *Pitty* is vnfit,
Vnlesse Gods lawes and Mans doe warrant it:
But I haue noted some kind-hearted Asses,
Worth laughing at, that all the rest surpasses
For foolish pitty: but themselues alone,
'Tis preiudiciall too; or hurteth none;
To these doe you but a *Tragedian* be,
Or else recite some ancient *historie*;
If that the matter which you doe relate
Be sorrowfull, and something Passionate:
Though it were done a thousand yeeres agoe,
And in a Country they did neuer know,
Yet will they weep (*kind hearts*) as if those men,
Were of their friends; and that thing told, but then
Before their eyes in action: nay, vnfold
Some new made tale that neuer yet was told,

So

So it be dolefull and doe represent
Some strange and lamentable accident:
Although not onely (as I said before)
It be a matter meerely fain'd, but more;
Though that they know it so, they cannot keep
Their melting eyes from teares, but they must weep:
I might touch Parents, chiefly in the Citie,
That mar their children by their cocketing pitie,
But other *Passions* call me now away;
And yet before I leaue, thus much Ile say, (schooles,
Those fond-kinde Parents that take rods from
Hath almost fill'd the land with knaues and fooles;
And those that thinke we neede no *pitty* rue;
Let them not hold so still, for this is true,
I ond pitty rest's in no true manly breast:
And therefore you that are, or would at least
Be counted men; be not therewith ore' borne,
For tis a Passion that now women scorne.

OF CRVELTY.

SATYR. 14.

BVt here's another beares vs farther wide,
If we embrace it on the other side;
And therefore whil'st we seeke for to beware
Of foolish *Pittie*, we must haue a care
Least this doe ouer-run vs: 'tis a thing
Whose very name doth seeme enough to bring,

All men in the opinion to confesse,
'Tis an *inhumane hellish wickednes*:
A monstrous *Passion*, so vnfit to rest
Or harbor in a reasonable brest
That beasts, in whom it rather should remaine,
Doe for the greatest part the same refraine:
And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
Vnlesse men looke to their affections neere,
'Twill steale vpon them, and they shall begin,
Not onely to be quickly snar'd therein,
(Although at first they doe abhorre it much,)
But more; the nature of this *Passion's* such,
It will begin delightfull; and it makes
So deepe impression in the heart, and takes
So sound a root, 'twill hardly be displac't,
Whilst that the body by the soule is grac't:
And yet some doe suppose it may with ease,
Be left or tooke as euery one shall please,
But they are wide, like them that ouerbold,
And trusting to their proper strength, vphold,
We neede not this same *Passion* discommend
Nature sufficient is to reprehend
That fault (they say.) And they detest it so,
Reason can nere haue such an ouerthrow,
That they should liue themselues for to defile,
With any passion that they know so vile:
Indeed it is a monstrous villany,
And most I thinke can raile at crueltie,
Yet let none be so careleſse, for 'tis true,
The odious vices we doe most eschew,

Grow

Grow pleasing, by degrees: When *Hasael*
Was told what he should doe to *Israel*,
Full little thought he then his gentle heart,
Should euer giue consent to act a part,
Of such a tragick scæne; and yet we find,
He became after of another mind:
For our intents and best affections be,
Exceeding subiect to vncertaintie:
Those we thinke surest; and vnlesse each hower,
We be remembred such a state is our
We should forget our selues. *Phillip*, the fire
Of that bold *Grecian* King that did aspire
To be the worlds third Monarch, knew full well
Himselfe to be a man, yet could not tell
Whereto he might through humane frailty fall,
And therefore wil'd his seruant for to call,
Thus at his window (ere the day began)
Philip, remember that thou art a man.
And e'ne as hatefull as this passion is,
To be remembred so, 'twere not amisse,
But men are stronger now they thinke then he,
And much lesse prone to imbecillitie;
But you that thinke so, and you that vphold
This needs no warning, 'pray let me be bold
For to demand some questions, since there be,
So few as you thinke stain'd with cruelty,
Is he not mercilesse, that without shame
Doth rob his neighbor of his honest name
By raising false reports? doth not that Lord,
That to his tenant grudges to afford,

What loue and conſcience giues? or he that takes,
The common profit to himſelfe, and makes
His owne good of it, when he knowes thereby
Many a poore man's brought to beggery?
Doth not I ſay that Landlord hardly deale?
And is he not vnto the common weale,
A cruell foe? Some damned *Vſurers*,
That are I thinke the *Diuels* treaſurers:
(For by the ſmall vſe they of riches make
They for another ſeeme their care to take).
Are they not cruell, when they cannot be,
Contented with their *Statute Vſuree*
But muſt encreaſe their gaines by *bribes* and *guiſts*,
With many *ſubtile* and *vnlawfull ſhifts*,
Pinching poore debtors till there greedy hands
Haue got poſſeſsion both of goods and lands?
What are our *Lawyers* that can brooke to ſee,
Chriſtians like beaſts that ſtill a wrangling be,
And yet when it lies in their power to part them,
Will for their owne gaine vnto diſcord hart them,
Keeping them ſtill at ſtrife by adding fuell
To maintaine an ill flame; Are they not cruell?
Yes verily; And ſo are not alone,
The mercileſſe offenders; but each one:
Who when he doth perceiue that there is need,
Is ſlacke to doe a charitable deed:
And what may they be that employ their care,
To pamper vp the fleſh with curious fare:
Largely prouiding for the bodies good
Whilſt the poore ſoule is hunger-ſtaru'd for food?

They

They are not cruell? No, tis like that such
That can take pittie on themselues so much,
Are mercifull to others. You will say
To poison men 'twere ill, then what are they,
That by false doctrine fraught with errors foule,
Seeke to enuenome and infect the soule?
Cruell they are (I know) you must confesse,
But then you'le say tis not that Cruelnesse
You vnderstood; As if you did suppose,
None through this *Passion* did offend but those
That murtherers be: In truth I thinke that this
I here recite, not principallest is:
For it from other causes doth proceed,
Whereas true proper *Cruelty* indeed,
Is when a man delights and longs to see,
Or doe, some deed that's full of Crueltee:
Iust such was his that out of a desire,
To see how *Troy* burn't when it was on fire,
Caus'd *Rome* in many places for to flame,
And longing to behold from whence he came,
Ript vp his mothers wombe; a passiue right
Was also his, that tooke so much delight,
For to behold men strangely tortured,
That he out of his bounty promised,
A large reward to him that could inuent,
The cruel'st and vnusuall'st punishment;
Which *Phalaris* demanding, was therefore,
The first that made his Brazen Bull to roare;
And like to this are those mens humors to,
That vncompel'd, would make no more a doe

To

To murther, till a Country were vnnam'd,
Then doth a schoole-boy with a walking wand,
To lop downe thistles tops. Now these men be
Passiuely cruell in the high'st degree:
And though the first rehearsed be not so,
Yet thereto they may very quickly grow:
Valesse they haue oft warning to beware,
Since they already halfe-way entred are:
Especially the greedy hungry elfe,
That would for profit gladly damne himselfe:
For *Auarice* doth harden so the heart;
In any mischiefe he may beare a part.
No crueltie the *Couetous* refraines,
Murther nor treason so he may haue gaines.
If that I thought 'twould any thing auaile;
Against this *Passion* I could further raile;
But as it raignes in man experience showes;
So that 'tis euill there is none but knowes:
Wherefore I'le say no more but onely this,
As hee is blessed that meeke hearted is:
So for the Cruell *ligbtly doth attend,*
A heauy curse, and a most fearefull end.

OF IOY.

SATYR. 15.

OF all the *Passions* handled hitherto,
With this that followes I had least to doe:

And

And yet by ſome ſmall trials I haue had,
'Tis better I perceiue then being ſad:
Yea 'twere the greateſt bleſsing that might be,
Were't of it ſelfe, and from all combrance free:
But ſeldome 'tis or neuer, cauſe that ſuch,
Is our eſtate; As if that *Fate* did grutch
The vſe of ſimples; we almoſt can finde,
Nothing to pleaſure vs in it owne kinde:
Neuer could any man as yet obtaine
Ioy; but there follow'd either ſhame or paine:
And he no queſtion that's allowed moſt,
Doth deerely pay for what is quickly loſt:
But now the reaſon why mens *Ioy* ſo ſoone
Is chang'd to ſorrow; Is becauſe there's none,
Or very few that doe their gladneſſe found
Vpon a ſollid, firme, ſubſtantiall ground:
But on ſuch *ſubiects* as no maruaile tho,
It doth receiue ſo quick an ouerthrow
And hath ſo ſharpe a farwell: For one, Ioyes
In Dogs, Apes, Monkeis, or ſome ſuch like toyes,
And when they faile, as how can they laſt long?
Their mirth is finiſh't: they muſt change their ſong.
Some in their *honor* all their Ioy dooe place,
But let them take good heed: for if diſgrace,
Adde the leaſt motion vnto *Fortunes* wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little ioy they feele:
Take but away his Subſtance you deſtroy
The miſerable rich mans onely Ioy,
And ſoone by ſickneſſe that delight's defac't,
Which man in beauty, or in ſtrength hath plac't:

Yea

Yea all our *Ioy* in tranſitorie things
They being loſt, at laſt a ſorrow brings:
And therefore I wiſh men to make their choiſe,
Of that wherein 'twere fit for to reioyce,
And not in things ſo friuolous and vaine,
They muſt repent them for their *Ioy* againe.
Some doe ſo firmely ſettle their delight
On things vnworthy that they are e'ne quite
Bereft of vnderſtanding; when they ſee,
They muſt of them againe depriued be:
But oh you men (that haue your better parts,
Of an immortall frame) Awake your hearts,
And from delighting droſſe, and clay remooue
Your *Ioyes*; and place them vpon things aboue:
So ſhall you ſtill haue cauſe for to reioyce,
And not with ſorrow thus repent your choice.
Another fault I in mans ioy eſpy,
Which I'le illuſtrate by this ſimily.
Looke how thoſe men that being calm'd at Sea
And forc't the leaſure of the winds to ſtay,
Halfe ſtaru'd for food, once caſt vpon ſome ſhore,
Where, of prouiſion they are ſeru'd with ſtore:
I ſay looke how theſe men by taking in,
To their weake ſtomacks that haue faſting bin
A little foode; doe then begin to faint;
And cauſe their pallates they doe not acquaint
With a ſpare diet, (although it wholſome be)
Through former want and their infirmitie
It workes their bane; Right ſo it fares in this,
For he that alway in ſome ſorrow is,

And

And toſt vpon the boiſterous ſeas of care,
If for his comfort he be landed there,
Where *Ioy* abounds; His Heart, (where none hath (bin
Full many a day before) receiues it in,
So out of meaſure; that it euen makes
The Soule vnquiet, and thereby he takes
A Surfet; whoſe ſtrong violence is ſuch,
The body faints or is endanger'd much.
I need not ſtand on proofes for this I trow,
Since there be many by experience know,
At ſodaine telling of ſome newes that's good,
Diuers haue ſenceleſſe and amazed ſtood.
Yea bin ſo rauiſht with the Ioy they tooke,
That they haue e'ne their liues and all forſooke.
Though fleſh be fraile, me thinkes if eu'ry man,
Would ſtriue to curbe his nature what he can;
Armes of reſiſtance they might better weild,
And not ſo baſely to their *Paſſions* yeeld:
Yea it befits not him that ought to be,
At all points fene't with Magnanimitie,
To ſuffer any miſchiefe to anoy
His minde, through either too much *care*, or *Ioy*;
But let theſe paſsions of each other borrow,
He may be ſad with Mirth and glad with Sorrow:
Much I might ſpeake more (ſome perhaps will ſay)
But here my Muſe is now reſolu'd to ſtay:
Yet if hereafter I haue *Ioy* in ſtore,
If it be needfull, I will tell you more.

OF

OF SORROW.

Satyr. 16.

OF this sad *Passion* I may knowledge take,
And wel say some-what for acquaintance sake
I heare it is complain'd vpon of many,
Yet I dare say it seldome hurteth any,
Excepting those by whom 'tis entertain'd,
And such indeed haue with iust cause complain'd:
For whilst they keepe it they shall neuer rest,
'Tis so vntam'd and troublesome a gueſt:
Yet such a gueſt, though he his hoſt diseases,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleases.
Yet if that man would vse the meanes he might,
Sure by degrees he might outweare it quite;
Yea tis his part and duty. For should he,
That must on earth *Iehouahs Vicero*, be?
Should he to whom his soueraigne Lord hath giuen
A Countenance for to behold the heauen?
Should he, I say, blot out this manly grace,
And groueling turne to earth his blubber'd face?
It were a shame: yet more shall he that saith,
He is a Christian and seemes t'haue faith,
For losse of friends, when there's no remedy,
Be passionate in such extremitie,
That childish teares not onely staines his face,
(Which may be borne withall in such a case)

But

But alſo raues, growes furious, and extends
His greefe paſt reaſons limits; who commends
A man for that? Say, is it any leſſe,
Then to deny by deed what words profeſſe?
For who would thinke which ſees how he bewailes,
The loſſe of breath that in a moment failes,
That he beleeues, but rather thinke 'tis vaine,
To hope or truſt, the fleſh ſhall rize againe;
Or that there were, as holy Scripture ſaith,
Any *reward for them that die in faith.*
It's a plaine token of a misbeleefe, (greefe:
When *Chriſtians* ſo orewhelme themſelues with
And therefore though I doe not diſcommend,
The moderate bewailing of a friend;
I wiſh the extreame hereof men might deſpiſe,
Leaſt they doe their profeſsion ſcandalize:
Beſide though as I ſeem'd to ſay before,
Vnles 't be common, 'tis no common ſore,
Becauſe it hurts but thoſe that entertaine it,
Yet were it good if all men could refraine it;
For it not onely makes mans viſage be,
Wried, Deform'd, and wrinkled as we ſee,
Himſelfe exiling from the common eye,
To vexe and greeue alone, he knowes not why?
But alſo brings diſeaſes with his death,
By the vntimely ſtopping of his breath.
It makes his friends to loath his company,
And greatly hinders his commoditie,
For who for dealings in affaires is fit,
Vnleſſe with good will he attendeth it.

And

And howſoere it ſeeme yet ſurely this,
As farre from vertue as bad pleaſure is,
For as through one we to much euill runne,
So many good things th'other leaues vndone:
I wonder that this *Paſſion* ſhould touch,
The harts of men to make them greeue ſo much
As many doe, for preſent miſeries;
Haue they no feeling of felicities,
That are to come? If that they be in paine,
Let hope giue eaſe; It will not alwaies raine,
Calmes doe the rougheſt ſtormes that are attend,
And th'longeſt night that is will haue an end.
But 'tis ſtill bad thou ſaiſt, take 't patiently,
An age is nothing to eternity,
Thy times not here: Enuy not though that ſome
Seeme to thee happy, their bad day's to come,
And if thou knew'ſt the greeſe they muſt ſuſtaine,
Thou would'ſt not thinke ſo hardly of thy paine:
I muſt confeſſe 'twas once a fault of mine,
At euery miſaduenture to repine;
I ſought preferment, and it fled me ſtill,
Whereat I greeu'd, and thought my fortune ill;
I vext to ſee ſome in proſperitie,
Deride and ſcoffe at my aduerſitie;
But ſince aduis'd, and weighing in my minde
The courſe of things, I ſoone began to finde
The vaineneſſe of them; theſe I ſaw of late
In bliſs, (as I thought) ſcorning my eſtate,
I ſee now ebbing, and the once-full tide
That ouer-flow'd the lofty banks of pride,

Hath

Hath left them like the ſand-ſhoare bare and dry,
And almoſt in as poore a caſe as I.
Beſides I view'd my daies, now gone and paſt,
And how my fortunes from the firſt to th'laſt
Were link't together; I obſeru'd, I ſay,
Each Chance and Deed of mine, from day to day,
That memory could keep; yet found I none,
Not one thing in my life that was alone:
But ſtill it either did depend on ſome,
That was already paſſed or to come;
Yea, the moſt childiſh, idle, trifling thing,
That ſeemed no Neceſſitie to bring;
In that hath the beginnings oft beene hid,
Of ſome the waightieſt things that ere I did:
But cheefely to abate the exceſsiue ioying,
In worldly things; and to preuent th'annoying
Of any ſorrow, this I noted thence,
(And euer-ſince haue made it a defence
For both theſe paſsions) I haue truely ſeene,
That thoſe things wherewith I haue ioyed beene,
Highly delighted, and the deareſt lou'd,
Euen thoſe very things haue often prou'd,
My cheefeſt Care: And I haue found againe,
That which I deem'd my greateſt loſſe, or paine,
And wherewithall I haue beene moſt anoyd,
And ſhould haue deem'd a bleſsing to auoyd;
That which my heart hath ak't for; and wherein,
I thought me moſt vnhappy; that hath bin
The ground of my beſt ioyes; For which cauſe I,
Aduiſe all men that are in miſery

To ſtand vnmoou'd, for why they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no:
They ought not for to murmur nor to pine
At any thing, ſhall pleaſe the powers deuine
To lay vpon them: for my mind is this,
Each ſorrow is an entrance into bliſſe.
And that the greateſt pleaſure we attaine;
Is but a ſigne of ſome inſuing paine.
But to be plainer this our life's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or *Ioy*:
But there are ſome baſe-minded dunghill elues,
That ſorrow not for any but themſelues.
Or if they doe 'tis onely for the loſſe
Of ſome old creſt-falne Iade; But that's a croſſe
Paſt bearing; be it but a rotten ſheep,
Or two ſtale egs, they will ſuch yelling keep,
As if thereby had periſhed a Brood,
In which conſiſted halfe the kingdomes good:
But I intreat them ſince it muſt befall,
They would be patient; who can doe withall?
And alſo let them of much griefe beware;
For there's ſmall ods betweene the fame and care:
And they haue heard (I need not tell them that)
'Tis an old ſaying, *care will kill a Cat.*
Then let them take heart, chiefly ſince they ſee,
None liue but ſometime they muſt looſers be,
Which is an eaſe: for I haue heard them tell,
With mates they care not if they goe to hell.
But in good earneſt now let vs not runn,
Willingly hereinto as we haue done;

Rather

Rather auoid it as a hurtfull foe,
That can effect nought but our ouerthrow:
And yet instead receiue into our breast,
An *honest mirth*, which is a better guest;
And whatso'ere our former griefe hath been,
Let vs here sorrow more, but for our *Sinne*:
Thus with this *Passion* end the rest will I,
Because it ends not till our end is nigh.

THE CONCLVSION.

THus I haue labour'd some Effects to show,
That doe from mens abused *Passions* flow;
Which from example of old ages past,
And wise-mens Sayings, I might more haue grac't:
But that I am resolu'd to tie my *rimes*
As much as may be to the present *times*;
Also I might amongst these here haue told,
The bodies Passions; as *Hunger*, *Cold*,
Heat, *Thirst*, and such like; but their force is seene,
And most men haue sufficient carefull beene
For to preuent them; they last not so long,
Nor are by much so violent and strong,
Or dangerous as these: but if men knew,
Or with the eyes of *Reason* would o're view
These foule-bred maladies, as sure they ought,
They would with greater diligence haue sought

The cure of them, then of ſuch ſlight diſeaſes;
The which their bodies and no more diſpleaſes:
But now the reaſon men diſturbed are,
For the moſt part with ſuch prepoſterous Care
Is this; through their corrupted iudgement they,
Doe onely on things ſeene depend and ſtay;
Which being moſt apparant to the ſenſe,
So muffles vp the weake Intelligence,
And blinds her that ſhe hath no power to ſee,
The better things that more ſubſiſting be;
When if they could conceiue but halfe ſo well
The ſoules Eſtate, they'd labour to expell
All theſe corruptions, that may cauſe her woe,
All thoſe fell *Paſſions* that moleſt her ſo:
But ſome men haue in this opinion ſtood,
That euery paſſion's naturall and good;
Indeed *Philoſophers* the ſame doe call,
A motion of the ſoule that's naturall;
And in ſome ſort we may not be afraid,
For to vphold as much as they haue ſaid:
But thus we muſt diſtinguiſh on it then,
And make a two-fold *Paſſion* in men,
Of which, one ſort vnto the beſt aſpires,
And that alone, things meerely good, deſires,
Therein reioicing; moderate, and weake
In operation; and the truth to ſpeake;
We haue it rather by Gods *Inſpiration*,
Then bred within vs at our *Generation*:
The other, as th'effects thereof doe ſhow,
Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow;

For

For it is head-ſtrong, raſh, inſatiate,
Wondrous diſordred, and immoderate,
Of which kind theſe are, whereof I haue ſpoken,
And they are oft the cauſe mens ſleeps are broken;
That 'tis which makes them raue, or grieue, or ioy
So out of meaſure for a trifling toy;
Yea, that 'tis onely makes them oft ſo teaſie,
Their friends ſeeme troubleſome, their beds vneaſie,
And laſtly, theſe are the occaſions ſtill,
Of all misfortunes, and of euery ill;
Th'effects they doe produce we alſo ſee,
Contrarie to their expectations be;
For he that hopes, or lookes for to attaine,
Great *ioy* and *pleaſure* haps on greeſe & paine:
But by what meanes may men theſe paſsions kill?
Sure not by the procuring of their will,
As ſome imagine. For firſt it may be,
A thing that's not in poſsibiltie
For to be reacht vnto. But ſay it were,
Will the *Ambitious-minded-man* forbeare
To be Ambitious, if he once fulfill
His longing thoughts? No; he will rather ſtill,
Encreaſe that paſsion which firſt he had
Or fall into ſome other that's as bad;
For altring the Condition or Eſtate,
The ſoules vexation doth no more abate, (paines
Then changing roomes or beds doth eaſe his
That hath a *Feuer*; ſince the Cauſe remaines
Still in himſelfe: But how and which way then
May theſe Diſeaſes be recur'd in men?

Why by *Philosophy*, *Counsell*, and *Reason*,
These being well appli'd in their due season
May do much good. Else seek the cause whence rise,
These hurtfull and pernitious maladies.
Let them consider that, and so they may,
Cut off the effect by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occasions find
Ile tell them tis a Baseneſſe of the mind:
Or els a falſe Opinion that's in some,
Of good or euill present or to come.
Respecting good things thus: They do desire
And are to vehemently set on fire
With coueting what seemes so; Or anoying,
Themselues with an Exceſsiue Ouer-ioying,
In the obtaining. In regard of ill,
They are oppreſſed with some sorrow still:
So that we soe if men would goe about,
To change their mindes, and driue that baſenes out
Through Magnanimity. And note well this,
That Paſsion but some falſe Opinion is,
Fram'd by the will, and drawne by the direction
Of Iudgement that's corrupted by affection;
Me thinkes they might by reasons help confound,
The former errors that haue tane such ground,
In their weake Hearts, and learne for to esteeme,
That which doth neither good nor euill seeme:
(And in their soules such perturbation wrought)
As things nor good, nor ill, and that which ought,
(Being vnworthy) neither to moleſt,
Nor breed no Paſsions in their carefull breaſt.

By

By theſe and other ſuch like meanes as theſe,
The wiſe *Philoſophers* in elder daies,
Kept out thoſe furies, and 'twere now a ſhame,
If that we *Chriſtians* could not doe the ſame:
Hauing beſides thoſe helps whereon they ſtaid,
Aeertaine promiſe of a better ayd,
Ifweele but aske it: Lets demand it then,
To rid theſe euils from our ſoules agen.
If that we feele them yet not ſtirring in vs,
Let vs preuent them ere by force they win vs:
For 'tis more eaſie (euery one doth know)
For to keep out, then to expell a foe:
If any thinke I from my purpoſe ſwarue,
Cauſe my intent was chiefly to *obſerue*
And not to *Teach*; let them not blame me tho;
For who can ſee his friends lie ſick, and know
Which way to cure them? But you'l ſay my skill,
Cannot inſtruct you: yet may my good-will
Be worth accepting, and the other neither,
A thing to be reiected altogether:
For, I haue ſeene when in a knowne diſeaſe
Doctors with all their Art could giue no eaſe
To their weake Patient; a Country Dame,
Hath with a home-made medicine Cur'd the ſame:
And why not I, in this? Yes, Ile abide it;
Being well vs'd it helps, for I haue tride it:
Thus much for that; but ſtill their doth remaine
Some obſeruations yet for to explaine;
I haue not done for I am further task't,
And there's more Humors yet to be vnmask't,

Wherein becauſe I will not ſtep aſtray
Nor ſwerue from *Truth* a iot beſide the way,
I'le ſay no more (leaſt men ſhould ſeeme belide)
Then what my owne experience hath eſpide;
And then if any frowne, (as ſure they dare not)
So I ſpeake *truth*, let them frowne ſtill I care not:
But if my *Muſe* you ſhould ſo ſaucy finde,
Sometime to leaue her notes, and ſpeake her mind,
As oft ſhe doth, when ſhe but hap to ſee,
How *vaine*, or *weake*, or *fickle*, moſt men be;
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of the good-will
I beare to you, and hatred vnto ill:
Which when I ſee my purpos'd courſe I breake,
Becauſe, indeed, I am compel'd to ſpeake:
Yet thinke not though I ſome where bitter be,
I count my ſelfe from all thoſe vices free;
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne,
That here with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the firſt Booke.

PRECATIO.

THou that Created ſt all things in a weeke,
Great God: whoſe fauour I doe only ſeeke,
E'ne thou by whoſe ſweet Inſpiration,
I vndertooke this obſeruation;
Oh grant I pray ſince thou haſt dain'd to ſhow,
Thy ſeruant that which thouſands doe not know,
That this my noting of mans hum'rous Paſsion,
May worke within me ſuch an Alteration,
I may be for my paſt offences ſorry,
And lead a life to thy eternall glory.
Let not Ambition, nor a foule Deſire,
Nor *Hate*, nor *Enuy* ſet my heart on fire,
Reuenge, nor *Choller*, no nor *Iealouſie*,
And keepe me from *Deſpaire* and *Crueltie*,
Fond hope expell, and I beſeech thee bleſſe,
My ſoule from feare and too much heauines.
But giue me ſpeciall grace to ſhun the vice,
That is ſo common; Beaſtly Auarice:
Yea grant me power I not onely know,
But flye thoſe euils that from paſsion flow.
Moreouer now Inſpire my ſoule with art,
And grant me thy aſsiſtance to impart,

The

The reſt of mens ill Cuſtomes, yet remaining,
And his vaine humors; that by my explaining,
They may perceiue how odious I can make them,
Bluſh at the reading and at laſt forſake them:
So let my Muſe in this and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, Lord, or elſe be dumbe.

THE



The Second Booke.

Of the Vanitie, Inconstancie, weakenes, and Presumption of Men.

OF VANITIE.

Satyr. I.

MY *Muse* that now hath done the best she can
To blaze corrupted Passion bred in man.
Goes further here, and meanes for to vndoe,
Another knot of ills he's prone vnto;
From which, as out of the main root there growes,
All whatsoeuer euill, *Mankind* knowes,
With thousands of bad *Humors*, of which some,
(Such as to mind by obseruation come;
As also, such as are the proper crimes
Of these vngodly, and disorder'd *times*)
She means to treat off: the chiefe heads be these,
(Consider of them *Reader* if thou please)

First

First *Wanton, and light-headed Vanity,*
Next that, *Camelion-like Inconstancy,*
Then, *miserable weaknes*; lastly this,
Damned Presumption, that ore-daring is.
But ere I doe begin this worke, that I,
May speake to purpose with sinceritie,
Lord I beseech thee help me to explaine,
And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine.
I haue begun in thee this my endeauour,
And constancie I craue for to perseuer,
Also my knowledge I confesse is weake,
Yet through thy strength and truth I hope to breake
These mires of sinne, from which mankind kept vnder,
Must be let loose (like beds of Eelles by thunder.
Then that I may mans pride the better see,
From all presumption Lord deliuer me.
Likewise disperse the foggy mist of sinne,
That to my purpose hath a hinderance bin,
And th' euill by thy wisedome I perceiue,
Lord let thy mercy giue me grace to leaue;
That being free my selfe, I may not coldly,
Tax others faults but reprehend them boldly.
So hauing for this good assistance praid,
My Muse goes forward trusting to thine ayd,
To guide me in the wildernes of Sinne,
Great Vanities Surney: for being in,
I see now 'tis an intricate Mæander,
In which (I feare) I shall confus'dly wander:
It is a Labyrinth so full of wayes,
And seemes so endlesse if my pen once strayes,

As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,
That knoweth not, which way to row to land,
When all alone in some close misty day.
Far from the *Haven* he hath lost his way.
Knowing he may as well strike vp the *Maine*,
As turne vnto the wished Shore againe;
So I doe feare least this may carry me,
Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-marks be.
Because what way soere my course I bend,
There Vanity I see without all end,
Which hath not vnder her Subiection gain'd
Such things alone as are on earth containd,
Or vnderneath the Orbs of Ayre and Fire,
But reaches farther and encroaches higher;
According to his meaning, who said plaine,
That all things vnderneath the Sunne were vaine:
But now I thinke it may a question be,
Whether the *Sunne*, the *Moone and Starres be free*,
For sometimes false predictions they impart,
Or are belyed by abused Art;
But of *Man* onely here my Muse must tel's
Who is by much more vaine then all things els.
For *vanity* his reason ouersways,
Not onely on some certaine Monethes or Dayes,
But is at all times in him resident,
As if it were his proper accident;
Neither doth age, in which he groweth on,
Any thing lessen the proportion,
Of *Vanities* he had. But in the steed,
Of some reiected follies there succeed

Others

Others as bad: for we perceiue when boyes,
Begin to Man, (asham'd of childish toyes)
These then leaue off, their former idle chat,
And foolish games; but what's the cause of that?
For being ill? No: rather they contemne
Those bad things as not bad enough for them;
And as one poore playes first for points and pins,
Once growing rich leaues that, and then begins
To venture Crownes, dislikes not gaming tho
He shun his first game as not fit enough,
For his estate; So yong men doe forsake,
The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take
Cheef pleasure in; not cause they wicked deem them
But being men they thinke 'twil not beseeme them;
Then *Hounds* & *Haukes* & *Whores* ar their delight;
Quarrels and *Brawles* doe fit their humors right,
Disordred meetings, Drunken Reuellings,
Consuming Dice, and lauish Banquetings,
Proud costly Robes, this is the young mans vaine,
The which his Elder doth dislike againe.
Not since ill neither: But because his yeares,
Him vnto other *Vanities* endeares;
As *Selfe Conceit*, much *Care for worldly pelfe,*
Heaping vp what he nere enioyes himselfe.
Prone to Contentions, much desiring still,
Be it his weale, or woe to haue his will.
Extreamely louing lies, and *giuen to prate,*
Yet making shew as if he both did hate:
Yea old men boast of what they did in youth,
Which none disprooning we must take for truth:

And

And thousands more, or else they are belied,
Each age is pesterd with, and yet beside,
Vanities proper vnto each degree,
Millions of thousands I suppose there be.
Princes haue these, *They very basely can,*
Suffer themselues that haue the rule of man
To be oreborne by Villaines; so in steed,
Of Kings they stand, when they are slaues indeed.
By bloud and wrong a heauenly Crowne their danger
T'assure their State heere (Often to a stranger.)
They quickly yeeld vnto the Batteries,
Of slye insinuating flatteries,
Most bountifull to fooles, to full of feare,
And far to credulous of that they heare.
So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing,
Consisted all the Office of a King.
But if herein my harmeleſſe halting Rimes,
Were onely tyde vnto this Place and Times,
And should of none but of my Souereigne tell,
Spight of her heart she could not speake but well;
For I suppose (the Truth I must confesse,)
That *Vanity* no Prince e're harbor'd lesse
Then IAMES hath done, vnlesse corrupted stories,
Rob's former ages of deserued Glories.
If any say to sooth I now deuise,
His heart I know will tell his tongue he lies,
For did I not thinke true what heere I Sing,
I'de not wrong Iustice for to please the King.
Great men are vaine too, *In much seeking Fame,*
With Nimrod and his Mates, They raise their Names,

By building Babels; yea and they suppose,
Honor consists in titles and in showes.
They Thraso-like in Parasites delight,
That doe in presence claw, in absence bite.
They vse their Pleasures, not as Pleasures now,
Or Recreations as 'twere fit, but how?
'Tis all their Care, their cheefe and onely Ioy,
In satisfying which, they doe employ,
Both wealth and wit, and all. If they would take,
Something in hand for Recreations sake,
They are with pleasures so o're cloyd we see,
It must be That which their affaires should be,
A wondrous *Vanity*! *And their Care*
Is for rich Raiment: and the Curiousst fare,
Pampring their flesh when all is but in vaine,
For Dust it was and shall to Dust againe.
Then since their euils we seeme not to see,
In vaine they thinke that they well thought of be;
Tush, men their lewdnes cease for to repeat,
Why? cause th' are faultles? no because th'are great
But for their vices though now none dare shew thē,
Vnles they mend another age shall know them:
And therefore if they count their Honors deare,
Let them be Good as well as *Great* men heare;
Let them leaue Vanity and not suppose,
The world will euer blinded be with showes;
For that great mighty *Peere* that died so lately,
Ere while was mighty powerfull and stately,
He was most croucht vnto, and oft implor'd,
Yea almost like a Demi-God, ador'd;

He

He onely, (as my ſelfe haue heard ſome prate,)
Was the vpholder of the *Britaine* State.
And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
Some thought was harbor'd in his little Braine,
And had he liu'd, if all be true men ſay,
He might haue well been *Pater Patriæ*.
But now alas hee's gone, and all his Fame
You ſee's not able to preſerue his name,
From foule Reproach; but each one breaks his mind
Which ſhewes though they wink't they were not blind.
In ſpight of all his Greatnes, 'tis wel knowne
That ſtore of Rimes, and Libels, now are ſowne
In his diſgrace: But I heare diuers ſay
That they are Slanders, (Then the more knaues they
That were the Authors) but if ſo it be
He were from thoſe vile imputations free;
If that his Vertue's paid with ſuch a curſe,
What ſhall they looke for that are ten times worſe?
Well Nobles; I'le the Court eare-long ſuruay,
And if I find amongſt you ſuch as ſtray
Through Vanity or Pride; vnleſſe it be
Into ſome ſmall faults through Infirmitie,
If there be no man that dare taxe you for't,
My Muſe ſhall doe it, e'ne to make me ſport:
For though ſhe keepe but a plaine hobling forme;
Shee ſhall haue wit enough to make you ſtorme.
I will not ſpare you thus till death doth fet yee,
But rub you whilſt you are aliue to fret yee,
Yet doe not thinke I meane to blaze your ſhame,
In ſcattered Libels, that ſhall want a name.

No: I hate that: I le tell the illes you doe,
And put my name for witneſſe therevnto.
Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magiſtratum*,
And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*,
Which though you proue not, rather yet then faile
You were beſt hang, or clap me into iaile
To ſtay my tongue; ſo much you may doe to mee,
And that's the worſt I know that you can doe mee.
But whether runnes my ouer-ſawcy Pen?
There's Vanity, beſides in *Noblemen*.
The *Gentleman* for ſome repute but Vaine,
Beyond his power oftentimes doth ſtraine.
Our *Yeomen* toe that neuer Armes haue borne
To Gentelize it makes themſelues a ſcorne;
But their gaine's enuy, with a greater Charge;
Yet of theſe fooles the Catalogue is large.
Then ere that leſſon be halfe taken forth,
They muſt adde Knight-hood or 'tis nothing worth:
Mony may get it, therefore many ſue it,
Although with Shame and Beggery they rue it.
And Credit they expect in vaine thereby,
For it turnes rather to their Infamy;
Becauſe it is beſtowne without deſerts;
And yet inroth our Knights haue done their parts,
For moſt haue well deſeru'd it, but as now?
Bravely in field, o'ne in a field at Plow
But why looke we in meere *Humanitie*,
For that which ſauour's not of *Vanity*,
Since *Diuine* matters cannot quite be free,
But with the ſame muſt oft corrupted be?

Diuines,

Diuines, striue not so much for to impart,
The truest *Doctrines* as to shew their *Art*: (sound,
They grace their speech more with vaine words for
Then with graue Sayings, needfull and profound;
But 'tis a vaine thing wondrous full of shame,
And in my iudgement highly merits blame,
To paint o're that whose Beauties neuer fuller,
Then when it shines forth in it proper *Colour*.
Againe they striue what *Ceremonies* fit
And best beseeme the *Church*, meane while omit
More weighty matters; Who that's wise would
Like many wrangling spirits in this *Land*, (stand
Vpon such idle Questions as they know,
Tis no great matter on which side they goe?
And such as best in my conceit befits,
None but vnquiet and *seditious wits*.
Heere's my *opinion*: be they not the cheefe
Grounds of Religion, or the same *Beleefe*
Saluation comes by, that men goe about
By their inuentions for to bring in doubt,
So't be not that they touch, (as sure they dare not)
Let all the rest go which way 'twill, I care not.
Haue not our *Lawyers* many vaine delaies,
Vnnecessary *Writs* and idle staies,
For to prolong mens *Suites*? when they might foile
The faulty party e'ne with halfe that coile:
They'le for their fee relate some pretty *Tale*,
Like the wise story of old *Iacke's the Vale*,
Which (if they once haue thorougly begun)
Vndo them quite that tarry til't be done.

Iacke Do, Dicke Roe, with whom y had n're to doe
Theile bring to helpe your cauſe (and God knowes
And for your benefit they can affoord, (who
Many a fooliſh ſenceleſſe idle word.
Which they I know will not account as vaine,
Since that 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.
Beſides as I ſuppoſe their lawes they pen'd,
In their old *Pedlers French* vnto this end
The *Vulgar* ſhould no farther knowledge reach,
Then what ſhall pleaſe their *Maiſterſhips* to teach,
Or elſe they haue the ſelfe-ſame policie,
As the Profeſſors of dam'd *Papiſtry*,
Who *Sacred Writ* in forraine Tongues conceal'd,
Leaſt that their knauiſh tricks ſhould be reueald.
What can they not in our owne language find,
Words of ſufficient force t' expreſſe their mind?
That cannot be denied, but 'tis a trouble,
So eaſily to counterfeit and double
In a knowne *tongue*, when th'other but a few,
Can vnderſtand, but that obſtreperous *Crew*.
Theſe make the lawes almoſt to none effect,
Their courſes are ſo wondrous indirect.
To them they fauour, they delaies can grant,
Though *Iuſtice* her due expedition want.
Sometimes vpon one matter we may ſee,
That ſundry Iudgements ſhall pronounced be;
Now there's a *m tion* granted, next day croſt,
So *ſee* and *labour's* to no purpoſe loſt:
And ſtill the *Clyent* ſhall be ſo deluded, (cluded.
That when hee hope's all done, there's nought con-

Nay

Nay though we heare the vtmoſt ſentence paſt,
Which by all courſe of *Law* ſhould be the laſt;
Why then, I ſay, (though all ſeeme wholly ended)
Yet may the *Execution* be ſuſpended,
And for ſome trifle, to the poore mans terror,
Be cald in queſtion by a *Writ of error*.
So that the right oft yeelds vnto the ſtronger,
When poore mens purſes can hold out no longer.
Oh miſerable ſtate! what ſhould we ſay?
May not the *Country* thinke themſelues the prey
Theſe *Rauens* liue on? May we not ſuppoſe,
By their *delaies*, and ſome ſuch tricks as thoſe?
They practiſe onely for to cheat and gull,
And on our Ruines fill their gorges full?
Yes queſtionleſſe; for they, themſelues do raiſe,
Vnto this height, on other mens Decayes
Not their owne *Vertues*; Oh though't be to late,
Yet let me wiſh that we had kept the State
And Simple *Innocence* we once retain'd,
For then we had not of this ill complain'd,
Nor yet thoſe moouers of Sedition knowne,
(Now to a mony-headed monſter growne.)
But ſince that time is paſt we may complaine,
Yet muſt nere looke to ſee thoſe dayes againe.
We haue good *Lawes*, but they too ſeeme in vaine,
Since they according to each *Lawyers* braine,
May be now wreſted too and fro to make,
The matter good that he doth vndertake;
I'le ſay it plainely, and yet not belye them,
There's few but *rich-men* can haue *iuſtice* by them.

And pray you iudge now, is not that Law vaine?
Which when it is enacted (to restraine
Some *priuiledge* or *custome* that hath stood
As a great hindrance to the publike *good*)
Should of it *Vertue* be so slightly gul'd,
As by a *licence* to be disanuld.
Moreouer there be some too much to blame,
Or *pœnall lawes* are onely lawes in vaine,
Made in *terrore tantum*, to affright
And not for execution of the right:
And I may liken them vnto those *logges*,
That *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *frogges*;
At first they come forth with such thundring terror,
That we doe tremble to commit an error,
But in a day or two they are so still;
For ought I see, we may doe what we will,
Vnlesse that we be *poore*; or some despight vs,
Then peraduenture thei'le go neere to fright vs
A twelue month after; if so long they last,
Twenty to one then all the furie's past.
Did you but note it you would much admire,
To see how strictly *Iustices* inquire,
On daies of sitting, what abuses raigne,
How those they threate that slackly doe complaine,
How they will raile and fume, and chafe, and storme,
As if all euils they would quite reforme
Within a moment: But things *violent*
Cannot you know be long time *permanent*,
Nor is their *zeale*; for surely (God amend it)
One twise twelue howers will begin and end it.

But

But why are they ſo earneſt then? oh know,
That the ſmall *ſprings* within the dales below
Glide gently on, vntill a *land-flood* fils
Their empty *channels* from the higher *hils*.
But then thei'le ſwell vntill they can diſcharge,
Their *Burthens* in ſome *Plaine* to runne at large,
So theſe *low Magiſtrates*, would gladly ſleepe,
And their owne *eaſie* crooked *Channels* keepe;
But when that any Streame of *Iuſtice* ſhowers,
And comes downe to them from the *Higher powers*;
Then peraduenture thei'le grow *big* a day,
And *Iuſtice* ſhall haue courſe the neareſt way;
Yet in a little ſpace ſhe muſt be faine,
To runne within their winding *banks* againe.
Some falſely haue affirmed *Iuſtice* blind,
Yet I am ſure ſhe knows how to finde
(If that ſhe be diſpoſed for to looke,)
Who giues her day-workes by her *counting booke*.
Nay ſhe knowes *Capon*, *Turkey*, *Gooſe* or *Swan*
And thee I warrant from another Man
What ere thou be: But whilſt ſhe ſees ſo plaine,
It is no wonder we haue *lawes* in vaine.
Alſo when *Officers* doe vndertake
Their charge at firſt, *Lord* what a quile they make!
A drunkard cannot with his capring feete,
Cut out Indentures as he walkes the ſtreete,
But he's ſtraight ſtockt for't, or for his offence,
By fining to the poore he muſt diſpence.
Then thoſe perhaps that ſlackly doe frequent
Gods diuine Seruice ſomewhat ſhall be ſhent;

And many other goodly deeds thei'le do,
But these grow quickly weary of them toe.
Againe, sometimes comes out a *Proclamation*,
Which threatens, on the paine of *Confiscation*,
That no *Recusant* doe presume to stay
Within ten miles oth' *Court* from such a day,
Yet sure 'tis notwithstanding ment, that some
Should daily to the *Presence Chamber* come,
And shroud within *a furlong* on 't or two;
Some *Great-ones* may; and so I hope they do,
And by their owne *Authoritie* no doubt,
May keepe the rest from danger thereabout.
Pish, they at such a matter will but scoffe
'Cause they know surely how to put it off.
Yet I'le not say it is in vaine; for why
The *Printer's* sometime set on worke thereby:
And 'tis moreouer for our satisfaction,
Who else might thinke the *State* were out of action.
But oh you noble *English Senators*
Our Kingdomes *Guard*, and *Princes Counsellors*
How can you see your labours so mis-vs'd?
Or brooke, to haue your *Soueraigne* so abus'd?
Doe you suppose that it deserues no blame,
To make a Scar-crow of the *Regall Name*?
And to erect it on some common *Stall*,
For to be gaz'd on, to no end at all?
Respect it more; and vse it not for course
Or fashions sake; but shew it hath some force.
Pluck out those *Vipers* that for feare of harme
Their chilled spirits in your bosomes warme:

D'ye

D' ye not perceiue their ſtings? No danger feare ye?
Oh 'tis apparant let them not ſhroud neere yee;
For if you do, 'tis doubtleſſe the *Concluſion*,
If God preuent not will be your *Confuſion*.
Yet all (for ought I ſe) ſhould ſtill remaine,
Were there not ſome, who (out of *zeale* to Gaine
More then *Religion*, or their Countries weale,)
Their ſcruile baſe conditions doe reueale,
In begging and in rifling of ſome few;
But they their owne corruptions rather ſhew
Then redreſſe any. More I here could vtter
But I methinkes already heare ſome mutter,
As if I ſhould be ſure of *Romes great curſe*:
But then i'me ſure I ſhall be nere the worſe.
Yea, let them go to *Rome*, curſe, ban and ſpare not,
I'le ſit at home and *laugh*; becauſe I care not.
But why do I of *Lawes* alone complaine,
Since all Man deales in, is in ſome ſort vaine?
Religion is with *Ceremonies* ſtuft,
And with vaine-glory and preſumption puft,
Now our *Almes-deeds* and guifts of *Charitie*
Are done for ſhew and with *hypocriſie*.
Yea, al's made *vaine*, for if you would but view
Our *Vniuerſities*; indeed 'tis true,
There you may yet ſee, how that heretofore,
In better daies, hath beene erected ſtore
Of *Pallaces*; (whoſe curious build are ſtill,
A faire remembrance of the worke-mens skill)
Which, leaſt that *knowledge* in the land ſhould fade
Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,

That

That there the *Muses* sheltr'd from the rages
Of former, present, and succeeding ages
Might safely liue, and not beholding be
To *Pyren* for his hospitalitie.
'Tis also true, there wants not, to sustaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertaine
Such as desire *knowledge*, ther's enough;
The worthy *Founders* haue prouided so.
But of these Profits, now why make they stay?
Best sel't, or let some Courtier beg't away.
For publike Guifts are turn'd to priuate vses,
Faire *Colledges* are full of foule Abuses.
And their Reuenues I account as vaine,
Because they *lazy Dunces* doe maintaine,
Who to themselues doe claime the profits, by
Nothing but witlesse Senioritie.
Such as haue *Beard*, (with reuerence be it spoken)
Of profound learning haue nor marke nor token.
Good *Founders* dreaming not of these Abuses
Gaue them at first to charitable vses;
But we find now all alter'd, and the dues
The which by right vpon desert ensues,
Like *Offices in Court*, are bought and sold,
And places may be had, but how? for *gold*.
There, as else-where they now are growne so bad,
Without *Quid dabis* nothing can be had.
'Tis strange to see what *Auarice* can doe,
But are the Muses taken with it too?
Oh no? for they esteeme such gaine a losse,
And their high Spirits scorne such earthly drosse.

How

How then? There are some *Cormorants* crept in,
Who in their *youth* pretended to haue bin
Addicted vnto *knowledge*: when alas,
Tis well seene since, that all their purpose was
To snort in ease; augmenting still the store,
Till they grow wealthy and their *houses* poore; (ny.
Foule *droanes* whose voices must be hir'd with mo-
Steruing the *Bees*, whilst they deuoure the hony.
But oh you birds of *Athens*, cleare your *Hals*
And driue those lazy *Hornets* from your *stals*.
Through them it is men thinke you couetous,
They make your groues & walks grow scandalous.
But how will you discerne them? Marry thus,
Since they haue made themselues notorious
I'le point them out; And though their heads they (shroud
As *Venus* did *Aeneas* in a cloud,
I'le so vnmaske them, if their eares they show
You shall be able to say, there they goe.
First note them, there are some by Bribes and Fees,
Can soone passe thorough two or three *Degrees*:
And if they sue for ought are not deni'd it,
When better *Students* must be put beside it.
Then there be others who their nests to fether,
Can keep in office nineteene yeares together,
Enforcing many vnto penury,
To haue wherewith to feed their *luxury*.
Note you not some at fifty Winters studie,
That haue their wits so thin and braines so muddie,
They must procure of other men to doe,
The exercises they are cal'd vnto?

And

And sit there not of *Dunces* pretty store,
From Sunne to Sunne at euery *trades-mans* dore?
Huge fat *Curmudgeons*, tell me, I thinke no,
Do *Commons* of three halfe-pence feed them so;
Or can such *puffes* so Humberkinlike set,
Into a *Pulpit* once in seauen yeare get?
Sure if they do, their memorie's so weake, (speake.
When they come there they know not what to
Nor are they halfe so fit if 't came to proofe,
To serue for *Pastors* as to hang at *Roofe*.
It is no maruaile then that blockish rout,
Retaine their places and keep better out.
For no good *Patron*, that doth conscience make,
Will vnto them the Charge of Soules betake:
Because if such, the flock of Christ should keepe,
No question they would make but *Carion Sheepe*.
Then they must stay, yet in their stay thei'le be
A plague vnto the *Vniuersitie*.
For ouer and aboue the mischieses nam'd
The *vice* for which the *yonger sort* is blam'd,
They are most guilty of; for forc't to tarry,
Through want; and by their lawes forbid to marry,
Thence springs it that the *Townes-men* are reputed,
Thus by a common voice to be *Cornuted*:
For I haue knowne that such haue daily beene,
VVhere yonger schollers neuer durst be seene.
And all (vnlesse that they haue eyes like *Moles*)
May see those *Foxes* vse the *Badgers holes*.
Nor hath their lewdnesse in that action staid,
But on the place a fouler *blemish* laid.

VVhich

VVhich heere indeed I doe forbeare to name,
Leaſt it be to the place I loue, a ſhame;
And for becauſe I feare ſome ſpightfull mates,
May taxe them with it that ſuch dealing hates,
Brought in by them; for who is ſo impure,
But he that liueth like an *Epicure*.
Oh *Muſe* ſeeke in time to root theſe weeds,
That marre your *Gardens*, and corrupt your ſeeds.
And you that are appointed *Viſitors*,
Who ought for to be ſtrict *Inquiſitors*,
To ſearch the foule abuſes of theſe *Times*
And ſee them puniſh't; Oh! let theſe my *Rimes*
Moue you for to reforme this *villany*;
Or let the hate of damned Periury
Stir vp your *zeale* theſe euils to reſtraine
If not for loue of *Good* for feare of *Paine*:
Which elſe (though you ſet light as at your heele,)
As ſure as *God* is Iuſt, your ſoules ſhall feele.
Doe you not ſee now all the wondrous Coſt
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainely loſt.
The *Lands*, *Reuennes*, Cuſtomes, Charters, Rents,
Which they haue left for diuers good intents
Vainely imployed; ſee, the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd, ſtands at doore
And may not enter, whil'ſt the golden *Aſſe*,
Is quietly admitted for to paſſe,
And throud himſelfe within thoſe ſacred *Gates*,
Which were't not for commoditie he hates.
You ſacred *Genii* that did once attend
Thoſe well deuoted *Patrons* to their end;

Although

Although your bodies be entoomb'd in clay,
Since you ſuruiue, becauſe you liue for aye;
Looke downe on your abuſed guifts and ſee, (be!
What oddes twix't th' vſe and your good meaning
Come and behold how the laborious ſits,
Sharing ſome hungry Commons, ſcarce two bits;
And that but when a double *ganday* haps;
Full glad alas at other times with ſcraps;
While that the *Lazy Dunce* on dainties feeds;
Oh come (I ſay) if you reſpect your deeds,
And fright them with ſome ghaſtly viſions thence,
They may haue more remorſe for their offence.
If I could take on me ſome monſtrous forme,
I'de either make them their bad liues reforme,
Or hare them quick to hell: But I am vaine,
Thus for to inuocate, or to complaine,
Becauſe I doubt this fault will nere be mended,
Vntill all euill with the world's ended.
Learning is vaine too, or ſo made at leaſt,
Conſider it, I ſpeake it not in ieſt;
Do we not ſee that thoſe who haue conſum'd,
Halfe a mans age in *Schooles*, and haue aſſum'd
Degrees of Art, and howrely ouer-looke
Many a leafe, many a wiſemans booke,
Still ſtudying to know; *fellowes* that can,
As they themſelues thinke, put downe any man,
That dares of *Predicables* to diſpute,
Yea ſuch as can to, if need be, refute
Knowne Truths; and that in *Metaphiſicall*,
Much more I thinke in matters *Neturall*,

Seem

Seeme greatly read. Doe we not see I say?
That these from study being tane away,
For some employments in the *Publike weale*,
A man would be ashamed to reueale
Their simple carriage? sooner theile speak *Treason*,
Then any thing that shall be law, or *Reason*.
Aske their opinions but of this or that,
Thei'le tell a Tale they scarcely know of what;
And at the last you must be well apaid,
With this the Poet, or this *Tully* said,
So other mens opinions shall be showne,
But very seldome any of their owne:
What is't to heape vp a great multitude,
Of words and sayings like a *Chaos* rude,
For to be able for to bring in *Plato*,
Great *Aristotle* with the wiseman *Cato*:
And diuers more, yet like a blockish *Elfe*,
Be able to say nought at all himselfe?
As if it were all well and he had paid it,
If he can once say such a man hath said it.
Then by their actions, who gather can
They haue more knowledge then another man?
Since they doe worse absurdities commit,
Then those that seeme their *Inniors* in wit,
As if they thought it were enough to know,
And not with knowledge vnto practise goe.
Those may be learned and of learning prate,
But for affaires of *Country*, or of *State*
In my conceit they are as farre vnfit
As *fooles* and *mad-men* that haue lost their wit;

And notwithſtanding all their ſtudious paine,
I count their learning and their *Knowle ge* vaine.
But thinke not I, hold *Knowledge* vaine to be,
Or that all in the *Vniuerſitie*,
Miſpend their Times; vnfitting men to deale
About employments of the *Common-weale*.
No; for I euer this accompt did make,
That there are thoſe know beſt to vndertake,
Great *Offices*; and ſurely ſuch as haue
Both knowledge and deſert: yet ſhall they ſaue
But their owne credits: Th'other who are knowne
To haue no gifts of nature of their owne,
For all their knowledge gotten in the *Schooles*,
Are worſe by much ods then *vnlearned Fooles*.
Now thou that wouldſt know rightly theſe mens
Goe but a while and talke with *Coryate* (ſtate
And thou wilt ſoone be able to maintaine,
And ſay with me that *Learning's ſomewhere vaine*.
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where now deſpiſed *Vertue* ſhould haue grace,
She were *vaine* to, and thoſe that lou'd her beſt
Were to be counted *vaine* aboue the reſt.
For they be ſure, of theſe worldly Croſſes,
And whoſoere gaine, theirs muſt be the loſſes,
Iuſtice is wanting ſo; for if that men
Commit an ill, the *Law* giues ſmart, but when
They do performe a vertuous deed, 'tis hard,
There's no Law heere that giues them a Reward.
Nay if a man by wrong ſuſpition be,
Brought vnto any wofull miſery.

If he be wrackt and tortur'd so that Death
May pleasure him by stopping of his breath:
And if at last by proofes it doth appeare,
That he of the suspected crime is cleare,
Onely he may his life by that meanes saue,
But shall no other satisfaction haue.
Yea, and he must be glad and well content
He hath his life for being *Innocent*:
Whereof he would full glad haue ridden bin,
To scape the torments they had plung'd him in;
Tis meere *Iniustice*, And I say againe
For to be *vertuous* in this age 'twere vaine;
But that it one day shall rewarded be,
By heauens *chiefe iustice* with eternitie.
I will not heere take paines for to reueale
The vaine trades crept into our *Common-weale*:
Onely Ile say, and so I thinke will any;
Would there were lesse, for such there be too many?
But I must needs shew their sympathy,
Who make their treasures and felicitie
Of things meere friuolous, As *Honour*, *strength*,
Pleasure, and *Wealth*, and *Beauty*, which at length.
Yea in short time, must Fade; *Titles* wrong plac't
Without desert, are not alone disgrac't,
And loose that reputation of their owne,
But shame them to, on whom they are bestowne.
What *Nobleneſſe* of *Birth* but meerely *vaine*
Vnlesse that in the *lynage* there remaine,
Some noble *qualitie*? which in them bred,
They haue deriu'd from predecessors dead?

What's honor? but e'ne Smoke and Idle *fame*?
A thing conſiſting onely in a *name*?
Which if you take away then you take all,
For *Alexanders* glory was not ſmall,
Yet were he nameleſſe, what would then remaine,
, or to inherit *Honour* for his paine,
Since that his beſt part from the earth is fled,
And t'other though remaining here, now dead?
Then if that *Honour* doe aduantage bring,
To Soule nor Body, but doth wholly cling
Vnto the name; who care, or paines would take
If he be wiſe, ſuch *Trophies* for to make
Vnto the ſame, which may inioyed be,
By many thouſand other men; whilſt he
Rots, and which three mens *ver ues*, I'le maintaine,
Grace not ſo much as one mans vice ſhall ſtaine?
Wer't onely for a *name* that men did well,
And ſtroue in *vertues* others to excell,
What good had *Symon* the *Apoſtle* gain'd
More then the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?
And how ſhould we giue each of them his fame
Who liuing, being two, had but one name?
Were outward *Honour* all that *vertue* got,
He were a wiſe-man that eſteem'd it not.
But ſhee's the bodies comfort till it die,
And ſoules *Companion* to eternitie.
Vulgar Repute, what is thereby acquired?
Why is't ſo glorious, and ſo much deſired?
But I doe chiefly maruell what they ment,
That haue prefer'd it before their *content*.

Ihold it *vaine* and wondrous friuolous,
Extreamely fooliſh, or ridiculous,
That any men ſhould ſtand in greateſt feare,
What they doe vnto other men appeare
Then their owne *conſciences*; or ſtriue, (poore elues)
To ſeeme to other *Gods*, when to themſelues
Th'are worſe then *Diuels*; why, I ſay, ſhould they
With vaine repute be ſo much borne away?
And why boaſt men of *Strength* that laſts no longer?
And ſeeing the brute creatures are farre ſtronger;
A woman may blind *Sampſon* with her charmes,
And little *Dauid* ſlay a man at Armes,
For *God* doth make, as holy Scriptures ſpeake,
Strong things to be confounded by the weake.
Then ſome are vaine in *pleaſures*, like to him,
Who for becauſe he in delights would ſwim,
In theſe his daies to pleaſe his fiue brute ſenſes,
Made twenty hundred crowns one nights expences.
I onely ceaſe for to declare his name,
Leaſt he ſhould hap to vaunt vpon the ſame.
But why in *Beauty* ſhould men glory ſo?
As well we may perceiue there's many do;
Since 'tis no better then a fading flower,
That flouriſhes, and withers in an hower.
It could not ſaue the good King *Dauids* ſonne
From being iuſtly by his foes vndone;
Nay, there's ſcarce any that enioy the ſame
Can keep vnto themſelues an honeſt *name*.
We ſee moreouer men vaine-glorious grow,
In *building* and *apparell*, al's for ſhow,

And yet the Prince that's gorgiouſt in array,
Muſt lie as naked as his Groome in clay.
And though that men to build ſo curious be,
How worthy of contempt it is we ſee,
In that th'arc'-King of heauen, earth and all,
Was very well contented with a *Stall*.
What mind are they in who ſuppoſe to raiſe,
By ſuch a *vanity* an endleſſe praiſe?
When as they dayly ſee by obſeruation,
Time vtterly decaies the ſtrongſt *Foundation*.
Where are thoſe wondrous high *Pyramides*
That were admired at in former daies?
And of thoſe huge *Colloſſi* what remaines?
(Which to erect now were an endleſſe paines)
Nothing almoſt; no ſcarce his name that ſpent
The paine and coſt of ſuch a *Monument*.
If that be ſo, how much more *vanity*,
Is it to hope for fames eternity? (mending
By ſuch ſleight trifles whoſe ground-worke needs
Before the roofe be brought vnto an ending.
Againe ſome thinke how e're their liues they ſpend
Yet if they can attaine to in the end
A glorious *Funerall*, and be inter'd
With idle pompe and ſhow, or be prefer'd,
In a bald *Sermon*, for ſome one good deed
They did the *Common-wealth* for their owne need,
Or by their owne, or friends procurement haue
On their vnworthy ſcarce-deſerued *graue*,
A goodly *Epitaph*; they thinke al's well;
Alas poore ſilly men, what can they tell

How

How long 'twill ſtand, before 't be razed downe?
But ſay it bide a while, what faire renowne,
Can in a peece of carued *Marble* be?
VVhat can a guilded *Tombe* then profit thee?
Preſerue thy fame? I know it cannot paſſe,
The wondrous *Heape* that once erected was,
And yet e'ne at this day doth now remaine
Not farre from *Sarum* on the *Weſterne* plaine,
Yet who can ſay directly, (or what ſtory
Doth abſolutely mention) for whoſe glory
That was firſt founded? or by whom? or why?
And if a Deed of ſuch great wonder die,
Doſt thou ſuppoſe by a few Carued ſtones,
Scarcely enough to couer all thy bones
To be *immortall*? If thou long to liue
After thy death, why then let *Vertue* giue
And adde that liuing glory to thy name;
Let her ſound forth the Trumpet of thy fame,
And it ſhall laſt; for ſhe knowes how to place it;
Nor *time*, nor *enuy* ſhall haue power to race it.
I ſay endeuour to be vertuous heere,
So ſhall thy ſacred *memory* be deere
To thoſe that liue, and whil'ſt thy Body lies,
Entomb'd on earth, thy Soule ſhall mount the *skies*.
But if in pleaſure thou haſt liued long,
And tooke delight in ſeeking bloud and wrong:
VVhen that the *euill day* ſhall come to end thee,
The curſe of the oppreſſed ſhall attend thee,
Thy ſoule ſhall pay for't; and the ſelfe-ſame *Graue*
Thou for thy *Honour* didſt ſuppoſe to haue

Shall to thy *Shame*; for thoſe that trauell by it
Shall often curſe it, yea deride, defie it;
And to each other ſay, there doth he lie,
That acted ſuch, or ſuch a *villany*.
Then why ſhould gay clothes be delighted in,
Since they are but a badge of our firſt ſinne?
And yet 'tis ſtrange to know how many faſhions,
We borrow now a dayes from ſundry *Nations*.
Some, but a few, in Iriſh trouzes goe,
And they muſt make it with a *codpeece* too,
Some (as the faſhion they beſt like) haue choſe
The *ſpruce diminitiue neat Frenchmans* hoſe
Another lik't it once but now hee'll chop,
Or chang't as we ſay for the *Switzers ſlop*
And cauſe ſometimes the faſhions we diſdaine,
Of *Ita'y*, *France*, *Netherland* and *Spaine*,
Weele fetch them farther yet, for by your leaues,
We haue *Moriſco* gownes, Barbarian ſleeues,
Polonian ſhooes with diuers far-fetcht trifles,
Such as the wandring *Engliſh* gallant rifles
Strange *Countries* for. Beſides our *Taylors* know,
How beſt to ſet apparell out for ſhow.
It either ſhall be gathered, ſticht, or lac't,
Elſe plated, printed, iag'd, or cut and rac't,
Or any way according to your will,
For we haue now a dayes learn'd much vaine skill:
But note you when theſe *gew-gawes* once be made,
And that this cunniug *Maiſter* of his Trade
Muſt bring it home, Then there lies all the ieſt,
To ſee when the poore ſlaue hath done his beſt

To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
He can ſet right what Nature crooked made)
When he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,
Whom he wold pleaſe; when he hath bruſht & pickt,
E'ne till he ſweate againe: Yet (though he ſpies
Scarce any fault) *You Rogue* the *Gallant* cries.
A plague confound thee; looke here how this ſits,
Zounds 'tis a mile too wide; where were thy wits?
See, this is halfe too long that halfe too ſhort,
'Sblood I could finde in heart to knock thee for't.
Then for the faults behind he lookes in *glaſſe*,
Straight raues againe and cals his *Taylor Aſſe*,
Villaine, and all the *Court-like* names he can,
Why I'le be iudg'd (ſaies he) *here by my man,*
If my left ſhoulder ſeeme yet in his ſight,
For all this bumbaſt halfe ſo big's the right.
How is he ſeru'd? This day he ſhould haue went,
With ſuch a *Lord* or *Lady* into *Kent*:
To *Hampton Court* to morrow comes the *Queene*,
And there ſhould he with certain friends haue been,
Now he ſhall faile. Villaine go ſtraight and mend it
And ſee withall the ſpeed you can, you ſend it:
Or by my ſword the *Gallant* ſweares he will
Make thee to wait twiſe twelue-month with thy *Bil*,
If e're he pay thee. Then the other takes it,
Carries it home againe; turnes, rubs, and ſhakes it,
Lets it lye ſtill an houre or ſo, and then
As if 'twere alter'd beares it back againe;
Then 'tis ſo fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell
That e're he had *Apparell* made ſo well.

Ere-while

Ere-while, saies he, faith I was anger'd sore,
Why couldst thou not haue done it thus afore:
With many gentle speeches in amends,
And so these two *vaine fooles* grow quickly friends.
What shall I say of our *superfluous fare?*
Our beastly, *vaine*, and too excessiue care
To please the belly? We, that once did feed
On homely rootes and hearbs, do now exceed
The *Persian* Kings for dainties; In those coates
A man would thinke they liu'd with *hay and oates.*
The *diet* they are growne vnto of late,
Exceds the Feasts, that men of high estate
Had in time past, for there's both flesh and fish,
With many a dainty new deuised dish.
For bread they can compare with Lords or Knights,
For they haue raueld, manchet, browne and white,
Of finest wheate: Their drinkes are good and stale,
For *Perry, Cider, Mead, Methegʼin, Ale,*
Or *Beere* they haue great plenty of; but then
This cannot serue the richer sort of men.
They with all sorts of forraine *wines* are sped;
Their cellers are oft fraught with *white* and *red,*
Be't *French, Italian, Spanish*, if they craue it:
Nay *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may haue it,
Cate pument, Vernage, if they doe desire,
Or Romney, Bastard, Capricke, Oley, Tire,
Muscadel, Malmsey, Clarey, what they will;
Both head and belly each may haue their fill.
Then if their stomacks doe disdaine to eate,
Beefe, Mutton, Lambe, or such like Butchers meate;

If

If that they cannot feed on *Capon*, *Swan*,
Ducke, *Goose*, or common houſhold Poultry; than
Their ſtorehouſe will not very often faile,
To yeeld them *Partrich*, *Pheſant*, *Plouer*, *Quaile*,
Or any dainty fowle that may delight,
Their gluttonous and beaſtly appetite.
So they are pamper'd whilſt the poore man ſterues,
Yet there's not all, for *Cuſtards*, *Tarts*, *Conſerues*,
Muſt follow to; And yet they are no let
For *Suckets*, *March-panes*, nor for *Marmalet*,
Frute, *Florentines*, *ſweet ſugar meats*, and *pice*,
With many another idle fond deuiſe,
Such as I cannot name, nor care to know;
And then beſides the taſt 'tis made for ſhow,
For they muſt haue it *cullour'd*, *guilded*, *Printed*,
With ſhapes of *Beaſts* & *Fowles*, *cut*, *pincht*, *indented*,
So idly that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
That men are fooliſh and exceeding vaine.
And howſoe'er they of *Religion* boaſt,
Their *belly* is the *God* they honour moſt.
But ſee whereto this *dainty time* hath brought vs,
The time hath beene that if a *Famine* caught vs,
And left vs neither *Sheepe*, nor *Oxe*, nor *Corne*:
Yet vnto ſuch a diet were we borne,
Were we not in our *Townes* kept in bith' *foe*,
The *woods* and *fields* had yeelded vs enough
To content *Nature*: And then in our needs
Had we found either *leaues* or *graſſe* or *weedes*,
We could haue liu'd, as now at this day can
Many a fellow ſubiect *Iriſhman*.

But

But in this age, if onely *Wheate* doe riſe
To any extraordinary prize:
Or if that we haue *Cheeſe* or *Butter* ſcant,
Though almoſt nothing elſe that is, we want;
Lord how we murmure, grumble, fret and pine,
As if we would vpbraid the powers Diuine;
Yea we prouoke *God*, as ſometime the *Iewes*
Did *Moſes*; and with vs it is no newes.
But you that are ſo like to ſterue in plenties,
Becauſe you are a little bar'd your dainties,
Leaue of your *Luxury*; let me intreat;
Or there will come a *Famine* ſhall be great:
When *Soule* nor *Body* neither, ſhall haue food,
Or any thing to comfort them that's good.
We talke of ſcarcitie: yet here there came
No want this twenty ages, worth the name
Of *Famine*; but our gentle God hath bin,
Exceeding mercifull vnto our ſin.
Wheat at ten ſhillings, makes no dearth of bread
Like theirs; where once (we read) *an Aſſes head*
Coſt foure-ſcore ſiluer peeces; where *Doues dong*
Was highly pris'd: and mothers eate their yong;
There famine raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not;
If we can faſt with *Ninive* we ſhall not.
But truely much I feare the ſame, vnleſſe
We doe leaue off our gluttonous exceſſe,
For though we quaffe and ſwill much time away,
Yet three ſet *Meales* will ſcarce ſuffice a day
To ſatisfie our luſt; whereas but one
Suffis'd our predeceſſors, ſometime none.

It were a worke too tedious to quote
The ſundry vanities that we may note
Sprung from this *Greedineſſe*; as our *Long-ſitting*,
A cuſtome rather in my mind befitting
Pagans and Epicures, then honeſt men.
But 'tis a vſe now common growne; and then
This *Foolery* we haue; we nothing deeme
Worthy of our deſire, or eſteeme,
Saue that which we haue either dearely bought,
Or far-away from forraine kingdomes brought:
Yea notwithſtanding here in our land,
Thoſe things be better; and more neere at hand.
Yet we out of an idle humor are;
Much more affected to all *Forraine* ware
Then to our owne: although the ſame be beſt.
So that this vaineneſſe doth not onely reſt
In meates, and in apparell; but 'tis ſhowne
In many things; we leaſt affect our owne.
Our home-made *Cloth*, now *quoddam eſt inanum*,
We are for *Serges* and *Perpetuanum*;
With other ſtuffe, as *Crow-graine*, *Chamblets*, *Raſh*,
And ſuch like new deuiſed forraine traſh.
Yea though our natiue country-men excell
In any Trade, we like them not ſo well
As we doe ſtrangers: (and in very deed
I thinke for vaine inuention they exceed.)
And then moreouer when we doe not want
Any good wholeſome *Hearbe*, or *Fruit*, or *Plant*.
That may be neceſſarie, fit or good,
Either to ſerue for *Phiſicke* or for food,

Yet

Yet thoſe we leaue, as if we did abhorre them,
And ſend to ſeeke in other *Kingdomes* for them.
So while we onely make our vſe of them,
Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
(Oh *Vanity*) our country yeelds enough,
What need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* ſtufie?
Why ſend we for them to thoſe Countries thus?
'Twas planted there for them and not for vs:
What though it helpe them of diſeaſes there?
The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
So different, for ought that I can gather,
Heer't may not helpe our greefs, but poiſons rather.
My ſelfe haue heard ſome *Trauellours* to ſay,
That which will ſalue their wounds within a day,
That of the fartheſt *Eaſterne Countries* be,
Will not recure an *Engliſhman* in three.
Then ſure if we ſhould vſe that medicine heere,
It would not helpe nor cure vs in a yeare.
Truſt me I thinke, this ouermuch reſpecting
Of *Forraine Compounds*, and the ſtill neglecting
Of our owne *Symples* is the cauſe that wee
So little better for our *Phiſicke* be;
Some in their writings praiſe *Tobacco* much,
Perhaps the vertue of it may be ſuch
As they haue ſaid, where firſt the ſimple grew,
But if it be replanted heere anew,
From it owne ſoile where natures hand did place it,
I dare not with thoſe properties to grace it
VVhich there it had; nor can the *Vertue* bide
VVhen 'tis tranſported to our region, dri'd.

Yet

Yet almoſt 'tis a wonder to behold,
How generally now both yong and old
Sucke on that forraine *weed*: for ſo they vſe it,
Or rather (to ſpeake right) ſo they abuſe it,
In too oft taking, that a man would thinke
It were more needfull then their *meate* or *drinke*:
But what's their reaſon? doe not aske them why,
For neither can they tell you that, nor I:
Vnleſſe't be this: So they haue ſeene ſome doe
Forſooth, and therefore they muſt vſe it too.
Nay, wonder not; The *Sunne* lights not a *Nation*
That more addicteth *Apiſh imitation*
Then do we *Engliſh*: Should a ſtranger come
And weare his doublet faſtned to his Bumme:
Plucke gloues on's feet, & put his hands in's ſhoes,
And weare his Rings and Iewels on his toes.
And come ſo tired to our *Engliſh* Court,
Attended in ſome ſtrange prepoſterous ſort;
Moſt of our *Courtiers* would make much ado,
But they would get into that faſhion too.
For when they did but happen for to ſee,
Thoſe that with *Rhume* a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round maſticke patch,
Their fondnes I perceiu'd, ſometime to catch;
That for a *Faſhion*. Nay, we cannot name
That thing ſo full of *Barbariſme* and *ſhame*
That they'le not imitate: witneſſe this *ſmeake*,
VVhich though at firſt it was enough to *choake*
Or ſtifle vp the ſence; though 'twere vnpleaſing
In taſt and ſauour, oftentimes diſeaſing

The

The takers bodies; yet like men halfe mad,
Not knowing neither what effect it had,
Onely becauſe a *rude* and *ſauage Nation*, (faſhion,
Took't for ſome vnknowne need; thei'le mak't a
Alas what profit *England* at thy need,
Haſt thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weed*?
What hath it lengthen'd life or maintain'd health?
Or hath it brought thee more encreaſe of wealth?
It dries ſuperfluous moiſtures; doth't? indeed
Tane with diſcretion it may ſtand inſteed,
And ſurely it deſerues to be excus'd,
Being with honeſt moderation vs'd.
But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
That firſt did tak't in way of *complement*.
For now it is as common as each meeting,
And how d'yee, or, God ſaue yee for a greeting;
Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burnd pipes, Tobacco, and his *Tinder-boxe*:
And therefore there be ſome who ſcarce abide it,
Yet alwaies will for company proude it;
With whom (though they alone the ſame eſchew)
Thei'le take it till they ſpit and *cough* and *ſpue*.
Me thinkes they may as well ſince this thei'le doe,
And all their meetings take *Purgations* too.
There's not a *Tinker, Cobler, ſhepheard* now,
Or *Raſcall Raggamuffin* that knowes how
In a blind *Alehouſe* for to drinke a pot,
Or ſwagger kindly, if he haue it not;
You ſhall haue ſome among them will not ſticke,
To ſweare that they are for *Tobacco* ſicke;

When

When by their ragged outſides you would gather,
It were for want of bread and victuals rather;
And ſo I tak't; But now if you deny,
Th' *Affecting forraine drugges, a Vanity.*
Yet you I hope will grant, (becauſe 'tis plaine)
The vſing of *Tobacco* thus is vaine.
I meane in thoſe that daily *ſit and ſmoake,*
Alehouſe and *Tauerne* till the windowes roke.
And you muſt yeeld if euer; *Quod nunc ſumus,*
Ene as the old *verſe* ſaies, *flos, fœnum, fumus.*
Some *vainely* much *acquaintance* ſeeke to get,
And often in a ſtrangers cauſe will ſweate.
VVhen none (vnleſſe ſome one for rarity)
VVill to their *Kinne* ſhew loue or charitie.
The loue of *men* ſome ſtriue for to attaine,
And they haue iuſt their labour for their paine.
For what's the fauour or the loue of *Men*?
A thing long getting and ſoone loſt agen.
For *him* I know whoſe company hath ſeem'd,
In my poore iudgement to be ſo eſteem'd
By many, that in ſhow he hath appear'd
To be more neerely to their *ſoules* indear'd
Then their owne *brothers*; And ſure for the time,
(But that *inconſtancie's* a humane crime)
He hath been ſo; For when he hath departed,
As if his *abſence* inwardly had ſmarted;
Out of their *eyes* full oft againſt their will,
I haue ſeene, *ſorrow* looke, and *teares* to trill.
And yet againe hath my *experience* ſeen,
The ſelfe-ſame *man* that hath ſo made of beene,

Euen of those men he hath beene so respected,
After some absence either much neglected,
Wholly forgotten; or they so estranged,
As if their loue and *good conceite* were changed.
Which hauing found, I weighed well the end,
And thought them *vaine* that on the like depend.
Also methinkes it makes me pretty sport,
To note the *Vaineneſſe* of the *greater sort*,
How full of *Conges*, *curteſies*, and *greetings*,
Embracements, and kind words they be at meetings.
Or else what *Memorandums* past betweene,
Of great good turnes that nere perhaps haue beene,
What *commendations*, and *ioyes* there be,
For one anothers good prosperitie.
When howsoeuer they their malice smother,
They care not what becomes of one another.
To see me well, hee's glad at heart, one cries,
When 'tis well knowne that in his heart he lies,
Another bids me welcome to my face,
When he would leaue my presence for my place.
Yea and to sweare it too he will not tremble,
Although he knowes, I know he doth dissemble:
Which in my iudgement is a *Vanity*,
Too full of shameleſſe groſſe absurditie.
And I much wonder men delight to spend
Time that's so precious to so little end,
As to consume't in idle *Complement*.
And not so much as to a good intent;
Crouching and *kneeling*, when each *peasant* knowes
Much curteſie, much craft: the prouerbe goes.

A qualitie beſeeming men I deem't
For to be *Courteous*, and I much eſteeme't;
Yet ſure without good meaning 'tis vnfit;
And extreme *vaine* when men are cloi'd with it.
When ſome man's *Table's* furniſhed with ſtore,
Of *Dainties*, that a *Prince* can haue no more,
Hee'le bid you welcome, *Though that by your cheere,*
It doth not (as heele ſay himſelfe) *appeare*,
And yet he ſees and knowes well that his *Bordes*
Haue what the *Water*, *Earth*, and *Ayre* affoords:
With *pray d' yee eate*, *I drinke t' yee*, *nay be merry*;
And ſuch like words; I oft haue beene as weary
To *thanke*, to *pledge*, and ſay I *doe not* ſpare,
As ere was *Sommers* of his trotting *Mare*;
But now I thinke of this I'le without ieſting
Tell one abſurdity I'ue ſeene in feaſting,
Amongſt my Countrimen; when one intends
For to be merry, he bids home his friends,
And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
That they may well perceiue they welcome are:
Yea, he would haue them frollicke, and 'tis good,
A ſigne of *loue* and honeſt *neighbourhood*,
But then withall he oftentimes inuites,
Some lofty *Statſmen* or proud neighbouring knights
Who all their merriment doe ouerthrow,
Becauſe they looke for *reuerence you* know,
And he muſt be a ſlaue vnto that *gueſt*,
Contenting him, though he diſpleaſe the reſt.
Now that's his fault, were I as he, my *Boord*,
Should neuer entertaine that *Knight* or *Lord*

In way of feasting; that allow'd not *me*,
To be as merry and as blith as *he*;
Or that through his disdaine would thinke amisse,
To beare some iests of mine as I beare his; (ting
For who but fooles would while their guest is bai-
Stand with bare heads like *Alehouse-keepers* waiting
(As if they were some strangers wanted chearing)
In their owne houses? while they dominering
Say what they list; be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equals if you'le merry be:
At least let them be such as can abide,
To lay *Superioritie* aside.
Moreouer (if they haue the prouidence
To bid their *friends* & keep these *mar-feasts* thence)
They are too lauish and doe much deuize,
How they the *appetite* may best suffize.
But 'tis a signe their vnderstanding's weake,
And they haue small good matter for to speake;
It showes a shallow pate *pate* and muddy *braine*,
When men haue no discourse to entertaine
Their friends withall, but *whiffes of smoake or drinke*,
Or *curious fare*; as if that they did thinke
They could now shew their honest loue, vnlesse
They did abound in gluttonous *excesse*.
But there be many *greedy-guts* indeed,
That will find fault vnlesse their *cates* exceed.
Such *Socrates* shewes how to answer best,
Who hauing for his friends prepard a feast,
And hearing one to discommend his store
Told him directly, *friend* there needs no more,

For

For be they vertuous, her's enough for such,
If otherwise (quoth he) there is too much
A fitter answere we can neuer find,
For such nice gluttons; differing in mind
From certaine deere and learned *friends* of mine:
Whom, when I late requested for to dine
Or sup with me one night; would not agree
Vnlesse I drest that they appointed me:
I will said I, and not a bit beside,
Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to prouide
One dish, no more we loue not him that crams,
And let our *second course* be *Epigrams*. (ing,)
Wel, that they had with more good mirth & laugh-
Then those that had their dainties, & their quaffing.
Who can declare what *Vanity* man shewes,
In hearing and reporting *idle newes*?
The foolish tales, and lies that he doth faine,
Are more then any numbers can containe.
And now I thinke on that same *lying euill*,
A mischiefe first inuented by the *diuell*,
I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why,
Men should delight so in that *Vanity*.
It is not onely vicious and base,
But also doth their credits quite deface.
And *truth* out of their mouthes is mis-esteem'd
Because, oft lying, they were lyers deem'd.
I meane not any falshood to maintaine,
No though they be *officious*, or for *gaine*.
Yet worst I like them, who their wits do bend
To inuent tales vnto no other end

But for to find the *Company* some talke, (walke:
And cause they loue to heare their owne tongues
Some I haue knowne (iudge of their *Vanity*,)
That haue told tales to their owne infamy;
And yet vntrue; 'tis like they haue small care
Of *others* credits, when they will not spare
To wrong *themselues*: Another crew beside
Among these *lyars* I haue also spide,
Who, as it may appeare, doe like so well
Strange newes, and matters past beleefe to tell,
That notwithstanding they doe surely know,
It makes not onely modest eares to glow,
But that 'tis knowne they lie; yea still they dare
Gainst *Truth*, their *Owne*, & *All mens knowledge* swear.
Yea, when they may aswel, and speake as right,
Sweare that each man is blind, and all Crows white.
Oh too presumptuous, and leud offence
Sprung from a brazen, *hellish* impudence!
Then there's a number to, that do suppose
All that beyond their *little reason* growes,
Is surely false; And vainely doe vphold
That all reports which *trauellers* vnfold
Of forraine lands are lies; because they see
No such strange things in their owne *parish* be.
If that I may not tearme such fellowes *vaine*,
I'le say th'are *dull* and of a shallow *braine*.
And him I count no wise man that imparts,
To men of such base misconceiuing hearts
Any rare matter; for their brutish wit,
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.

For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,
Ignorance onely, is true wisedomes foe.
Then thou art vaine that wilt vouchsafe to spend
Thy breath, with witlesse *fooles* for to contend
In *weighty matters*; when it is well knowne
Thei'le like of no opinions but their owne.
Euer disabling what thou dost recite,
Yea, notwithstanding it be ne're so right.
And be their owne case false, and all amisse,
They'le proue it *true*; How? Thus: *Because it is.*
So if there be no more *wisemen* in place,
Thou bear'st the shame, & thei'le haue all the grace.
And yet the mischiefe hath not there an end,
For tell me, you that euer did contend
With such; Is not their wayward *disputation*
A meere confusion and a strong vexation?
I know 'tis so; for I my selfe haue tride it,
And since that time could neuer yet abide it;
But let those follow *Vanity* together
With *purblind ignorance*; and I'le send thither
To keep them company, those that take pleasure
In tedious discourse, they be at leasure, (walke
And those that loue to heare their owne tongues
Or still seeke out occasion for to talke
Shall not stray from them: Yet I haue beheld
More *Vanities* which must not be conceal'd.
As foolish *wishes*: Many a *silly Asse*,
Couets those things that cannot come to passe.
Another that in wishing is as heedlesse,
Desires some trifling bables which are needlesse.

Nay, I haue heard, without regard of ſhame,
Such beaſtly *wiſhes* as I bluſh to name,
What damn'd infernall *curſes* can each brother,
In euery *angry fit* wiſh one another?
When ſuch as theſe their ieſting words theile make
A Pox, a Peſtelence and *a Murraine* take yee. (ye
Which if the *Lord* ſhould in his iuſtice lend them,
Their owne *vaine wiſhes* wold e're long time end thē.
Some *free borne* men I haue obſerued too
Who are thought wiſe, yet very vainely do.
Theſe, as if they lackt troubles of their owne
For other men are ſlaues and drudges growne.
I tax not ſuch as honeſtly haue ſtood
In the main-taining a poore neighbours good.
But rather thoſe who are ſo out of meaſure
Giuen to be for other men at leaſure;
That they can finde almoſt no time to bee
Emploid about their owne commoditee.
Others there are, more knauiſh, and as vaine,
Who ſeeming carefull of an others gaine,
Intrude themſelues into their actions; when
'Tis not for any good they wiſh the men,
But for this cauſe, and ſure for nothing more,
In each mans *boate* they loue to haue an *oare*.
'Tis good men looke to their affaires, but yet,
I hold it for a *vaine* thing, and vnfit
They ſhould be vexed with ſuch extreame care
In following them as I perceiue they are:
For vnto me it ſeemes, the *greateſt part*,
Take buſineſſe not in hand new, but in heart,

What meane our wealthy *Vsurers* to hoord
More vp for *others* then they can affoord
Vnto *themselues!* whereas they do not know
Whether it shall be for a friend or foe.
Sure such me thinkes should be deseruedly,
Recorded for their sottish *Vanity*.
Now as these too well, of the *world* doe deeme,
So others make thereof too small esteeme:
As of a thing whose vse were of no weight,
But both are led away with *Vaine conceit*.
Then some mans care is, that when this life ends,
Hee dying, may be buried with his *friends*.
As if he fear'd his *foes* had not forgotten
To do him mischiefe though their bones were rottē.
Others extremly are distempered
To thinke what men will do when they be dead.
And vainely sit, (More wit God one day send)
Lamenting what they know not how to mend.
For worthlesse matters some are wondrous sad,
Whome if I call not vaine, I must tearme mad.
If that their *noses* bleed some certaine drops:
And then againe vpon the suddaine stops.
Or if the babling foule we call a *Iay*,
A *Squirrel* or a *Hare*, but crosse the way.
Or if the *salt* fall toward them at table,
Or any such like superstitious bable,
Their mirth is spoild, because they hould it true
That some mischance must thereupon ensue.
But I doe know no little numbers bee
Seduced with this foolish *Vanity*:

And

And queſtionleſſe although I diſcommend it,
There wants not ſome that ſtoutly will defend it,
But all their proofe is onely this, I know
By daily triall they doe find it ſo.
Indeed 'tis true, *God* often by permiſsion,
To ſee if they will truſt to *ſuperſtition*
More then to him, doth willingly ſupply,
What they ſo look't for by their *Augury*.
Then ſome for to be deemed men of State,
Of nothing but the *Court*-affaires doe prate,
If they but come amongſt vs *Countrimen*,
Lord what *Magnificoes* they will be then.
Yea though they blow but the *Kings Organ-Bellow*
We muſt ſuppoſe them *Earles* and *Barons* fellowes
Or elſe we wrong them: 'Twas my chance to light,
In a friends houſe, where one of theſe that night
Tooke vp his lodging; At the firſt I deem'd him
A man of ſome great place and ſo eſteem'd him;
And he tooke me for ſome ſoft *Country* gull,
Thinking my wit (as tis indeed) but dull,
But I perceiu'd his pride, I muſt confeſſe,
And ſeem'd as if I had a great deale leſſe.
I made him more fine *congees* by a ſcore,
Then ere he had at *Court* in's life before,
The *worſhip* and the *Honour* too I gaue him,
But from the charge of either I dare ſaue him.
Yet my high tearmes ſo pleas'd the *Courtiers* vaine,
That vp he rips me newes of *France* and *Spaine*,
Of *Germany*, of *Denmarke*, and of *Sweed*;
And he had *French* ſtore, thereof I tooke heed.

Then

Then next he tels me all their life at *Court*,
Relates Saint *Georges ſhowes* and *Chriſtmas* ſports
With ſuch like talke; which I in ſhew deſir'd,
And (as if I had neuer ſeen't) admir'd:
Which he perceiuing, fals for to deuiſe,
More *ſtrange reports* and tels me ſundry lies
Which ſtill I wondred at; And in his talke
I noted, though his tongue did euer walke,
He neuer ſpake of other then the beſt,
For *Earles*, and *Lords*, and *Ladies* were the leaſt
I heard him mentioning; when ſure the foole,
Is but ſome ſeruant to the *Groome oth' ſtoole*.
But howſoeuer, for this once he paſſes,
To ſhew the *Nature* of his *fellow-Aſſes*,
I am afraid 'twill be to little end,
If I ſhould words and pretious leaſure ſpend,
To tell our *Gallants* what vaine friuolous,
Diſcourſe they haue, and how ridiculous
They are at *meetings*; I haue beene for *laughter*,
Often beholding to them a weeke after.
And truſt me, I'le not giue a *cue* ſo ſoone,
To ſee an *Ape*, a *Monkey*, or *Babone*
Play his forc't trickes, as I would giue a *teſter*,
To come and view them, and their apiſh geſture,
When they are either frollicke in their *Cans*,
Or courting of their light-heeld *Curtezans*
They thinke themſelues fine men, I know they do,
What will they giue me and I'le thinke ſo too?
And yet I ſhall not ſure, doe what I can,
They haue ſo little in them that is man.

For

For my *few yeares* hath noted many fruits
Producted in fine silkes and satten sutes
Worth obseruation: I could recite,
Their braue behauiour in their Mistres sight:
But sure thei'le nere endure't, they cannot do't
Yet if I list now I could force them to't,
But I spare them; they are beholding to me,
And may perhaps as great a fauour doe me.
But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold
Nor keep in all their *vanities* vntol'd:
At least one humorous tricke I must not misse,
Which lately I obseru'd; and that was this.
Two *lads*, of late, disposed to be merry,
Met at a Towne not farre from *Canterbury*, (stay,
Where though their busines scarce would let them
They'd frolicke out a night, and then away;
So there they sup't and slept, where I let passe
To tell their mirth in what good fashion 'twas:
But as I heard the *parish clocke* stroke one,
Before their merry-mad-conceits were done:
And then they went to bed, where I dare say
They'd more deuotion for to sleepe then pray.
Next morne th'one awaking suddenly vpstart,
And lightly girt out such a boystrous ——
It wak't his *fellow*, who suppriz'd with wonder,
Leapt vp amaz'd and swore he heard it thunder.
And where there was a storme or no, 'twas sed,
The *chamber-pot* ore-flow'd and drown'd the bed.
Then hauing prai'd a *curse* or two, th'one rises,
Yea, of his businesse with himselfe deuises,

And

And thereupon like a *conſiderate man*,
Sweares he will thence with all the ſpeed he can.
Come prethee riſe (quoth he) *and lets be gone*,
Why go (quoth th'other) *I will come anon*,
Zounds harke, I thinke the clock ſtriks eight, why when?
Oh ſoone enough to breake my faſt by ten.
Then *Chamberlaine* one cals aloud, *doſt heare?*
Come bring vs vp a double Iugge of beere.
So either hauing drunke a good carouſe,
Downe come the Gallants to diſcharge the houſe,
But taking leaue, oh what d'yee thinke they miſt?
Their *Hoſteſſe* (pretty woman muſt be kiſt)
Then vp ſhe's cal'd, and in her night attire,
Downe clapps ſhe on a ſtoole before the fire;
Where hauing bid her welcome from her neſt,
Come ſay (quoth one) *what Wine is't you like beſt?*
Truely (quoth ſhe) *I vſe to drinke no wine,*
Yet your beſt morning's draught is Muskadine.
With that the *Drawer's* cald to fill a quart,
(Oh! 'tis a wholeſome liquor next the heart,)
And hauing drunk it, whilſt their heads were ſteddy,
They bad the Hoſtler make their horſes ready.
Nay (quoth the Hoſteſſe) *what needs all this haſt?*
In faith you ſhall not goe till dinner's paſt;
I haue a diſh prepared for the none's
A rich Potato Pie, and Marrow-bones;
Tea and a bit which Gallants, I proteſt,
I will not part with vnto euery gueſt;
With that the *Punies* laid aſide their cloaks,
The glaſſes walke, and the *Tobacco* ſmoakes;

Till

Til dinner comes, with which when they are fraught,
To get on horſebacke by and by 'tis naught.
As hauing ſupt 'tis good to walke a mile,
So after dinner men muſt ſit a while.
But what? will they ſit idle? 'twere a ſhame,
Reach them the Tables, they muſt play a game:
Yet ſet them by againe, for now I thinke
They know not when to leaue, the'le rather drinke
A *health* or two, to ſome eſpeciall friend,
And then yfaith, they meane to make an end,
Then one cals *Drawer*, he cries *What d'yee lacke?*
Rogue bring vs vp a Gallon more of Sacke. (more,
When that's turn'd vp, *Zounds* one will drinke no
But bids the Hoſtler bring his horſe to doore:
The fellow might performe it without ſtay,
For why? they had beene bridl'd vp all day.
Then like good husbands without any words,
On went their cloakes, but firſt of all their ſwords.
But ſtepping out of dore their *Hoſtes* meetes them,
And with a full fil'd bowle demurely greets them:
This was her *pint*, but thei'le giue her the tother,
Which drew the third down, and the third another.
Vntill theſe *Gallants* felt their heads ſo adle,
Their bodies ſcarce could ſit vpright i'th ſaddle.
Then for to ſettle their vnſteddy braine,
They fell to their *Tobacco* once againe;
At which they ſuckt ſo long, they thought no more
Of the poore Iades, which they left ty'd at dore.
Till that the *Sun* declinde vnto the VVeſt, (beſt,
Then ſtarting vp th'one ſwore he thought 'twere

That

That they went thence; and to his fellow ſaid;
Come we ſhall be benighted I'me affraid.
What if we be (quoth tother) *by this light,*
I know the time when I haue red all night.
By twelue a clocke Ile be at home I *vow,*
Tet Hoſteſſe, by this kiſſe, I'le ſup with you.
And ſo they did, but after ſupper th'one,
Haſtens the other that they may be gone;
Nay be aduiſed (quoth his copeſmate) *harke,*
Let's ſtay all night for it growes peſtilence darke.
I marry (quoth the Hoſt) *perſwaded be,*
There's many Murthers now I promiſe yee.
Ile bid my ſeruants to ſhut vp the gate,
No gueſt ſhall goe out of my houſe ſo late.
No ſurely (quoth their Hoſteſſe) *by S. Anne,*
You may be miſchioſt, ſtay and make a man.
VVell, thei'le be ruld for once, but ſwere thei'le goe
The following morning ere the cock do crow.
Introth at fartheſt, ere the day giues light,
Then hauing kiſt their *Hoſtes* ouernight,
To bed againe theſe royſtering yongſters went,
Forgetting where to they before were bent.
But when the *Morne* her turne againe did take,
And that it grew high time for them to wake:
Then vp they buſteld and began to lay
The fault from one to t'other, of their ſtay.
For this (the firſt ſaid) *we may thanke your ſloth,*
(But I thinke therein they were guilty both)
Nay (quoth the other) *might you haue your will,*
You'd drinke Tobacco, and be quaffing ſtill.

Who I (quoth he) *I weigh it not two chips,*
I could not get you from my Hostesse lips.
You do me wrong (said th'other) *for I sweare,*
I seldome toucht them, but you still hung there.
To beare the burthen he grew discontent,
And swore he would not drinke before he went.
But cald, *Our horses Ostler quickly, and our wands,*
And sirra Tapster water for our hands:
(Quoth t'other) *youle be ruled yet I thinke?*
Pre thee let me intreat thee for to drinke
Before thou wash? Our fathers that were wise,
Were wont to say, 'tis wholsome for the eyes.
Well he will drinke, yet but a draught at most,
That must be spiced with a nut-browne *tost.*
But then 'twere good they had a bit beside,
For they considered they had for to ride.
So he that would not drinke, a late for hast,
Is now content to stay and breake his fast.
Which e're 'twere ended, vp their *Host* was got,
And then the *drunkard* needs must haue his pot,
And so he had: but I commend my *cozen*,
The *Cuckolds* one Can, cost the fooles a dozen.
But then perceiuing they began to stay,
Quoth Guts, *my bullies, harke ye, what d'ye say?*
Can you this morning on a rasher feed?
Oh yes say they, that's Kingly meate indeed;
They ask't it, and they had it; but this cheere,
Quickly drew downe a dozen more of beere;
VVhich being drunk, they had got out of Towne,
But that their *Hostesse* was now new come downe,

With

With whom they ſpent e're they could get away.
In kiſſing and in quaffing halfe that day.
And fiue times, as I heard, they tooke the paine,
To get on horſebacke and come off againe.
But at the laſt iuſt as the clock ſtruck two,
They were the ſixt time horſt with much ado:
But then, as 'tis the *drunkards* vſe, they ſate
Tipling ſome hower and a halfe at gate.
So that the night drew on apace, and then
Thither came riding other Gentlemen. (ſhowne,
And ment to lodge there; they had friendſhip
T'other were ſtale *Gheſts* and their mony flowne.
Their honeſt *Hoſt* for all their large expence,
And former kindnes, quickly got him thence:
Yea their ſweet *Hoſteſſe* that ſo worthy deem'd them
Slunke out of ſight, as if ſhe nought eſteem'd them.
And as moſt will, except a very few,
Ileft her old *Guls* to enter league with new.
Who at their parting thought for to haue kiſt her,
But were ſo drunken that they euer miſt her.
For there they quaft ſo long they did not know
Which way, nor whether, nor yet when to goe.
That ſome ſuppoſe, yea and they thinke ſo ſtill,
Their horſes brought them thence againſt their will,
For if ſo be that they had wanted wit,
(To come themſelues) the *fooles* had been there yet.
If you 'twas made by, reade with diſcontent,
You are to blame, none knows by whom 'twas ment.
There is no cauſe you ſhould diſlike my *Rime*,
That learnes you wit againſt another time.

When others are thus vaine, could you forbeare it;
And note the follies in't, you would forsweare it;
As kind's your *Hostesse* seemes, yet this is plaine,
She'le flout, and vse the next as well for gaine.
Now what doe you vnto these Gallants say,
Were they not pretty witty ones I pray?
It may be they wil frowne at this, 'twere fit,
And I am very sorry for't; but yet,
One *humor* more which I haue noted vaine,
For to be told, of they must not disdaine.
It may annoy them if they doe not mend it,
Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it,
Tis this; they too much of their *Valour* vaunt,
And so extremely for vaine-glory haunt,
That for to get themselues a valiant name,
Or peraduenture halfe an houres fame
Thei'le hazard life and limb, yea soule and all,
Rather then in their bravery thei'le let fall
That *vaine Repute*: Oh si ly senceleſſe men!
What will the breath of *Fame* auaile you, when
You lie in dust and molded vp in clay?
Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day,
In some poore *village*, where your bodies lie,
To all the earth besides your fame shall die.
And it may be, whereas you looke for glory,
You shall but serue for to make vp the story
Of hare-bram'd fools: so, howsoe're some deem you
Men that haue vnderstanding will esteeme you.
But yet there is a crew that much annoyes
The *Common-weale*, some call them *Roaring Boys*,

London

London doth harbour many at this time,
And now I thinke their *Orders* in the *Prime*
And flouriſhing eſtate. Diuers are proud
To be one of that *Brother-hood* alowd.
And reaſon too for why they are indeed
No common fellowes, but they all exceed.
They do; but oh! now wherein is't thinke yee?
In *villanies*; for theſe be they will drinke ye
From morne till night, from night till morne againe,
Empting themſelues like *Conduits*, and remaine,
Ready for more ſtill: Earth drinkes not the ſhowres
Faſter, then their infernall throat deuoures,
Wine and ſtrong liquors: Theſe be they will ſweare,
As if they would the *veile* of heauen teare,
And compell *God* to heare their blaſphemie,
Theſe are the *Patrones* of all *villany*;
Whoores Champions; Deceit and *trechery*,
With the moſt loathſome vice of *lechery*,
Is all their practiſe. *Thunder* when it roares,
Ioin'd with the raging waues that beat the ſhoares,
Together with the *winds* moſt rude intruſion,
Make not a noiſe more full of mad confuſion,
Then do theſe *Helhounds* where they vſe to howze,
Or make their moſt vnciuill *rendeuowze*:
For a more God-leſſe crew there cannot well,
Be pickt out of the bound-leſſe pit of *hell*.
Yet theſe baſe fellowes (whom I muſt confeſſe,
I cannot find words able to expreſſe)
Are great mens darlings, (As ſome vnderſtand)
The abſoluteſt *Gallants* in this land,

And onely men of ſpirit of our time;
But this opinion's but a *vulgar* crime,
For they which vnderſtanding haue, ſee plaine,
That theſe, and all their fauorits are vaine.
And ſure 'twere good if ſuch were forc't to giue
A ſtrict account by whom and how they liue.
Thus haue I brought to light as wel's I can,
Some of the *Vanities* I've ſeene in man.
But I doe feare in taking ſo much paine,
I haue but ſhowne my ſelfe to be moſt vaine;
Becauſe I haue ſpent time, and repreheuded
That, which will ne're the ſooner be amended.
But yet there's hope it may, and therefore I
Will ſay thus much more, that this *Vanity*
Conſiſteth not alone in *words* and *workes*,
It hath tane root within, and alſo lurkes
About the heart; and if it there be ſought,
I know it alſo may be found in *thought*.
And that it is makes one man ſit and plot,
What is by trafficke with *Virginea* got.
What it may coſt to furniſh him a Fleete,
That ſhall with all the *Spaniſh Nauy* meete,
Or how he may by Art or practiſe finde
A nearer paſſage to the *Eaſterne Inde*.
When as perhaps (poore foole) beſides his coate,
He is not worth a *Portſmouth* paſſage boate,
Nor neuer meanes to trauell ſo much *ſea*,
As from *High-ferry* to *South-hamp'on-key*.
Another wood-cocke is as fondly vaine,
And (to no purpoſe) doth moleſt his braine,

To ſtudie if he were a *Nobleman*,
What kind of carriage would befit him than:
How, and in what ſet words he would complaine,
Of the abuſes that he now ſees raigne.
Where he would make his Place of Reſidence,
How he would keep his houſe with Prouidence,
And yet what plenty daily at his doore,
Should be diſtributed amongſt the poore.
What certaine *Sheepe* and *Oxen* ſhould be ſlaine,
And what prouiſion weekely to maintaine,
His *Lordly* port; How many *ſeruing-men*
He meant to keepe, and peraduenture then,
What pleaſure he will haue, as hawkes and hounds,
What game he will preſerue about his grounds:
Or elſe he fals to caſt what profits cleare,
His *guifts* and *bribes* may come to in a yeare.
How he'le put of his hat, cauſe people than
Shall ſay hee is a *curteous Noble-man*.
Then vpon this againe he fals to plot,
How when that he the peoples loue had got,
If that the *King* and all his kindred die,
And if none may be found for to ſupply
That *Regall* office, the reſpect they beare him,
Vnto that *Princely dignity* may reare him:
Then too his thoughts on that *eſtate* ſo feed,
That he forgets quite what he is indeed.
And if a man could hit ſo iuſt a *time*,
To come vpon him when his thought's in *Prime*,
And giue him vnawares a ſuddaine knocke
Conceite his vnderſtanding ſo would locke

That I ſuppoſe, becauſe it ſtands with reaſon,
He would goe neere hand, for to call out *Treaſon*:
For oftentimes mens hearts are ſo anoid, (imploi'd,
VVith thoſe vaine thoughts whereon they are
That for a time they ſo forgetfull grow,
Nor what they are, nor where, they do now know.
But now ſince you may ſee there doth remaine,
Nothing in man, but is in ſome ſort *vaine*;
And ſince I muſt be driuen to confeſſe,
His *vanities* are great and number-leſſe,
I'le goe no further in this large *Survey*,
For feare Diſcourſe ſhould carry me away;
And peraduenture ſo I may become,
Leſſe pleaſing, and more tedious to ſome;
Which to auoid, though I no end eſpy,
Yet here I end to treat of *Vanity*.

OF INCONSTANCY.

SATYR. 2.

YEt there's another property in men,
That meanes to ſet my *Muſe* to worke agen,
Inconſtancie; and that no other is,
Vnleſſe I vnderſtand the ſame miſſe.

2n

But an vnſetled humor of the minde,
Which ſo vnſtable is it cannot fixe
By any ſtudy, that Opinion
Of which it dares to be reſolued on.
'Tis meere irreſolution, and eſtranging,
From what is purpos'd, by a fickle changing.
But ſince this vice I meane for to detect,
Women I know will earneſtly expect
To be ſore rail'd on, but Ile gently vſe them,
Becauſe I ſee their conſciences accuſe them.
And notwithſtanding they deſerue much blame,
Yet I'le not taxe them by their *proper name*.
So they will thinke, I alſo meane them, when
Ivſe no more, but this bare name of *men*:
And though their faules I ſeeme not to vpbraid,
Cauſe nothing of them is directly ſaid,
Yet they, I hope, will ne're the more diſdaine,
To be thought *fickle*, *proud*, and *weake* and *vaine*.
But now for *men*; whereas I did complaine,
He both in *Deed* and *Word*, and *Thought* was vaine:
So I in this (I ſee) the like may doo,
Since he in all theſe is *inconſtant* too.
And firſt it is a wonder for to ſee
His actions, how mutable they be;
He labours now, and's altogether ſet
Vpon the *world*; how he wealth may get,
Vpon a ſuddaine; then he thinkes to mend it:
Hee's a humor that he means to ſpend it:
Sometime he is conſenting with the *Diuell*,
And ready to doe any act that's euill.

The which, perhaps, repenting, some diuine
Or heauenly matter, doth his thoughts refine.
So that he is resolu'd to spend this day,
In reading what *Gods* holy Prophets say.
VVhich in his mind it may be worketh so,
He leaues it, and will to a *Sermon* goe;
VVhere by the way a Bill he doth espy,
VVhich shewes there's acted some new *Comedy*,
Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
There's nothing that shall hinder his intent,
But ere he to the *Theater* can come,
He heares perhaps the sounding of a *Drum*:
Thereat he leaues both *Stage-play* and *Deuotion*,
And will forsooth goe see some idle motion;
Ere he gets in his rouling wandring eyes,
Beholds some *Fencer* prest to play his prize.
Faith then there is no remedy heele see't,
But e're he can get halfe-way o're the street,
Some very neere acquaintance doth salute him,
VVho for a miser would perhaps repute him,
Vnlesse he kindly offer to bestow
The *wine or beere* at least before he goe?
Well then he will: But while they doe deuise,
VVhat wine to haue, perhaps they heere they crie,
And howling which the eager *Mastiffes* make
When they behold a *Bull* or *Beare* at stake.
Oh, on a sodaine then they will be gone,
Thei'le see that first, and come and drinke anone,
But iust as he out of the *Tauerne* peepes,
Some gallant *Lasse* along before him sweepes:

VVhose

VVhose youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim,
And louely making doth so rauish him
As if that he were bound for to attend,
He leaues play, Fencer, Wine, Bull, Dogs, and Friend.
By which we see his mind doth alwaies vary,
And seldome constant on one subiect tarry.
But still that thing with most desire is sought,
VVhich happens for to be the last in *thought*.
One while he likes best of the *country sport*,
Anon prefers the pleasure of the *Court*.
Another while his mind is all in *Spaine*,
Then beyond *Nilus*, and straight here againe.
Now he thinkes highly of a *single life*,
And hateth *Mariage*, as full of strife:
And yet e'ne in the turning of a hand,
Hee's glad to make a *Iointure* of his land,
And wooe with much entreatie to obtaine
A *wife*; which he did but of late disdaine.
One while he zealously professeth *Christ*,
But shortly he becomes an *Athe-ist*.
In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
Amongst the cursed *Pagans* can implore
A *Carued stone*; In *Rome* he hath profest
The worship of that *Antichristian* Beast;
And yet in *England* here with vs he grants,
No sound *Religion* but the *Protestants*.
And not alone according to the place,
Can these *Camelions* alter thus their case;
But for a shift themselues they will apply
To answere both the *Time* and *Company*.

Gallants

Gallants shall finde them Formall, yong men Wild,
Plaine men shall think them Simple, old men Mild,
And for the time with *Edward* they will be,
(Ile warrant) *Protestants*, as well as he.
And when his sister *Mary* comes to Raigne,
They can be *Papists* easily againe.
Nay I doe feare me, though we haue had Teaching,
And almost threescore yeares the *Gospels* Preaching,
Vnconstant mankinde is so prone to ill,
(And to be changing hath so good a will)
Too many both of old men and of youth,
Might soone be drawne for to forsake the Truth.
Let vs but note, and 'twill be strange to see
What contradictions in our actions be.
Sometime the same we do with *Trophees* raise,
That we did but a while before dispraise:
Nor can we alway in one passion keepe,
But often for one thing *reioyce* and *weepe*.
Is't not a signe of humane fickleneſſe,
And a true note of our vnsetledneſſe;
When not alone some one, or two, or few,
But a great number, a selected Crew,
Pick't out of all Estates, and they the Wisest,
The Vnderstanding'st, yea and the Preciſest
Of a whole Empire; And when these (I say)
Haue argu'd *pro & con* from day to day,
From weeke to week to haue (perhaps) enacted,
One *Law* or *Statute*, yet when al's compacted,
And euery thing seems clearely done and ended
Then to haue something in't to be amended:

Yea

Yea and when this is done, and the *Records*
Fram'd in their plainſt and moſt effectuall words,
T expreſſe their meaning, and they think it plaine;
Yet at next reading 'tis diſlik't againe.
This yeare they make a Law, repeal't the next,
Then re-inact it, and then change the Text;
Either by taking from, or adding too;
And ſo they haue an endleſſe worke to do.
But ſome may tell me, that thus ſtands the caſe,
They muſt haue both reſpect to *Time*, and *Place*;
And that no *Law* deuis'd by humane wit,
Can be for euery place and ſeaſon fit.
All which I yeeld for truth indeed; but then
We muſt confeſſ't a miſery in men:
That he (*Camelion-like*) muſt haue a mind,
With euery obiect vnto change inclin'd.
I might ſpeake of the fickleneſſe I ſee,
In mens *External fortunes* for to be:
For this day he hath friends, to morrow none;
Now he hath wealth, and in an houre 'tis gone.
Some in their youth there be, haue all things ſtore,
And yet doe often liue till they are poore.
Againe, ther's ſome in youth at beggers States,
Become in age for to be Potentates.
Some are of Kings made ſlaues, and Kings againe,
Whil'ſt other with the contrarie complaine,
For poore *Eumenes*, of a Potters ſonne,
By fickle *Fortune* helpe, a Kingdome wonne;
But for him ſuch a dyet did prouide,
That ſhortly after he of hunger dy'd.

I many ſuch examples might inferre,
But that would waſte more time, and make me erre
From my intent, who purpoſe to relate
The fickleneſſe of man, not his eſtate.
Moreouer, hee's a Creature knowes not how,
To doe an act which he ſhall long allow,
Or like of well himſelfe; he cannot tell
VVhat he would haue, nor what he would not, well,
For peraduenture he is now content
To doe, what he will in an hower repent.
He doth, and vndoes what he did before,
Is diſcontented, and with no man more
Then with *himſelfe*; In word hee's fickle too
For he will promiſe what hee'le neuer doe.
If that he tels me he will be in *Pauls*,
I'le goe looke for him in the *Temple hals*.
For ſooneſt to that place reſort doth he,
Whereas he ſaies or ſweares he will not be.
Oh! had their been in *words* a conſtant truſt,
I needed not to haue done as now I muſt.
I ſhould haue had no cauſe to haue bewail'd,
That which I once thought would haue neuer faild.
But ſince 'tis thus at nothing more I grieue,
Then that *vnconſtant words* made me beleeue.
Were promiſes worth truſt, what needed than,
Such written contracts between *Man* and *Man*?
And wherefore ſhould they make ſo much a do,
To haue both *hands* and *ſeales* to *witneſſe* too?
Vnleſſe it be for proofes to make it plaine,
Their words are both *inconſtant*, *falſe*, and *vaine*.

To

To morrow he will earneſtly gaine-ſay,
What ſtoutly is affirm'd by him to day:
Yea, truely hee's ſo waucring and vniuſt,
That ſcarce a word of his deſerueth truſt.
But as a creature of all good forlorne, (ſworne.
Sweares what's deni'd, and ſtraight denies what's
That I ſuppoſe, in troth and doe not mocke,
Hee's fit for nothing but a *weather cocke*.
Then that ſame thought that's likelieſt to remaine,
Another that's vnlike puts out againe.
For *Appetite*, not reaſon guides him ſtill,
Which makes him ſo inconſtant in his will.
Had he a ſute at firſt but made of *leather*,
And cloathes enough to keep away the weather
Twere all his wiſh; well ſo let vs grant,
And ten to one he ſomething elſe will want.
But ſweares that he for more would neuer care,
Then to be able to haue cloth to weare,
Which if he get, then would he very faine,
Reach to haue *ſilkes*, for cloth he ſaith is plaine,
And ſo his wiſhes ſeldome would haue ſtay,
Vntill that he hath wiſht for all he may.
But though from this infirmity theres no man,
That I can well except, it is ſo common,
Yet ſurely I moſt properly may cal't
Or terme't to be the common peoples fault;
Thinke not I wrong them, for if it may not be,
A fault for to digreſſe, you ſoone ſhould ſee
Their nature and condition; for I hate it,
And now I thinke vpon't I will relate it,

Tax me who liſt (I care not) here I'le breake
My courſe a while, I may not chuſe but ſpeake,
Something, I ſay, my *Muſe* of them muſt tell,
She cannot beare it any farther well.
And yet expect not all, for I'le but ſhew,
Of many hundred thouſand faults, a few.
And to be brieſe, the *Vulgar* are a rude,
A ſtrange, inconſtant hare-braind multitude,
Borne too and fro with euery idle paſsion,
Or by opinion led beſide all faſhion;
They ſtill deſire *Newes* and to a ſong,
Or a bald *Tale* they'l liſten all day long;
Soone weary of a good thing, and they try,
To all reports how they may adde a lye;
Like that of *Scogins crowes*: and with them ſtill,
Cuſtome hath borne moſt ſway and euer will.
And bad or good, what their forefathers did,
They'l put in practiſe to (elſe God forbid)
They are ſeditious and much giuen to range,
In their opinions, and deſiring change:
For if their countrey be turmoil'd with *Warre*,
They think that *Peace* is more commodious farre,
If they be quiet they would very faine,
Begin to ſet the warres abroach againe;
I well remember when an *Iriſh* preſſe,
Had made a pariſh but a man the leſſe,
Lord what a hurly-burly there was than!
Theſe warres (ſay they) haue coſt vs many a man:
The *Country* is impoueriſh't by't, and we
Rob'd of our *Husbands*, and our *Children* be,

With

With many lamentations: But now peace
Hath made *Bellonaes* anger for to ceaſe;
Their euer diſcontented natures grutch,
And thinke this happy *Peace* we haue too much.
Yea and their wiſedomes beare vs now in hand,
That it is *Warres* that doe enrich the land.
But what are theſe? not men of any merit,
That ſpeake it from a bold and daring *Spirit*,
But lightly ſome faint-hearted brauing mones,
That rather had bé hang'd at their owne homes,
Then for their *Countries* wel-fare for to ſtay
The brunt of one pitcht battle but a day:
Of ſuch as would Diſtract with feare become,
To heare the thundring of a Martiall Drum.
They cannot keepe a meane (a naughty crime)
Nor neuer are contented with the *time*.
But better like the ſtate they haue been in,
Although the preſent hath the better bin.
E'ne as the *Iewes*, that lothing *Manna*, faine
Would be in *Egypt* at their fleſh againe,
Though they were there in bondage; So do theſe
Wiſh for the world in *Queene Maries* dayes,
With all the blindneſſe and the trumpery
That was expeld the land with Popery;
Why? things were cheape, and 'twas a goodly meny,
When they had foure and twenty egges a peny.
But ſure they are them ſtale for want of wit,
And that hath made them *addle-headed* yet.
Then this (moreouer) I haue in them ſeene,
They alwaies to the good haue enuious beene:

Milde

Milde men they reckon fooles, and do vphold
Him to be valiant, that is ouer-bold:
When he with wise men, is, and euer was,
Counted no better then a desperate *Asse*.
He that doth trust vnto their loue, shall finde
Tis more vnconstant then the wauering winde.
Which since my time, a *man* that many knew,
Relying on it, at his death found true.
Then they haue oft vnthankefully withstood,
Those that haue laboured for the common-good.
And being basely minded euermore,
Seeke lesse the *Publicke* then the *priuat* store.
Moreouer such a *Prince* as yet was neuer,
Of whom the *people* could speake well of euer.
Nor can a man a *gouernment* inuent them,
How good soeuer, that shall long content them.
Their *honesty* as I doe plainely finde,
Is not the disposition of their minde,
But they are forc't vnto the same through feare,
As in those *villaines* it may well appeare,
Who hauing found so vile vngodly cause,
If there be any meanes to wrest the Lawes
By *tricks* or *shifts* to make the matter goe
As they would haue it, all is well enow:
Although the wrong and iniury they proffer,
Bee too apparant for a *Iew* to offer.
They know not *Iustice*, and oft causelesse hate,
Or where they should not, are *compassionate*,
As at an *execution* I haue seene,
Where *Malefactors* haue rewarded beene,

According

According to desert; before they know,
If he accused, guilty be or no.
They on report, this hasty censure giue,
He is a villaine and vnfit to liue
But when he is once arraign'd, and found
Guilty by *Law*; and heauily led bound
Vnto the *Scaffold*, then they do relent,
And pitty his deserued punishment.
Those that wil now braue gallant men be deem'd,
And with the *Common people* be esteem'd,
Let them turne *hack-sters* as they walke the street,
Quarrell, and fight with euery one they meet;
Learne a *welsh Song* to scoffe the *Brittish blond*,
Or breake a *iest* on *Scotsmen*, that's as good, (them,
Or if they would that *fooles* should much admire
They should be *Iugglers* if I might desire them.
But if they want such feates for to be glorious,
Make *Ballets* and they shall become *notorious*,
Yet this is nothing if they looke for fame,
And meane to haue an euerlasting name.
Amongst the *Vulgar* let them seeke for gaine
With *Ward* the *Pirat* on the boisterous *Maine*,
Or else well mounted keepe themselues on land,
And bid our wealthy trauellers to stand,
Emptying their full cram'd bags; for that's a tricke
Which somtimes wan reneune to cutting *Dicke*.
But some may tell me, though that such,
It doth not goe against their conscience much:
And though theres boldnes showne in such a case,
Yet to be Tost at Tyburns a disgrace,

No, 'tis their credit, for the people then,
VVill say, *'tis pitty they were proper men.*
VVith many such like humors base and nought,
I do perceiue the common people fraught,
Then by th'opinion of some it seemes,
How much the *Vulgar* sort of men esteemes
Of *Art* or *learning*: Certaine *neighbouring swaines*,
(That thinke none wise-men but whose wisdome (gaines
Where *knowledge* be it moral or diuine,
Is valued as an *Orient pearle* with swine)
Meeting me in an euening in my walke,
Being gone past me, thus begun their talke.
First an *old chuffe*, whose roofe, I dare be bold.
Hath bacon hang's in't aboue fiue yeares old.
Said; *That's his sonne that's owner of the grounds,*
That on this pleasant beechy mountaine bounds,
D'ye marke me neighbors? This same yong mans vather
Had a bin my zonne chud a hanga him rather,
Assone as he per zeaud the little voole,
Could creepe about the house, putten to schoole,
Whither he went not now and then a spurt,
As't had bin good to keepe him from the durt;
Nor yet at leasure times, (that's my zonnes stint)
Vor then indeed there had beene reason in;
But vor continuance and beyond all zesse
A held him too't sixe daies a weeke no lesse,
That by S.Anne *it was a great presumption;*
It brought him not his end with a Consumption:
And then besides, he was not so content,
To putten there where as our childers went:

To

To learne the Horne-booke, and the Abcee through,
No that he thought not learning halfe enough,
But he must seeke the Country all about.
Where he might find a better Teacher out.
And then he buies him; (now a pips befall it)
A clapping booke, I know not what they call it,
Tis last time all, thus it beginnes; In speech,
And that's in English, boy, beware your breech,
One day my Dicke a leafe out with him brought,
Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught,
And to his Mother and my selfe did read it,
But we indeed did so extreamely dread it,
We gaue him charge no more thereon to looke,
Vst veare it had bin of a coniuring booke.
If that you thinke I iest go aske my wife,
If ere she heard such gibberish in her life,
But when he yonn had conn the same by heart,
And of a meny mo, the better part;
Hee went to Oxford where he did remaine,
Some certaine yeares, whence hee's returnd againe,
Now who can tell (it in my stomack stickes)
And I do veare he has some Oxford tricks.
But if it be so: would he had neve come hither,
Ver we shall still be sure of blustring weather.
To what end comes his paine and vathers coste?
Th'one's charges, and the tothers labour lost,
I warrant he so long a learning went,
That he almost a brothers portion spent.
And now it nought anailes him: by this holly.
I thinke all learning in the world a folly,

And them I take to be the veriest voales,
That all their life time do frequent the schooles,
Go aske him now and see if all his wits,
Can tell you when a barly season hits.
When Meddowes *must be left to spring, when mowne,*
When Wheate, *or* tares, *or* rye, *or* pease *be sowne.*
Hee knowes it not, nor when tis meet to fold,
How to manure the ground that's wet *or* cold
What Landt are fit for Pasture, *what for* corne,
Or how to hearten what is euer-worne.
Nay; hee scarce knowes a Gelding *from a* Mare,
A Barrow *from a* Sow, *nor takes he care*
Of such like things as these; he knowes not whether,
There be a difference twixt the Ewe *and* Weather
Can he resolue you? (No nor many more)
If Cowes *doe want their vpper teeth before;*
Nay I durst pawne a groate he cannot tell,
How many legges a Sheepe *hath very well.*
Is't not a wise man thinke yee? By the Masse,
Cham glad at heart my sonnes not such an Asse,
Why he can tell already all this geare,
Aswell almost as any of vs heare.
And neighbors: yet I'le tell you more; my Dicke,
Hath very pretty skill in Arismetricke.
Can cast account, writes his name, & Dunces *daughter,*
Taught him to spell the hardest words in Zauter.
And yet the boy Ile warrant yee knowes how,
As wel as you or I, to hold the Plow.
And this I noted in the vrchin euer,
Bid him to take a booke he had as lether.

All

All day haue drawne a Harrow; truth is so,
I lik it well al hough I made no shew
Vor to my comfort I did plainely see,
That he hereafter would not bookish be.
Then, when that hauing nought at home to do,
I sometime forct him to the schoole to go.
You would haue greeud at heart to heere him whine,
And then how glad it was to keepe the Swine,
I yet remember, and what tricks the mome,
Would haue inuented for to stay at home
You would haue wondred; But tis such another,
A has a wit in all the world likes Mother;
Yet once a month, although it grieues vs than,
He'le looke you in a booke do what wee can;
That Mother, sister, brother all we feare,
Can scarse perswade him fromt in halfe an howre,
But oft I thinke he does it more of spight,
To anger vs then any true delight.
Vor why? his Mother thinkes as others do,
And I am halfe of that opinion too.
Although a little learning be not bad,
Those that are bookish are the soonest mad,
And therefore since much wit makes vooles of many,
Chill take an order mine shall nere haue any.
Byr Lady you'r the wizer (quoth the rest)
The course you take in our conceit's the best,
Your Sonne may liue in any place ith land.
By his industrious and laborious hand.
Whil'st he (but that his parents are his stay)
Hath not the meanes to keepe himselfe a day,

His ſtuddy to our ſight no pleaſure giues,
Nor meanes nor profit, and thereby he liues
So little thing the better none needs doubt it,
He might haue beene a happier man without it.
For though he now can ſpeake a little better,
It is not words you know will free the debter.
Thus ſome whoſe ſpeeches ſhew well what they be,
For want of matter fell to talke of me.
Of whome, though ſomthing they haue ſaid be true
Yet ſince inſteed of giuing *Art* her due,
They haue diſgract it; Notwithſtanding I,
Haue not the knowledge that theſe *Dolts* enuye,
Or can ſo much without incurring blame,
As take vnto my ſelfe a *Schollers* name.
Yet now my reputation for to ſaue,
Since I muſt make account of that I haue.
Ile let you know though they ſo lightly deeme it,
What gaine's in *knowledge*, and how I eſteeme it,
As often as I call to mind the bliſſe,
That in my little *knowledge* heaped is.
The many comforts of all which the leaſt,
More ioyes my heart then can be well expreſt.
How happy then thinke I are they whoſe ſoules
More wiſdome by a thouſand parts inrowles;
Whoſe vnderſtanding hearts are ſo diuine,
They can perceiue a *million* more then mine,
Such haue content indeed: And who that's *man?*
And ſhould know reaſon is ſo ſenceleſſe than
To ſpurne at *Knowledge*, *Art* or *Learning*; when,
That only ſhowes they are the race of *men?*

And what may I then of those *Persian's* deeme,
The which of wisdome make so small esteeme
But that indeed such *blockish senceless* logges,
Sprang from those *clown's Latona* turn'd to *frogs*;
Alas suppose they nothing can be got
By pretious stones, cause *swine* esteeme them not:
Or do they thinke, because they cannot vse it,
That those which may haue *Knowledge* wil refuse it?
Well if their shallow *coxcombs* can containe
A reason when tis told them, I'le explaine,
How that same little *Knowledge* I haue got,
Much pleasures me, though they perceiue it not
For first therby (though none can here attaine
For to renew their first estate againe)
Apart reuiues (although it be but small)
Of that I lost by my *first fathers* fall.
And makes me *man*, which was before (at least)
As hapleſſe, if not more, then is the *beast*
That reason wants; for his condition still,
Remaines according to his *Makers* will.
They neuer dreame of that, and then by this,
I find what *godly*, and what *euill* is:
That knowing both, I may the best ensue,
And as I ought the worser part eschew.
Then I haue learnt to count that drosse but vaine,
For which such *bores* cõsume themselues with paine:
I can endure discontentments, crosses,
Be *louiall* in want, and smile at losses.
Keepe vnder *passions*, stop those insurrections,
Rais'd in my *Microcosmus* by affections.

Be nothing greeued for *aduerſity*,
Nor nere the prouder for *proſperity*.
How to reſpect my friend I partly know,
And in like manner how to vſe my *foe*.
I can ſee others lay their *ſoules* to pawne,
Looke vpon *great men*, and yet ſcorne to fawne.
Am ſtill content, and dare whilſt God giues grace,
E'ne looke my grimmeſt *fortunes* in the face.
I feare mens *cenſures* as the char-coale ſparks,
Or as I doe a toothleſſe *dog* that barks;
Th'one frights children, t'other threats to burne,
But ſparks will die, and brawling curs returne.
Yea I haue learn't that ſtil my care ſhal be,
A *ruſh* for him, that cares a *ſtraw* for me. (ſures?
Now what would men haue more? are theſe no plea-
Or do they not deſerue the name of treaſures?
Sure yes; and he that hath good *learning* ſtore,
Shall finde theſe in't a thouſand more.
O! but our *Chuffs* thinke theſe delights but courſe,
If we compare them to their *Hobby-horſe*:
And they beleiue not any pleaſure can,
Make them ſo merry as *Maid-marrian*.
Nor is the *Lawyer* prouder of his fee.
Then theſe will of a *Cuckoo Lordſhip* bee.
Though their ſweet *Ladies* make them father that,
Some other at their *Whitſon ales* begat;
But he whoſe carriage is of ſo good note,
To be thought worthy of their *Lords fooles coate*.
That's a great credit, for becauſe that he,
Is euer thought the wiſeſt man to be.

But as there's vertue where the *Diuel's* perciseſt,
So ther's much knowledge where a *fool's* the wiſeſt.
But what meane I? let earth content theſe moles,
And their high'ſt pleaſure be their *ſummer-poles*,
About the which I leaue them for to dance,
And much good do't them with their *ignorance*.
So this I hope will ſerue for to declare,
How rude theſe *vulgar* ſort of people are.
But hereupon there's ſome may queſtion make,
VVhether I onely for the *Vulgar* take,
Such men as theſe; To whome I anſwer, no,
For let them hereby vnderſtand and know,
I do not meane theſe meaner ſort alone,
Tradeſmen, or *Labourers*; but euery one,
Be he *Eſquire Knight Baron*, *Earle* or more,
Yet if he haue not learn'd of *Vertues* lore,
But followes *Vulgar* Paſſions; then e'ne he,
Amongſt the *Vulgar* ſhall for one man be. (him,
And the poore Groome, that he thinks ſhould adore
Shall for his *Vertue* be preferd before him.
For though the world doth ſuch men much deſpiſe,
They ſeeme moſt noble in a wiſe-mans eyes.
And not-withſtanding ſome do nobleſt deeme,
Such as are ſprung of great and high eſteeme,
And thoſe to whome the Country doth affoord
The title of a *Marquis* or a *Lord*,
Though t'were atchiued by their fathers merits,
And themſelues men but of dunghill ſpirits.
Cowards or *fooles*; (And ſuch as euer be
Prating or boaſting of their *Pedigree*)

VVhen

When they are nothing but a blot or ſhame,
Vnto the noble houſe from whence they came.
Yet theſe (I ſay) vnleſſe that they haue wit,
To guide the *Common-wealth*, as it is fit
They ſhould; And as their good fore-fathers did,
How ere their faults may ſeeme by Greatneſſe hid,
They ſhall appeare; And the poore *Yeomans* ſonne,
Whoſe propper vertue hath true honour won,
Be plac't aboue him: But *Nobility*
That comes by birth hath moſt antiquity
Some thinke; and tother (if at all
They yeeld as noble) they an vpſtart call,
But I ſay rather no, his *Nobleneſſe*
That's rais'd by *Vertue* hath moſt *worthineſſe*,
And is moſt ancient, for it is the ſame,
By which all Great men firſt obtaind their *Fame*;
So then I hope 'twill not offend the *Court*,
That I count ſome there with the *Vulgar ſort*,
And outſet others; yet ſome thinke me bold,
Becauſe there's few that theſe opinions hold.
But ſhall I care what others thinke or ſay?
There is a path beſides the beaten way;
Yea and a ſafer, for heere's *Chriſts Inſtruction*,
The broadeſt way leads ſooneſt to *Deſtruction*.
And truely no opinions deceiue,
Sooner then thoſe the *Vulgar* ſort receiue.
And therefore he that would indeed be wiſe,
Muſt learne their rude conditions to deſpiſe
And ſhun their preſence; for we haue bin taught,
Diſeaſes in a preſſe are quickly caught.

Now

Now *Satyr* leaue them till another time,
And ſpare to ſcourge the *Vulgar* with thy rime,
If any thinke thou haſt digreſt too long,
They may paſſe ouer this, and do no wrong.
But in my former matter to proceede,
Who, being mans Race is much freed?
From ficklnes, that he is ſure to finde
Himſelfe to morrow, in that very minde
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know
No reaſon wherefore he ſhould not be ſo:
But alſo though he plainly do perceiue
Much cauſe he ſhould not that opinion leaue:
May no man do it? who then iuſtly can
Be forced to rely to truſt in *Man*
Whoſe thoughts are changing, and ſo oft amiſſe,
That by himſelfe, *himſelfe* deceiued is?
Who is ſo ſottiſh as to build Saluation
On ſuch a feeble tottering foundation
As man? who is't that hauing a reſpect,
To his ſoules ſafety, will ſo much neglect
That pretious aſſurance, as to lay
His confidence on that falſe peece of clay,
Which being fickle, merits farre left *truſt*,
Then letters written in the *ſand* or *duſt*?
Do they not ſee thoſe they haue ſoundeſt deem'd,
And for their conſtants *writers* ſtill eſteem'd,
All wauering in aſſertions: yea but looke,
And you ſhall finde in one, and the ſame booke
Such contradiction in *Opinion*,
As ſhewes their thoughts are ſcarce at *Union*.

Where

VVhere finde you him that dares be absolute,
Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?
Ther's none: I by my *owne* experience speake,
I haue a feeling that we men are *weake*,
VVhereon much musing, makes me inly mourne,
And griue at heart, that I a man was borne.
(Yet herevpon I do desire that no man,
VVould gather that I long to be a woman,)
Alasse! how often had I good Intendments (ments?
And with my whole heart vow'd and sworn amend-
Yea purpos'd that, wherein I once thought, neuer
Vnconstancy should let me to perseuer?
And yet for all my purpose and my vow,
I am oft alter'd ere my selfe knowes how.
But therefore since it is not I alone,
Ot any certaine number that is knowne,
To be vn-stable; but e'ne all that be;
Since none (I say) is from this frailty free,
Let *vs* confesse it all, and all implore
Our *nere repenting God, that euer-more*
Remaines the same, we may be (as we ought)
More certaine both in *Word*, and *Deed*, and *Thought*:
That he will keepe vs from *Inconstancy*,
Yea from all damned, lewd *Apostacy*,
But howsoeuer our affections change,
And we in slight opinions hap to range:
Yet pray, his *Truth* in vs be so ingraued,
Continuing to the end, we may be saued.

OF WEAKENESSE.

Satyr. 3.

BVt oh looke here; for I haue ſurely found
The *Maine* chiefe *Root*, the very ſpring and Ground,
Of our *Inconſtancy*. It is not *Chance*
That ſo diſ-ables our perſeuerance:
But a baſe *VVeakneſſe*, which to terme aright,
Is meerely a priuation of that might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which ſhould be in thoſe limbs and minds of our.
We boaſt of ſtrength; but tell me, can our daies
Affoord a *Milo*, or a *Hercules*?
Can all the world, (and that is large enough)
A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* ſhow?
Haue we a Champion ſtrong enough to weild
This Buckler? or Sir *Aiax* ſeauen-fold-Shield?
I thinke we haue not: (but I durſt ſo grant,
There be ſome liuing ſhall with *Aiax* vaunt.)
Nay, now in theſe daies it is doubted much,
Whether that any former age had ſuch
As theſe forenamed; but indeed our faith
Binds vs to credit, that as *Scripture* ſaith
There was a *Samſon*, who could fright whole hoſts,
And rent downe *Azaths* barred gates and poſts,
Whoſe mighty Arms vnarm'd could bring to paſſe,
E'ne with the rotten *iaw bone* of an Aſſe,

A thousands ruine; and yet 'twill be long,
Ere we shall thereby proue that *Man* is strong.
For first, the strength he seem'd to haue, was known,
To be the *Spirit of God*, and not his owne.
And then his proper weakenesse did appeare,
When after his braue act, he had wel-neare,
Beene dead for thirst; whereas if he in spight
Of *Nature*, had beene able by his might,
Out of this little *Stony-rocke* to wring,
To quench his present thirst, some flowing Spring,
As did *a stronger one*: or if his power
Could haue compel'd the melting *clouds* to shower
For present need, such plenteous drops of raine,
He might haue had no cause for to complaine,
Or craue more aid. Sure then we might at length,
Be brought for to beleeue that *Men* had strength;
But ne're till then. Hee's mighty that can make
The *Heauens*, *Earth*, & *Hell* with's breath to shake.
That in his spheare the *suns* swift course can stop,
And *Atlas* with his burthen vnder-prop.
He that with ease his *massy globe* can rowle,
And wrap vp *Heauen* like a parchment scrowle,
He that for no *disease* or *paine* will droop,
Nor vnto any plague *infernall* stoop.
He that can *Meat*, and *Drinke*, and *Sleepe* refraine,
Or hath the power to *dye, and rise againe*,
Hee's *strong indeed*; but he that can but teare,
Or rent in two a *Lyon*, or a *Beare*,
Or do some such like act, and then go lye
Himselfe ore-come by some *infirmity*.

How

How er'e with vaunts he ſeemes his *deeds* to grace,
He is both *miſerable*, *weake*, and *baſe*.
What *Creature* is there borne ſo weake as *Man*,
And ſo vn-able? tell me, he that can.
Or if that they could numberd be by any,
Count his *diſeaſes*, and what hath ſo many?
Or elſe what creature is there, if he be
In *bone* and *fleſh* of the ſame quantity,
So frayle as *Man*? or that can worſe ſuſtaine
Hunger, or *thirſt*, or *cold*, or *heat*, or *paine*?
Sure none; And yet in Hiſtories we finde,
Till *Luxury* had weakned thus mankind,
They were much ſtronger; could indure the *heate*.
Trauell a long time without *Drinke* or *meat*,
And their beſt *dainty* was no coſtlier thing
Then a *wild-root*, or water from the *Spring*.
With which ſmall *commons Nature* was content:
Yea in our *Climat* people naked went;
And yet no queſtion felt as little cold,
As *We*, wrapt vp in halfe a doxen fold;
They had no waſt-coats, night-caps for their heads,
Nor downy pillowes, nor ſoft fether-beds
They *ſcorn'd* as much to haue ſuch things about thē,
As we in this *Age ſcorne* to be without them.
Their heads ſome ſtone bare vp, their brawny ſides,
With eaſe the hardneſſe of the earth abides.
Glutonous fare that ſo the pallat pleaſes,
Ner'e fil'd their bodies full of foule diſeaſes,
Nor any pleaſing liquors with exceſſe,
Made them grow *weake* through *beaſtly drunkennes*.

No

No luſt-prouoking meats made them vnchaſte,
Nor vnto *carnal copulation* haſte.
For I am in the minde they ne're requir'd it,
Till *Nature*, come to her full ſtrength deſir'd it.
And that it is alone which made them be
More ſtout, more ſtrong and brauer men then we.
It was a noble care in them indeed; but how
Are we become ſuch *Dwarfes* and *Pigmies* now?
How are our limbs ſo weake and feeble growne?
I thinke I needs not tell it, 'tis well knowne,
Nice tender breeding, which we well might ſpare,
Much drunkenneſſe and our *luxurious fare*:
Which adds not ſtrength, as ſome do vainely ſay,
But rather takes both ſtrength, and health away.
Yet chiefely this ſame *imbecility*,
Comes by too ſoone and frequent *venery*.
A beardleſſe *Boy* now cannot keepe his bed,
Vnleſſe that he be of his *Night-geere* ſped,
And many *Giglets* I haue married ſeene,
Ere they (forſooth) could reach *eleuenteene*.
Nay 'tis no wonder we are growne ſo weake,
For now the'r matching brats ere they can ſpeake,
And though we yet ſay that the men are ſtronger,
Yet he (I thinke) that liues but ſo much longer.
The reuolution of an age to ſee,
Will ſay that men the weaker veſſels be.
But now our ſtrength of body, which indeed,
Deſerues no more reſpect then doth a reed,
Is not the ſtrength of which I meant to ſpeake,
For we are yet another way too weake.

Our

Our minds haue loſt their magnanimitie,
And are ſo feebled through infirmitie;
That either to be reſolute we care not,
Or elſe becauſe of ſome baſe *feare* we dare not,
Where can we finde almoſt a man ſo hardy,
Who through his weakeneſſe is not ſomtime tardy,
To ſpeake the truth? or to declare his minde?
Though he doe many iuſt occaſions finde.
He'le winke at's friends offence, and paſſe it blindly,
Leaſt (peraduenture) he ſhould tak't vnkindly.
And if it be a great man that offends,
Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,
And i'le admire him; Nay wee'l rather now
Bend our endeuour and our ſtudy how
To *ſooth* and *fawne*; or to their lewdneſſe tell,
That all they doe (be't nere ſo bad) is well.
Their very looks and preſence we ſo feare,
As if that they ſome monſtrous *Cyclops* were,
Which makes them worſe. But howſoe're they truſt
Vnto their *might*, I'le tell them (for I muſt)
Although they threaten, and can ſlanders make
Of iuſt reproofes, my heart ſhall neuer quake
T'informe their *Honors*, thus 'tis cenſur'd by men,
If they be great ones, *Tanto maior crimen*;
One knowes the *Truth*, but dares not to defend it,
Becauſe he heres another diſcommend it.
Yea diuers follow *Vertues* wayes but coldly,
Becauſe they dare not doe a good thing boldly.
And doe we not perceiue that many a man
Fearing for to be teamn'd a *Puritan*,

Simply neglects the meanes of his saluation,
Though it be needfull, and worth commendation?
Some cannot well endure this or that:
Others distempred with I know not what
Shew an exceeding frailty: Few can brooke
With any patience, that men should looke (them,
Into their actions; ; and though they should loue
They rather hate them for't that doe reproue them.
Is there a man so strong, that he forbeares
Choller or *Fury*, when by chance he heares
Himselfe reuil'd, reproched and disgrac'd?
If there be such a one, he shall be plac'd
Amongst the *Worthies*, with the formost three:
For in my iudgement, none more worthy be
To haue renowne for strength, then those that can,
On their rebellious *Passions* play the man.
This *weakenesse* I do also find in men,
They know not their owne happinesse till then
When they haue lost it: And they do esteeme
Men for their *wealth*, and them most blessed deeme
That are most rich; supposing no man more
Accursed or vnhappy, then the poore.
Some basely doe condemne each strange report
To be vntrue, because it doth not sort
With their weake reasons. Some againe will be,
Astonished at euery nouelty.
But too much wondring doth discouer plaine
Where ignorance and frailty both remaine.
Is it not weakenes when some petty losses,
Some hindrance in preferment, or such crosses

Shal

Shall make men greeue? is it no weakeneſſe when,
Aduerſitie ſhall ſo diſquiet men
That they ſhould not with patience ſuſtaine,
Or vndergoe a little croſſe and paine?
Yes queſtionles it is; or were they ſtrong, (wrong
They would ſo arme themſelues gainſt greeſe and
That no diſaſtrous, or il hap ſhold fright them (them.
Though *Fortune* did the worſt ſhe can to ſpight
Nor would they thoſe, as the vnworthieſt deeme,
To whom dame *Fortune* doth moſt froward ſeeme;
But rather ſuch as all their life time be,
In quiet ſtate and from diſturbance free.
For ſhe oft giues what their baſe longing craues,
Becauſe ſhe ſcornes to vexe deiected ſlaues,
I haue knowne *braue men*, braue at leaſt in ſhew,
(And in this age now that is braue know)
That in appearance for bold champions paſt
And yet haue baſely yeelded at the laſt.
Beſides theres many who thought ſcorne to droope,
By *Fortunes* power haue beene made to ſtoope,
And with diſcredit ſhamefully left vndone,
What they with honor at the firſt begun;
And their *weake hearts* (which frailty I much hate)
Deiected, haue growne baſe with their eſtate.
Whereas (me thinkes) the mind ſhould neuer be,
Subiect to fortunes frownes nor tyrany.
But heere through weakenes ſome offence may take
That I of fortune ſhould recitall make:
For they by fortune ſay there's nothing done,
But all things are both ended and begunne,

By Gods appointment. I confesse indeed,
That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed:
In the respect of whom I cannot say,
Ought comes by chance; respecting vs I may.
So they are answer'd; But how can men be,
So ouerborne with this infirmitie?
As those who are in euery matter led,
By *Parasites* and *Apes*? *where is their* head?
I meane their will their reason and their sence,
What is become of their intelligence?
How ist that they haue such a partiall care,
They can iudge nothing true, but what they heare
Come from the tongue of some sly sycophant.
But for because they strength of iudgement want,
Those that themselues to flatterers inure,
I haue perceiued basely to endure
For to be plainely soothed, mock't and flouted,
Made coxcombs to their faces, yet not doubted
That they were highly reuerenc't, respected,
And by those faunihg *Parasites affected*:
And why forsooth they often heare them prate,
In commendations of their happy state;
Yes and they tell them that they vertuous be,
Wise, Courteous, strong, and beautifull to see,
When if the eye of reason were not lockt
They plainely might perceiue that they were mockt.
For what ist else, when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions, that had neuer any?
This frailty also merits to be blam'd
When fearefull of reproach we are asham'd,

Our

Our *ignorance* in thoſe things to explaine,
Wherin, twere fit more knowledge to attain
Tis weaknes alſo when a *bargaines* bought,
For to diſpraiſe the penniworth as nought,
And tell what might haue beene, or fondly prate
Of Counſel, when he ſees it is too late,
Nor is it any leſſe to ſeeke to ſtay,
Him that we know doth haſten on his way,
Or be importunate, for that which will,
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill:
Alſo, to be affraid for to gainesay,
What men doe know vntrue, or to delay
The right of any matter to declare,
Becauſe they feare they vnbeleeued are:
For notwithſtanding Truth doth oft bring blame,
It may be freely ſpoken without *ſhame*
Diuers more waies of which I needs muſt ſpeake,
Theres many men doe ſhew themſelues but *weake*:
In ſome but lately I obſerued this,
And muſt needs ſay their nature euill is;
If friends to them haue any kindnes ſhowne,
Or *entertainments* willingly beſtowne,
That they confeſſe they are indebted for it,
Yet ſuch is their condition (I abhor it)
If that thoſe freinds do hap to take the paine,
To come ſomtime and viſit them againe,
In meere good will, becauſe theſe weake ones ſee
They cannot then ſo well prouided be
To bid them welcome as their loues require,
(Though more then loue their loues did ne're deſire)

A fooliſh *Shame* ſo blinds them that they ſhall
(For giuing them to much) haue naught at all;
Yea for becauſe they want exceſsiue fare, (care,
Or ſome ſuch things for which their friends nere
Through their good will it otherwiſe had beene,
They neither will be knowne at home nor ſeene.
Which doth not onely ſhew impietie,
But hindereth loue, and barres ſocietie.
Yet now the greateſt weakneſſe that I finde,
To be in man, is ignorance of minde,
It makes a poore man hee's ſcarſe good for ought,
If rich men haue it, they are worſe then nought.
For hauing riches ſtore, and wanting might,
Or ſtrength of minde to vſe the ſame aright,
Tis arrogancies and ambitions fuell,
It makes them Couetous, Inconſtant, Cruell;
Intemperate, Vniuſt, and wondrous heady,
Yea in their actions rude, and ſo vnſteddy
They cannot follow any ſound direction,
But are ſtill carried with a wild affection;
This is their nature: (it is quickly noted)
If they to honour be by hap promoted
Then they grow inſolent, beyond all reaſon,
Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treaſon;
Or any villany, that followes thoſe,
Who doe the ſumme of happineſſe repoſe
In worldly glory: But if *Fortune* frowne,
And from her fickle wheele once caſt them downe,
Then their deiected hearts againe grow baſe,
They are impatient of their preſent caſe;

Raue

Raue or run mad, and can doe nought poore elues,
Vnleſſe it be goe hang or drowne themſelues.
Moreouer the ſame weaknes that proceeds,
From ignorance, this miſchiefe alſo breeds;
It makes men well conceited of their will,
Which they will follow be it nere ſo ill.
And they thinke all things needs muſt fall out bad,
Wherein their wiſe aduiſe may not be had.
But heere's the hell: to them all Counſell's vaine,
Cauſe they all others wiſedome doe diſdaine,
And wholly on their owne deuiſes reſt,
As men perſwaded that their owne are beſt:
But as all ſuch are weake, e'ne ſo I ſay
Is euery one that raſhly doth repay
Vengeance in anger; Or that's malecontent
Oft; or oft mooued and impatient:
Or thoſe that iudge of Counſels by th'euent,
Or that perſwade themſelues, if their intent
Be good and honeſt, that it doth not skill
If that the matter of it ſelfe be ill;
Which were it true then *Dauid* might complaine,
That *Vzzah* for his good intent was ſlaine.
Others againe thinke Superſtitious Rites,
To be the ſeruice in which God delights.
But ſince I'me forſt my mind of them to ſpeake,
I muſt needs ſay their iudgements are but weake:
The like I muſt of them who diſeſteeme
All forraine cuſtomes, and doe onely deeme
Their owne, praiſe worthy; As alſo ſuch as do
Thinke thoſe things beſt they cannot reach vnto;

Yet in the vulgar this weake humor's bred,
They'l ſooner be with idle cuſtomes led,
Or fond opinions ſuch as they haue ſtore,
Then learne of reaſon or of vertues lore,
We think that we are ſtrong, but what alas!
Is there that our great might can bring to paſſe,
Since though we thereto bend e'ne all our will,
We neither can be *good* not wholly ill.
God giues vs needfull bleſſings for to vſe them,
Which wanting power to do we oft abuſe them,
Some hold them wiſe and vertuous that profeſſe,
A *heremitall* ſolitarineſs:
But it proceeds from *imbecillity*,
And for becauſe through *Non-ability*,
Thoſe thinges they cannot well indure todoe,
Which they indeed ſhould be inurd vnto:
Beſides, *they* wrong their *Country*, and their *friends*.
For *man*(ſaith *Tullyes*,)borne to other ends
Then for to pleaſe himſelfe; a part to haue,
The *common-weale* doth look, and parents craue
A part; ſo doth his *friend*; then deales he well
That cloſely mewd vp in a careleſſe *cell*
Keepes all himſelfe; and for a little eaſe,
Can in his *Conſcience* find to rob all theſe?
I ſay hees weake, and ſo againe I muſt,
But add withall, hee's ſlothfull and vniuſt:
Then as hee's vaine that precious time doth ſpend,
In fond and idle pleaſure to no end:
So are thoſe *weake*, that with contempt diſdaine
All *pleaſure* and *delights* on earth as vaine;

And

And though they would be *zealous* thoughts, & wiſe
I ſhall but count them fooliſhly preciſe;
For *Man* hath cares; and pleaſures mixt with-all
Are *needfull*; yea both *iuſt* and *naturall*.
We are no *Angels* that our recreation,
Should conſiſt only in meer *Contemplation*:
But we haue bodies to, of whoſe due pleaſure,
The *ſoules* muſt find ſometimes to be at leaſure
For to participate; but in this kind,
Though ſome find fault, we are not much behind
Then tis through humane weaknes, when that we
Of a good-turne will ſoone forgetfull be,
And readier to reuenge a ſmall offence,
Then for that good to make a recompence.
And ſo 'tis alſo when that we eſchew,
Or ſhunne them vnto whom from vs is due
Both loue and mony; this becauſe their owne
Th'other cauſe friendſhip at our need was ſhowne:
But 'tis well ſeen there 's many ſo abhor,
To be in preſence with their *Creditor*,
That (thankleſs elues) though he be ſtill their friend,
They rather would deſire to ſee his end:
Hee's weake to that's not able to withſtand,
Any vnlawfull or vniuſt demand,
As well as he that knowes not to deny,
Serving-mens kindneſs, or *pot-curteſie*.
Some ſimple fellowes, cauſe that *ſilken-fooles*,
(That had their bringing-vp in *Bacchus ſchoolet*.)
In ſhow of loue, but daine to drink vnto them,
Think preſently they ſuch a fauour do them,

That

That though they feele their ſtomack well nigh ſick
Yet if to pledge theſe kind ones they ſhould ſticke:
Or for a draught or two, or three refuſe them, (them:
They thinke in conſcience they ſhould much abuſe
Nay there be ſome, and wiſemen you would thinke
That are not able to refuſe their drinke, (beſure
Thorough this their weakeneſſe; though that they
'Tis more then their weake ſtomacks can indure,
And why? oh 'tis the health of ſome great *Peere*
His *Maſters*, or his *Friend* he counteth deare,
What then; if that the party vertuous be,
He'le not eſteeme of ſuch a foolery;
If not, who er't be, this is my mind ſtill,
A ſtraw for's loue, his friendſhip, or good will.
Some muſe to ſee thoſe that haue knowledge gaind,
And to *Degrees* of *Art* in *Schooles* attaind,
Should haue opinion ſtuft with hereſie,
And in their action ſuch *Simpilcitie*
As many haue. At firſt, without a pauſe,
As meere a Boy as I may tell the cauſe:
Iſt not, the reaſon their acquired parts,
And knowledge they haue reacht vnto by *Arts*
Is growne a *Match* to great, and farre vnfit,
For to be ioyned with their *Naturall wit*?
'Tis ſo; and they inſteed of rightfull vſing
Draw from their learning errors, by abuſing.
Plaine Reaſon ſhould, and euery man that's wiſe
Knowes though that *Learning* be a dainty prize,
Yet if that *Fate* with ſuch a weakling place it,
Who hath no helpes of *Nature* for to grace it;

Or

Or one, whoſe proper *Knowledge*, is ſo ſmall,
He is beholding to his *Booke* for all;
It onely breeds, (vnleſſe it be ſome *Treaſons*)
Cripled *Opinions*, and prodigious *Reaſons*.
Which being fauour'd brings in the *Concluſion*,
Publike *Diſſentions*, or their owne *Confuſion*.
For I may liken Learning to a *Skield*,
With a ſtrong *Armor*, *Lying* in a field:
Ready for any man that hath the Wit
To take it vp and arme himſelfe with it.
Now if he be a man of ſtrength and might,
That happens on that furniture to light
He may doe wonders; As offend his foe,
And keep himſelfe and his, from ouerthrow.
But if a weake and feeble man ſhould take
Theſe inſtruments of *Mars*; what would they make,
For his aduantage? Surely I ſhould gather
They would goe neere to ouerthrow him rather:
For they would loade him ſo, a man more ſtrong
Although he be vnarm'd, may doe him wrong.
So he, that is depriu'd of *Natures* guifts,
With all his *Learning*, maketh harder ſhifts,
Through his owne *weakneſſe*, & incurs more ſhames
Then many that want *Art* to write their *Names*.
We haue ſome Fellowes that would ſcorne to be
Term'd Weake Iknow, eſpecially by *Me*,
Becauſe they ſee that my vngentle *Fate*,
Allow'd me not to be a *Graduate*.
Yet whatſoeuer they will ſay vnto it,
For all their ſcorning I am like to doe it.

And

And to be breefe they are no *ſimple fooles*,
But ſuch as haue yauld *Ergo* in the *ſchooles*,
Who being by ſome men of *worſhip* thought,
Fit men by whom their children may be taught,
And learnd enough for that they are allowd,
The name of Teachers, whereof growing proud,
Becauſe perhaps they heere that now and then,
They are admired at by the *ſeruing-men*;
Or elſe by reaſon ſomthing they haue ſaid,
Hath beene applauded by the *Chamber-maid*;
They therevppon ſuppoſe that no man may,
Hold any thing for truth but what they ſay:
And in diſcourſe their tongues ſo much wil walke,
You may not heere a man of reaſon talke;
They are halfe *Preachers* if your queſtion be,
Of matters that concerne *diuinity*,
If it be law; I'le warrant they'l out-face,
A dozen *Ploydens* to maintaine their caſe
But if it be of *Phyſick* you contend,
Old *Galen* and *Hypocrates* may ſend
For their opinion; nay, they dare profeſſe, (leſs:
Knowledge in al things, though theres none know
Now I ſhould wonder they preuaild ſomuch,
Did not the *Common-people* fauour ſuch,
But they are knowne although their verdit paſſes,
Proud *Dogmatiſts*, and ſelf-conceited *Aſſes*; (them)
Whom I may tearme (though I cannot out-ſcold
Weake ſimple fooles, and thoſe that doe vphold them:
Moreouer ſome, but fooliſhly preciſe,
And in my iudgement, far more weake then wiſe,

Miſiudge

Misindge of *Poetry*, as if the same,
Did worthily deserue reproach and blame;
If any booke in *verse* they hap to spy,
Oh out vpon't, away, profane they cr.e,
Burn't, read it not, for sure it doth containe
Nothing but fables of a lying braine;
Al-as take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
The outside of thy false-vaine glorious *sutes*:
And to the blinded *people* makes it plaine,
The *Color*, thou so *counterfeit'st*, will staine.
Because we see that men are drunke with *wine*,
Shall we contemne the liquor of the *Vine*?
And since there's some that doe this *Art* misuse,
Wilt therefore thou the *Art* it selfe abuse?
Twere meere iniustice: For *Diuinitie*
Hath with no Science more affinitie
Then this; and howsoe're this scruple rose,
Rime hath expresst as sacred things as prose,
When both in this age and in former time,
Prose hath been ten-times more profane, then *rime*;
But they say still that *Poetry* is lies,
And fables, such as idle heads deuise,
Made to please fooles, but now we may by this
Perceiue their *weaknes* plainely what it is:
Yea, this both *weak* and *ignorant* doth proue them,
In that they'l censure things that are aboue them:
For, if that worthy *Poets* did not teach,
A way beyond their dull conceited reach,
I thinke their shallow wisedomes would espy,
A *Parable* did differ from a *lie*.

Yea,

Yea, if their iudgement be not quite bereft;
Or if that they had any reason left,
The precious Truths within their fables wrapt,
Had not vpon so rude a Censure hapt;
But though that kind of teaching some disprtise,
As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:
Yet I dare say, because the *scriptures* show it,
The best e're taught on earth, taught like a *Poet*;
And whereas *Poets* now are counted baste,
And in this worth-lesse *age* in much disgrace;
I of the cause cannot refraine to speake,
And this it is; mens Iudgements are growne weake,
They know not true desert; for if they did
Their well deseruings could not so be hid,
And sure if there be any doth despise
Such as they are, it is cause he enuies
Their worthines; and is a secret foe
To euery one that truely learnes to *know*:
For, of all sorts of men here's my beliefe,
The Poet is most worthy and the chiefe:
His *Science* is the absolut'st and best,
And deserues *honor* aboue all the rest;
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by *art*,
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the heart
By *diuine* meanes; and I do muse men dare,
Twixt it and their professions make compare.
For why should he that's but *Philosopher*?
Geometrician, or *Astrologer*?
Physician, *Lawyer*, *Rhetorician*,
Historian Arithmetician,

Or

Or ſome ſuch like, why ſhould he hauing found
The meanes but by one *Art* to be renown'd,
Compare with him that claimes to haue a part
And intereſt almoſt in euery *Art*?
And if that men may adde vnto their name,
By one of theſe an euerlaſting fame,
How much more ſhould it vnto them befall,
That haue not onely one of theſe, but all?
As Poets haue; for doe but ſearch their works
And you ſhall find within their writing lurks
All *knowledge*; if they vndertake
Of *diuine* matters any ſpeech to make,
You'l thinke them *Doctors*; if they need to tell
The courſe of *ſtarres*, they ſeeme for to excell
Great *Ptolomey*; entend they to perſwade,
You'l thinke that they were *Retoricians* made:
What *Law*? what *Phiſick*? or what *Hiſtorie*
Can theſe not treat of? Nay, what *miſterie*
Are they not learn'd in? If of *Trades* they write,
Haue they not all their tearms and words as right
As if they had ſeru'd an *Apprentiſhip*?
Can they not name all *tooles* for workmanſhip?
We ſee tis true; If one entreat of *wars*?
Of cruell bloudy fraies? of wounds? of ſcars?
Why then he ſpeaks ſo like a *ſouldier* there,
That he hath beene begot in armes thou'lt ſweare:
Againe, he writes ſo like a *Nauigator*,
As if they had ſeru'd *Neptune* in the water,
And thou wouldſt thinke he might of trauaile make
As great a Volume, as our famous *Drake*;

Old

Old *Protens*, and *Vertumnus* are but *Apes*,
Compar'd to theſe for ſhifting of their ſhapes;
There is no humorous *Paſſion* ſo ſtrange,
To which they cannot in a moment change:
Note but their *Drammaticks* and you ſhal ſee
They'l ſpeake for euery *ſex*, for each degree,
And in all cauſes as if they had beene,
In euery thing, or at leaſt all thinges ſeen.
If need be they can like a *Lawyer* prate,
Or talke more grauely like a man of *State*, (ware,
They'l haue a *Tradeſmans* tongue to praiſe their
And counterfeit him right (but theyle not ſweare)
The curiouſt Phiſicians (if they pleaſe)
Shall not quoine wordes to giue their patients eaſe
So wel as they; And if occaſion vrge.
Theyl *Choller*, yea and *Melancholly* purge
Onely with charmes and words, and yet it ſhall
Be honneſt meanes and meerely naturall,
Are they diſpoſ'd to goſſip't like a woman, (man,
They'l ſhew their tricks ſo right, that almoſt no-
But would ſo thinke them: *Virgins* that are pureſt,
And *Matrons* that make ſhew to be demureſt,
Speake not ſo like chaſt *Cynthia*, as they can,
Nor *Newbery* ſo like a *Curtezan*,
They'l giue words either fitting for a *Clowne*,
Or ſuch as ſhall not vnbeſeeme a *Crowne*,
In ſhow they will be *chollerick*, *Ambitious*,
Deſperate, *Iealous*, *Mad*, or *Ennious*,
In *ſorrow*, or in any *Paſſion* be;
But yet remaine ſtill, from all paſsions free.

For: they haue onely to this end expreſt them,
That men may ſee them plainer, and deteſt them.
But ſome will ſay that theſe haue on the *ſtage*,
So painted out the *vices* of this age,
That it not onely tels that they haue bin,
Experienc't in euery kind of *ſinne*:
But that it alſo doth corrupt and ſhow,
How men ſhould act thoſe *ſins* they did not know.
Oh hatefull ſaying, not pronounc't by *chance*,
But ſpewd out of malitious *Ignorance*,
Weigh it, and you will either thinke theſe weak,
Or ſay that they doe out of enuy ſpeake:
Can none declare th'effect of *Drunkennes*,
Vnleſſe they vſed ſuch-like beaſtlineſſe?
Are all men ignorant what comes by *luſt*,
Excepting thoſe that were themſelues vniuſt?
Or thinke they no man can deſcribe a *ſin*
But that which *he himſelfe* hath wallowed in?
If they ſuppoſe ſo I no cauſe can tell:
But they may alſo boldly ſay as well
They are *apprentices* to euery trade,
Of which they find they haue deſcriptions made:
Or for becauſe they ſee them write thoſe things,
That do belong to rule beſt, ſay th'are *Kings*:
As though that *ſacred Poeſie* inſpir'd,
No other *knowledge* then might be acquir'd
By the dull outward *ſence*; yes this is Shee
That ſhowes vs not alone all things that be,
But by her power laies before our view,
Such wondrous things as *Nature* neuer knew:

Aud then whereas they say that men are worse,
By reading what these write, 'tis their owne curse
For is the *flower* faulty cause we see,
The loathsome *spider* and the painefull Bee,
Make diuers vse on't? No, it is the same
Vnto the spider, though she cannot frame,
Like swectnes as the Bee thence; But indeed
I must confesse that this bad age doth breed
Too many that without respect presume,
This worthy title on them to assume,
And vndeseru'd; Base fellowes whom meere time
Hath made sufficient to bring forth a *Rime*,
A *Curtaine* ligge, a libell, or a ballet,
For Fidlers or some rogues with staffe and wallet
To sing at doores; men onely wise enough,
Out of some rotten old worme-eaten stuffe,
To patch vp a bald witlesse *Comedy*,
And trim it heere and there with *Ribaldry*
Learnd at a baudy house. I say theres such:
And they can neuer be disgrac't too much;
For though the name of *Poet* such abuses,
Yet they are enemies to all the *Muses*,
And dare not sort with them for feare they will
Tumble them headlong downe *Pernassus* hill:
Why then should their vsurping of it wrong
That *Title* which doth not to them belong?
And wherefore should the shame of this lewd crew,
Betide them, vnto whom true *Honors* due?
It shall not; for how e're they vse the name,
Their workes will shew how they do merit fame;

And though it be disgrac't through ignorance,
The *Generous* will *Poesie* aduance,
As the most Antique *Science* that is found,
And that which hath beene the first root, & ground
Of eu'ry Art; yea that which onely brings
Content; and hath beene the delight of *kings*;
Great IAMES our King both loues and liues a Poet,
His bookes now extant, doe directly show it,
And That shall adde vnto his worthy name,
A better glory, and a greater fame
Then *Brittaines Monarchy*; for few but he,
I thinke will both a *King* and Poet be;
And for the last although some fooles debase it,
I'me in the mind that *Angels* do embrace it:
And though *God* giue't heere, but in part to some,
All shall hau't perfect in the *World to come*.
This in defence of *Poesie* to say,
I am compel'd, because that at this day
Weakenesse and *Ignorance*, hath *wrong'd* it sore:
But what neede any man therein speake more,
Then *Diuine Sidney* hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd e're I begun)
I haue oft sighed, and bewail'd my *Fate*,
That brought me foorth so many yeeres too late
To view that *worthy*: And now, thinke not you
Oh *Daniel*, *Draiton*, *Ionson*, *Chapman*, how
I long to see you with your fellow *Peeres*,
Diuine *Silnester*, glory of these yeeres.
I hitherto haue onely heard your fames
And know you yet but by your workes and names.

The little time, I on the earth haue ſpent,
Would not allow me any more content:
I long to know you better that's the truth,
I am in hope you'l not diſdaine my *Youth.*
For know you *Muſes Darlings*, Ile not craue,
A fellowſhip amongſt you for to haue:
Oh no; for though my euer willing heart,
Hath vow'd to loue and praiſe *You* and your Art;
And though that I your ſtile doe now aſſume,
I doe not, nor I will not ſo preſume;
I claime not that too worthy name of *Poet*:
It is not yet deſeru'd by me, I know it.
Grant me I may but on your *Muſes* tend,
And be enrold their *Seruant*, or their *Friend*,
And if deſert hereafter worthy make me,
Then for a *Fellow* (if it pleaſe you) take me.
But yet I muſt not heere giue off to ſpeake,
Or tell men wherein I haue found them weake,
And chiefly thoſe that cannot brooke to heare,
Mention of *Death* but with much griefe and *Feare.*
For many are not able for to take,
That thought into them, but their *ſoules* will quake;
Poore feeble ſpirits, would you nere away,
But dwell for euer in a peece of Clay?
What find you heere wherein you doe delight,
Or what's to ſeeing yet that's worth the ſight?
What? doth the heauens thy endeauors bleſſe?
And wouldſt thou therefore liue for to poſſeſſe
The Ioy thou haſt? ſeek't not; perhaps to morrow,
Thoult wiſh to haue di'd to day, to ſcape the ſorrow,

Thou

Thou then ſhall ſee, for ſhame take ſtronger *Hearts*,
And adde more courage to your betteer *Parts*;
For *Death's* not to be fear'd, ſince tis a *Friend*,
That of your *ſorrowes* makes a gentle end.
But here a qualitie I call to minde,
That I amongſt the *Common-people* finde,
This 'tis, a weake one to; when they perceiue
A friend neare death, and ready for to leaue
This wretched life; And if they heare him ſay
Some parting words, as if he might not ſtay,
Nay ſay not ſo (theſe comforters reply)
Take heart your time's not come, ye ſhall not dye;
What man, and grace of God you ſhalbe ſtronger;
And liue no doubt yet, many a faire day longer.
Thinke not on Death; with many ſuch like words,
Such as their vnderſtanding beſt affoords:
But where is now become this peoples wit?
What doth their knowledges eſteeme more fit
Then death to thinke on chiefly when men be
About to put off their *Mortalitie*?
Me thinkes they rather ſhould perſwade them then,
Feareleſſe to be reſolu'd, to die like Men.
For want of ſuch a reſolution ſtings
At point of *death*; and dreadfull horror brings,
Ee'ne to the *ſoule*; cauſe wanting preparation,
She lies deſpairing of her owne *ſaluation*;
Yea and moreouer this full well know I,
He that's at any time afraide to *die*,
Is in weake caſe, and whatſo'ere he ſaith,
Hath but a wauering and a feeble Faith.

But what need I goe farther to relate,
The frailtie I haue ſeene in *Mans* eſtate?
Since this I haue already ſaid makes cleere,
That of all *Creatures*, God hath placed here,
(Prouided we reſpect them in their kind)
We cannot any more vnable finde;
For of our ſelues we haue not powre to ſpeake
No nor to frame a thought, we are ſo *weake*.
Againſt our bodies eu'ry thing preuailes,
And oft our knowledge and our iudgement failes.
Yea if that one mans ſtrength were now no leſſe,
Then all men doe in generall poſſeſſe.
Or if he had attaind to ten-times more
Then all *Gods* creatures ioyn'd in one before;
Yet would his power be eauen then ſo ſmall,
When he ſtands ſureſt; he's but ſure to fall;
'Tis onely weakeneſſe that doth make vs droupe,
And vnto *Croſſes* and diſeaſes ſtoupe:
That makes vs *Vaine*, *Inconſtant*, and *Unſure*,
Vnable any good things to endure:
It brings vs to the ſeruile baſe ſubiection,
Of all looſe *Paſſion*, and vntam'd affection:
It leads vs and compels vs oft to ſtray
Both beſide *Truth*, and out of *Reaſons* way.
And laſtly we, and that becauſe of this,
Either doe *Nothing*; or doe all amiſſe.
Which being ſo, we may with *Dauid* then,
Confeſſe that we are rather *Wormes* then men.

Of

OF PRESVMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

SOft heedleſſe *Muſe*; thou no aduiſement tak'ſt,
Waſt not of *Men* that laſt of all thou ſpak'ſt?
It was: and of the *weakeneſſe* too of men,
Come then with ſhame now, and denie't agen:
Recant: for ſo the matter thou didſt handle.
Thou mai'ſt be curſt for't with *Bell, Booke* & *Candle*:
Is mankinde weake? who then can by their powers,
Into the Aire hurle Palaces and Towers?
And with one blaſt, e'ne in a moment make,
Whole *Kingdomes* and braue *Monarchies* to ſhake.
Or what are they that dare for to aſpire,
Into *Gods* ſeat; and if it might be, higher?
That forgiue *Sinnes* as faſt as men can doe them,
And make *Iehouah* be beholding to them?
I've heard of ſuch; what are they? would I wiſt,
They can make *Saints* they ſay of whom they liſt:
And being made aboue the *Starrs* cã ſeat them(them.
Yea with their owne hands make their Gods & eate
Ha? Are they men, How dareſt thou then to ſpeake,
Such *Blaſphemy* to ſay *mankinde* is weake?
I tell thee this *Muſe*, either *Man* is ſtrong
And through thy babling thou haſt done him (wrong.
Or elſe beyond his limits he doth erre,
And for *preſumption* puts downe *Lucifer*:

Ist so? Nay then I prethee *Muse* goe on,
And let vs heare of his *presumption*.
For I doe know cause I haue heard him vaunt,
That he's a *Creature*, *proud* and *Arrogant*.
And it may be he is not of such might
As he makes show for; but vsurps some's right:
There't goe's indeed, for though he be so base
So weake, and in such miserable case,
That I want words of a sufficient worth,
To paint his most abhorred vilenesse forth:
Yet such is also his detested Pride,
That I suppose the *Deuill* is beside
By euery man that shall affirme or say
He is more proud; for doe but marke I pray:
This *Creature man*; did *Natures* powerfull King,
God, that of nothing framed eu'ry thing,
Mould out of *Clay*; a peece which he had rent,
E'ne from the *Earth* the basest Element:
And whereas he might haue beene made a *Thrall*,
Yea and the very *Vnderling* of all;
That *God* with title of *Chiefe Ruler* grac't him,
And as a *Steward* ouer all things plac't him.
Gaue him a pleasant *garden* for to till,
And *Leaue* to eate of eu'ry tree at will.
Onely of one indeed he did deny him,
And peraduenture of that *one*, to try him,
But see his insolence; though *God* did threat
Death if he eate, and though that God was great,
And so exceeding *Iust* that he well knew,
Al that he threatned doubtles would ensue:

Though

Thogh God were ſtrõg,& could,had mã bin prouder
(Pore clay-bred *worm*)haue ſtampt him into pouder:
Yet notwithſtanding all this ſame did he,
Preſume to taſt of that forbidden tree.
A raſh beginning,but he ſped ſo ill,
D'yee thinke he held on this preſumption ſtill?
To heare he had left that offence 'twere newes,
But *Cain* and *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh* and the Iewes,
Shew'd it continued; and grew much more,
Rather then leſſer, then it was before;
Caine in his murther and his proud reply;
Nimrod in that he dar'd to build ſo high;
Pharaoh by boldly tempting God to ſhew,
His ſundry plagues to Egypts ouerthrow;
And many wayes the laſt; but what need I,
Recite examples of Antiquitie?
Or for to taxe old ages for that crime,
Since there was nere a more preſumptuous time
Then this that's now; what dare not men to doe,
If they haue any liſt or minde thereto?
Their fellow creatures they doe much contemne,
Vaunting that all things were ordain'd for them;
Yea both the gladſome dayes and quiet nights,
Sun, Moone, & Heauen with thoſe glorious lights,
Which ſo beſpangle that faire azure rooſe,
They thinke were onely made for their behooſe:
When as alas their poore and weake command
Cannot extend ſo farre for to withſtand
The leaſt ſtarres force, and them and their eſtate,
Sunne, Moone, and ſtarres too, do predominate.

Before

Before our fall indeed we did excell,
All other creatures that on earth did dwell,
But now I thinke the very worſt that be,
Haue iuſt aſmuch to boaſt vpon as we.
Our ſoule's defil'd; And therefore if in ſence,
We place our worth and cheefe preheminence,
Tis knowne that there be diuers Creatures then
Will haue the vpper hand; for they paſſe men;
And though we ſtill preſume vpon 't, tis vaine,
To challenge our old Soueraignty againe;
For when that we from our obedience fell
All things againſt vs alſo did rebell,
Lyons and Beares, and Tigers ſought our blood
The barren earth deny'd to yeeld vs food:
The clouds raignd plagues, and yet dare we goe on,
VVe find ſuch pleaſure in preſumption.
But for becauſe there's ſome do ſcarcely know,
How we doe in that fault offend; Ile ſhew.
Firſt when that they new worſhippings inuent,
And cannot hold themſelues ſo well content
With that which God doth in his word ordaine,
As with inuentions of their owne weake braine,
It ſeemes they think their fancies to fulfill,
Would pleaſe him better then to haue his will.
Next I doe reckon them that ouer-bold,
Gods ſacred Legend haue at will contrould,
And maugre his grand curſe ſome places chang'd,
Added to ſome, and ſome againe eſtrang'd;
Then thoſe great maſters I preſumptuous deeme,
That of their knowledge doe ſo well eſteeme,

They

They will force others, as the Papiſts doe
For to alow of their opinions toe,
Yea though it be a meere imagination,
That neither hath good ground nor iuſt foundation.
Some will be prying though they are forbidden,
Into thoſe ſecrets, God ment ſhould be hidden.
So doe ſome ſtudents in Aſtrologie,
Though they can make a faire Apologie,
And ſo doe thoſe that very vainely try,
To finde our fortunes by their Palmiſtry;
Theſe doe preſume, but much more ſuch as ſay,
At this or that time, comes the iudgement day.
Or ſuch as aske, or dare for to relate,
VVhat God was doing ere he did create
Heauen and Earth; or where he did abide,
How and by whom, he then was glorifide.
But thoſe that into ſuch deep ſecrets wind,
A ſlender profit in their labours find;
For to make knowne how highly they offend,
A deſperate madnes is ofttimes their end.
Yet ſuch their nature is, theile not beware,
But to be prying further ſtill they dare,
For ſure that longing can no way be ſtaid,
VVhich well the Poet ſeemd to know, who ſaid
Man, what he is forbidden ſtill deſires,
And what he is deniде off, moſt requires.
Rather then many will a man gaineſay, (may
They dare make bold with God, they thinke they
Becauſe it ſeemes they deeme it not ſo ſtrong,
Or ſo well able to reuenge a wrong.

Some

Some ſuch great power to themſelues aſſume,
And on their owne ſtrength doe ſo much preſume,
They ſeldome doe for *Gods* aſsiſtance craue,
As if it were a needleſſe thing to haue;
Which is the cauſe that often the concluſion (ſion;
Proues their owne ſhame, their hindrance & confu-
In praying, men preſume, (vnleſſe they be,
With eu'ry one in loue and charitie:)
Or if in their Petitions, they deſire
Such things as are vnlawfull to require;
Death's their reward, we know, that breake the lawe
But neither that, nor yet damnations awe
Keeps vs from ſinne; a thouſand *God-heads* more,
Then *one* we make, and dare for to adore
Our owne hand-works; the Sabboth we diſdaine,
And dreadleſſe take the name of God in vaine:
If but by his *Lords* hand an *Iriſh* ſwere,
To violate that oath he ſtands in feare;
Leaſt him of both his lands and goods he ſpoile,
For making him the inſtrument of guile:
And yet dare we (poore wormes) before his face,
(Reſpecting whom, the greateſt Lords are baſe)
Both ſweare, & forſweare; vſing that great Name,
At pleaſure, without any feare of blame:
Why ſhould not we as well ſuppoſe that he,
Who in our hearts would haue ſo fraud no be,
Will miſerable, poore, and naked leaue vs,
Yea, of thoſe Bleſſings and Eſtates bereaue vs,
We now hold of him, If we thus contemne,
And ſtill abuſe his ſacred name and him?

But

But men ſecure in wickednes perſiſt
As if they could pleaſe *God* with what they liſt;
If they can, *Lord haue mercy on them* ſay,
And mumble ſome few prayers once a day,
There needs no more; nay, ſurely there be ſuch
That thinke it is enough: if not too-much:
But what's their reaſon? God made all the man,
Why ſhould he haue but part allow'd him than?
He in their ſeruice nothing doth delight,
Vnleſſe it be with all their ſtrength and might,
With their whole heart, & ſoule, and that way toe,
As he appoints them in his word to doe:
Some men there are who hope by honeſtie,
By their *Almes-deeds*, and works of *charitie*,
To win Gods fauour, and for to obtaine
Saluation by it; but their hope's in vaine:
Alſo, there's others cauſe they haue the faith,
For to beleeue 'tis true the Scripture ſaith,
Since they haue knowledge in *Religion*,
And make thereof a ſtrict profeſsion:
Or doe obſerue the outward worſhip duly,
Do think that therin they haue pleas'd God truely.
Now theſe are iuſt as far as th'other wide,
Or they Gods worſhip doe by halfes diuide,
And for his due which is e'ne all the heart,
Do dare preſume to offer him a part;
But th'one muſt know he will not pleaſed be,
With a religion that wants honeſtie:
And th'other that as little good will doe,
His honeſt ſhow without Religion toe;

If this be ſo, (as ſo it is indeed)
How then will thoſe preſumptuous fellowes ſpeed?
Who thinke (forſooth) becauſe that once a yeare,
They can affoord the poore ſome ſlender cheare;
Obſerue their *Country feaſts, or Common-doles*,
And entertaine their Chriſtmas waſſaile boles,
Or elſe becauſe that for the *Churches* good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* cuſtome ſtood;
A *Whitſun-ale*, or ſome ſuch goodly motion,
The better to procure young mens Deuotion:
What will they do, I ſay, that thinke to pleaſe
There mighty *God* with ſuch fond things as theſe?
Sure very ill; for though that they can mone,
And ſay that Loue and Charitie is gone
As old folks do, becauſe their banquettings,
Their ancient drunken ſummer reuellings (ching,
Are out of date; though they can ſay, through tea-
And ſince the *Goſpel* hath had open preaching,
Men are growne worſe; though they can ſoone eſpy
A little mote in their owne neighbours eye:
Yea though that they their *Paternoſter* can,
And call their honeſt neighbour *Puritan*;
(How e're they in their owne conceits may ſmile,)
Yet they are both preſumptuous, weake, and vile,
Alſo in this abhominable time,
It is amongſt vs now a common crime,
To flout, and ſcoffe at thoſe which we doe ſpie,
Willing to ſhake off humane *Vanity*;
And thoſe that gladly do themſelues enforce,
Vnto a ſtrict or more *religious* courſe,

Then moſt men doe; although they truely know,
No men are able to pay halfe they owe
Vnto their *God*, (as though their wiſdomes thought,
He might be ſerued better then he ought)
They count preciſe and curious more then needs,
They try their ſayings and weigh all their deeds:
A thouſand things that they well do, ſhall be
Slightly paſt ouer, as if none did ſee:
But one thing ill done, (though the beſt does ill,)
They ſhall be certaine for to heare of ſtill;
Yea notwithſtanding they can daily ſmother,
Millions of ten-times greater faults in other:
Who are ſo hated or ſo often blam'd;
Or ſo reuil'd, or ſcorn'd? or ſo miſnam'd?
To whom do we now our contentions lay?
Who are ſo much tearm'd *Puritans* as they
That feare *God* moſt? But 'tis no maruaile men
Preſume ſo much to wrong his children; when
As if they fear'd not his reuengefull rod,
They can blaſpheame and dare to anger *God*.
Now by theſe words, to ſome men it may ſeeme,
That I haue *Puritans* in high eſteeme;
Indeed, if by that name you vnderſtand,
Thoſe that the vulgar *Atheiſts* of this land
Doe daily tearme ſo, that is, ſuch as are
Fore-named here; and haue the greateſt care
To know, and pleaſe their maker: then 'tis true,
I loue them well; for loue to ſuch is due;
But if you meane our *buſie-headed ſect*,
The hollow crew, the counter-fait elect:

Our Dogmatists, and euer-wrangling spirits,
That doe as well contemne good workes, as merits:
If you meane those that make their care seem great,
To get soules food, when 'tis for bodies meat,
Or those all whose religion doe depend,
On this, that they know how to discommend;
A Maygame or a Summerpole defie,
Or shake the head or else turne vp the eye;
If you meane those, how euer they appeare,
This I say of them (would they all might heare)
Though in a zealous habit they doe wander,
Yet they are Gods foes and the Churches slander;
And though they humble be in show to many,
They are as haughty euery way as any.
What need I here the lewd presumptions tell
Of Papists in these daies? tis knowne to well:
For them thereof each peasant now conuinces,
In things as well concerning God as Princes.
Others I finde toe, that doe dare presume,
The Office of a Teacher to assume;
And being blind themselues and gone astray,
Take on them to shew other men the way.
Yea some there be, who haue small guifts of spirit,
No kind of knowledge, and as little merit,
That with the world haue made a firme coniunction,
Yet dare to vndergoe the sacred function
Of Christ his Pastor. Yea such is their daring,
That neither for their Charge nor Duty caring,
Insteed of giuing good and sound Instruction,
They lead themselues and others to Destruction.

We read that *Ieremy* and *Moſes* both,
To vndertake that Charge were wondrous loth:
The greatnes of the ſame, ſo much appal'd them;
Yea, though that God himſelfe directly call'd them;
But our braue Clarkes, as if they did condemne,
The too-much baſhfull backwardnes of them:
Or elſe, as if themſelues they abler thought,
Thoſe diuine Callings, haue not onely ſought
Without reſpect of their abilitie,
A *Chriſtian* Conſcience or Ciuilitie;
But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe,
Purchaſe it often with a hatefull bribe;
Which ſhowes that they ſuch places do deſire,
Not for the good of others, but their hire:
But *Patrons*, feare ye neither God nor hell?
Dare ye the *Churches* Patrimonie ſell
For filthy lucre, In deſpite of Law,
Sacred or humane; Pedants dare you? hah?
Dare you buy't of them? by *Gods* help, vnleſſe
This villany, e're long, haue ſome redreſſe,
Ile find a meanes, or elſe let me haue blame
To bring ſome ſmart, or elſe eternall ſhame
Vpon you for't; it may be you do ſent it,
But all your pollicie ſhall not preuent it:
What, do you look for Hell and your *Damnation*?
Well, you ſhall haue it by Impropriation;
I know now you haue entered *Symony*,
You'l double damne your ſelues with *Periurie*:
For, they as oft together may be ſeene,
As is the chilling *feuer* and the *ſpleene*;

But, oh deare *Countrimen* be more aduis'd,
Thinke what God is, he may not be despis'd.
Could you well weigh his *Iustice* and his power,
How many infinites it passeth ouer;
And knew his iudgements, we would not dissemble;
An outward fained reuerence, but tremble
And shake with horror; you'd not dare to venter,
Sanctum Sanctorum so vnfit to enter;
His *Churches* good you rather would aduance,
Then rob it thus of her inheritance;
Or make the same (as men still vnbeleeuing)
Like to *a house of Merchandize and theeuing*:
You to whom deeds of former times are knowne,
Marke to what passe this age of ours is growne,
Euen with vs; that strictest seeme to be,
In the professing *Christianitie*;
You know men haue been carefull to augment,
The *Churches* portion, and haue bin content,
To adde vnto it out of their estate;
And *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did so hate,
That the meere *Irish* who seem'd not to care,
For *God* nor man, had the respect to spare
The *Churches* profits; yea their heed was such
That in the time of need they would not touch,
The knowne prouisions, they daily saw,
Stor'd vp in *Churches*: in such feare and awe
The places held them; though that they did know,
The things therein belonged to their foe:.
But now the world and mans good natur's chang'd.
From this opinion, most men are estrang'd;

We

We rob the Church, and what we can attaine
By *Sacrilege* and *theft*, is our best gaine:
In paying dues the refuse of our stock,
The barrenneſt and leaneſt of our flock
Shall serue our Paſtor; whom for to deceiue
We think no ſin; nay further (by your leaue,)
Men ſeeke not to impropriate a part
Vnto themſelues: but they can find in heart
T'engroſs vp all: which vile *preſumption* (tion;
Hath brought *Church-liuings* to a ſtrange conſump-
And if this ſtrong diſeaſe doe not abate,
'Twill be the pooreſt member in the *State*;
No maruaile, if in ſtead of learned *Preachers*
We haue been peſter'd with ſuch ſimple Teachers,
Such poore, mute, tong-tide readers, as ſcarce know
VVhether that God made *Adam* firſt or no:
Thence it proceeds, and there's the cauſe that Place
And Office at this time incurs diſgrace.
For, men of iudgement or good diſpoſitions,
Scorne to be tyde to any baſe conditions:
Like to our hungry *Pedants*, who 'le engage,
Their ſoules for any curtol'd *Vicarage*.
I ſay, there's none of knowledge, wit, or merit,
But ſuch as are of a moſt ſeruile ſpirit,
That will ſo wrong the *Church*, as to preſume,
Some poore-halfe-demi-Parſnage to aſſume
In name of all; no, they had rather quite
To put beſide the ſame, than wrong *God's* right:
VVell, they muſt entertaine ſuch *Pedants* then,
Fitter to feed ſwine, then the ſoules of men:

But *Patrons* thinke ſuch beſt, for there's no feare,
They will ſpeake any thing they loath to heare;
They may run fooliſhly to their owne damnation,
Without reproofe or any diſturbation;
To let them ſee their vice they may be bold,
And yet not ſtand in doubt to be controul'd:
Thoſe in their houſes may keep priuate ſchooles,
And either ſerue for Ieſters, or for fooles,
And will ſuppoſe that they are highly grac't,
Be they but at their *Patrons* table plac't:
And there if they be call'd but *Prieſts* in ſcoffe,
Straight they duck down & all their caps come off,
Suppoſing it for to be done in kindnes,
Which ſhows their Weaknes & apparant Blindnes.
Moreouer, 'tis well knowne that former time
Held it to be a vile preſumptuous crime;
Such men in ſacred Offices to place,
Whom they knew touch't with any foule diſgrace:
Or to allow thoſe whom they did ſuſpect,
To haue an outward bodily defect:
But be they now not onely crooked, lame,
Diſmember'd, and of the vnſhapelieſt frame
That euer *Nature* form'd; though they be blind,
Not in ſight onely, but aſwell in mind,
Though they be ſuch who if they come to ſhreeuing
Might confeſs murder, whordom, ſlander, theeuing,
And all damn'd villany; yet theſe men will be
Admitted to the *ſacred Miniſterie*:
But moſt of vs doe now diſdaine that Place,
Accounting it vnworthy, meane and baſe;

Yea,

Yea, like to *Ieroboams* Prieſts we ſee,
They of the loweſt of the people be:
And though we know, the *Iſraelites* allow'd
God the firſt-borne for his, we are ſo proud
Vnleſſe they either doe want ſhape or wit,
Or ſeeme for worldly buſines vnfit:
Few think Gods ſeruice worthy the beſtowing
Their *Child* about it; or ſuch duty owing
Vnto the ſame; but rather that vocation
They count a blemiſh to their reputation.
But where's your vnderſtanding, oh you men?
Turne from your brutiſh dulnes once agen,
Honor God's Meſſengers, for why 'tis true,
To them both *Reuerence* and *Honour's* due;
Think what they are and be not ſtill ſelfe-minded,
Suffer not reaſon to be ſo much blinded;
If not for loue that you to *Iuſtice* beare,
Yet follow her (although it be) for feare:
And ſee that this preſumption you amend,
Or looke ſome heauy plague ſhall be your end.
Then it is alſo a preſumptuous act,
With knowledge to commit a ſinfull fact
Though ne're ſo ſmall; for ſin's a ſubtill elfe,
That by degrees inſinuates it ſelfe
Into our ſoules, and in a little ſpace
Becomes too-huge a Monſter to diſplace;
Yea, it is certaine that one ſin, though ſmall,
Will make an entrance great enough for all;
And what is't but preſumption to abuſe,
And without feare and reuerence to vſe

Gods ſacred Word; yet we that *Chriſt* profeſſe,
Thinke it no fault, or that there's no fault leſſe:
Elſe ſure we would not in our common talke,
Let our looſe tongues ſo much at randome walke,
We would not dare our *Ieſts* of that to make,
At vttering whereof the heauens ſhake;
For if *God* had reueal'd his *Goſpell* newes
To vs, as heretofore vnto the *Iewes*
He did the *Law*; who heard him to their wonder,
Speaking through feareful fiery flames and thunder,
We would more dread in any euill faſhion
To vſe that ſacred meanes of our ſaluation:
Our curſed *Pagan*, vnbeleeuing foe,
I meane the *Turke*, more reuerence doth ſhow
In thoſe his damn'd erroneous rights; then we
In the true worſhip: for 'tis knowne that he
Will not ſo much as touch his *Alcharon*,
That doth containe his falſe *Religion*,
With vnwaſh't hands,; nor till he hath o're went
All that his vaine and confus'd rablement
Of *Ceremonies* vs'd; much leſſe dares looke
On the Contents of that vnhallowed booke:
But we in midſt of all our villany,
In our pot conference and ribaldry,
Irreuerently can the ſame apply
As if 'twere ſome of *Paſquils Letany*:
But ſoft; my *Muſe* in her perambulation,
Hath hapt vpon an *excommunication*:
And though that her *Commiſſion* ſhe wanted
Yet ſhe made bold to ſearch wherfore 'twas granted;

Which if you would know toe, why it may be,
Some were so pleas'd because they lack't a fee:
For, had the Officers bin well contented,
They say the matter might haue been preuented;
But, you that haue the wisdomes to discerne
When abuse is; pray tell me, I would learne;
Misuse we *excommunication?*
You know it is a separation
From God; and a most fearefull banishment,
From the partaking of his *sacrament*
And good mens fellowship; a sad exile,
Perhaps for euer, at the least a while,
From the true *Church*, and (oh most horrid euill)
A giuing of men ouer to the *Diuell.*
And therefore was ordain'd in better times,
Onely for such, who in their hainous crimes
With hardned obstinacie did persist,
As may appeare: but now we, at our list,
As if the same but some slight matter were,
For euery trifle to pronounce it dare;
And peraduenture to, on such as be
More honest far, and better much than we:
But since my *Muse* hath her endeauour done
To note how men into this fault doe run;
I will be bold to let you vnderstand,
One strange *Presumption* noted in our land
Worth the amending; and indeed 'tis this
Readers pray iudge how dangerous it is;
We seeing God hath now remoued far,
From this our *Country* his iust plague of *war*,

And made vs through his mercy so much blest,
VVe doe in spight of all our foes yet rest
Exempt from danger; by vs it appeares
Through the great blessing of these quiet yeares,
We are so feareless, care-les and secure
In this our happy peace, and so cock-sure
As if we did suppose or heard it sed,
Old *Mars* were strangled or the *Diuell* dead;
Else can I not beleeue we would so lightly
Esteeme our safety, and let passe so slightly
Our former care of *Martiall discipline*,
For exercises meerely feminine:
VVe would not see our armes so soil'd in dust,
Nor our bright blades eat vp with cankred rust,
As now they be; our *bowes* they lye and rot,
Both *Musket* and *Caliuer* is forgot,
And we lye open to all forraine dangers
For want of discipline; 'tis knowne to strangers
Though wee'le not see't; alas will not our pleasure
Let vs be once in seauen yeeres at leasure
To take a muster and to giue instruction?
No rather pleasure will be our destruction;
For, that first caus'd the *Law*, that now preuents,
And bars the vse of *ponder Instruments*
To be enacted; why? for to preserue
An idle *game*, the which I wish might sterue
Amids our plenty, so that with their curse,
The land and people might be nothing worse,
Cause for that trifle to the *Realmes* abuse,
The *hand-gun* hath been so much out of vse

Scarce

Scarce one in forty if to proofs it came,
Dares or knowes how for to discharge the same:
Oh valiant *English* we are like to hold
The glorie that our fathers had of old.
But sure I thinke some *undermining hand*,
That studies for the ruine of the Land
Is cause of this, in hope thereby at length,
To weaken ours and let in forraine strength;
What, do we think cause there's a truce with *Spaine*,
That we are safe? Alas that thought is vaine,
Our danger's rather more; for while they dar'd,
To proffer wrong they found vs still prepar'd;
The profitable feare that we were in
Preuented danger that might else haue bin.
But now the cause of former feare is gone,
VVe haue not onely let all care alone,
But also are so drunken with delights,
And drown'd in pleasure, that our dulled sprits
Are so o'reclog'd with Luxury; we droupe,
More fit for *Venus* then for *Mars* his troupe;
That if our foes should now so ventrous be,
For to inuade the land, vnlesse that we
With speed amend this error, heere's my minde,
The way to *worke* our ruine thei'l soone finde;
For iust the *Troians* last nights watch we keepe,
Who then were buried all in wine and sleepe.
We read when *Cato* should a *Captaine* chuse,
For the *Panonian* fight, he did refuse
His kinsman *Publius*, cause that from the warre
He often had return'd without a scar,

And

And went perfum'd; but if ſuch faults as theſe,
Diſpleaſ'd the *Cenſor*, ſure then in our daies
He ſcarcely would in towne or country find,
A man with vs according to his minde,
Such is our daintineſſe; Beſides to ſtrangers,
(As if there were no cauſe to doubt of dangers:)
VVe doe not onely our great riches ſhew,
(A ſhrewd temptation to allure a foe:)
But we moreouer plainely doe declare,
By fond apparell, too ſuperfluous fare,
Much idlenes, and other wanton parts,
That we haue weake effeminated hearts;
Which being knowne are ſure a great perſwaſion,
Vnto our enemies to make inuaſion.
But we doe ſay in God's our onely truſt,
On him we doe depend; well ſo we muſt,
And yet we ought not therefore to diſdaine,
The lawfull meanes by which he doth ordaine,
To worke our ſafety then, for that's a ſigne,
VVe rather lou'd to Tempt the powers diuine,
Then truſt vnto them; worthy Brittaines then,
Leaue this preſumption, once againe be men,
Not weake *Sardanapali*; leaue thoſe toyes,
To idle women, wanton girles and boyes:
Vnto your foes I wiſh you could betake them,
Or vnto any, ſo you would forſake them.
Let Martialliſts that long haue bin diſgrac't
Be lou'd againe and in our fauours plac't:
Count not them rogues; but rather ſuch as can
So much degenerate themſelues from man,

In tire and geſture both, to womanize;
Goe call a Parlament and there deuiſe
An act to haue them whipt now; oh twere good,
A deed well worthy ſuch a noble brood,
Meane while let's trim our ruſty Armes, and ſcoure
Thoſe long vn-vſed, well-ſteeld blades of our:
We ſhall not doe the ſpiders any wrong,
For they haue rent-free held their houſeroome long,
In *Morians*, *Helmets*, *Gauntlets*, *Bandileres*;
Diſplace them thence they haue had all their yeares:
And giue it ſuch a luſtre that the light,
May dimme the *moonethine* in a winters night;
Away with idle *Cythernes*, *Lutes*, and *Tabers*,
Let knocks requite the fidlers for their labours;
Bring in the Warlike drum, twill muſicke make ye,
That from your drouſie pleaſures ſhall awake yee.
Or els the hartning trumpet, that from far,
May ſound vnto you, all the points of warre:
Let dances turne to marches, you ere long,
May know what doth to rankes and files belong,
And let your thundring ſhot ſo ſmoake and roare,
Strangers may tremble to behold the ſhore,
And know you ſleepe not; But now to what end,
Doe you ſuppoſe that I theſe words do ſpend?
Beleeue me I'me not malecontent with Peace,
Or doe deſire this happy time might ceaſe:
I would not haue you foule ſeditions make,
Or any vniuſt warres to vndertake;
But I deſire you leaue thoſe idle faſhions,
That haue beene the iuſt fall of many nations;

Looke

Looke well vnto your ſelues and not ſuppoſe,
Cauſe there's a league with Spaine you haue no foes:
For if *Warres* euer make this land complaine,
It will be through ſome truce it had with *Spaine*:
But here I bid you once againe beware,
Delay not time but with all ſpeed prepare,
Repaire your forts againe and man them well,
Place better *Captaines* in them; I can tell
Some are growne *Couetous*, and ther's no truſt
To ſuch as they; that vice makes men vniuſt:
They pocket vp the wages of their men,
And one poore ſouldier, ſerues alone for ten:
Looke to the *Nauy royall*, wer't well ſcan'd,
I doubt it will be found but ſimply man'd:
The *Purſers* ſtudy (if ſome not bely them)
Onely which way they may haue profit by them;
But ſee vnto it you to whom 't belongs,
See the Abuſes done, redreſſe the wrongs:
And oh! renew the forces of this land,
For there's a fearefull bloudy day at hand,
Though not fore-ſeene, a bloudy day for ſome,
Nor will the ſame be long before it come.
There is a tempeſt bruing in the *South*,
A horrid *Vapor* force't from hels owne mouth.
'Tis ſpread already far into the *Weſt*,
And now begins to gather to the *Eaſt*;
When tis at full once it will ſtreight come forth
To ſhowre downe all it Vengeance on the *North*:
But feare not little Ile, thy cauſe is right,
And if thou haſt not caſt all care off quite,

Nor

Nor art ſecure, why by that token then,
Thou ſhalt driue back that threatning ſtorme agen;
Through *Gods* aſsiſtance for to ruine thoſe,
By, and amongſt whom, firſt of all it roſe:
But if that ſtill thou careleſſe ſnorting lie
In thy preſuming blind ſecuritie,
Take't for a ſigne that now thy ſinnes are ripe,
And thou ſhalt ſurely feele the death-full ſtripe
Of that enſuing ill, vnto thy ſhame,
And extirpation of thy former fame:
But yet I hope this ouer-ſight will end,
And we ſhall this preſumptuous fault amend:
I hope ~~I may~~, and yet I hope no harmes,
To ſee our *Engliſh* youth trick't vp in armes;
And ſo well train'd that all their foes ſhall heare
No newes from them but horror, death and feare;
Yea and their march, like *Iehues* King of *Iury*,
Shal ſhew they come with vengeance, ſpeed & fury.
I would we could as eaſily forſake,
Other *Preſumptions*, and that we could take
But halfe the care and diligence to arme
Our ſoules, in danger of a greater harme:
Would we the holy weapons could aſſume
Of *Chriſtian* war-fare, and not ſtill preſume
To leaue our better parts all open ſo
For the aduantage of the greater foe
Then *Rome* or *Spaine*: oh would we could begin,
To feele the danger of *Preſumptuous ſinne*!
Which ſoon would be, if we would once be brought
For to conſider with an equall thought,

Our

Our baſe beginning and infirmitie,
Our wauering, and wondrous miſery:
And with this wretched poore eſtate of our,
Gods infinite and all ſufficient power:
His *Iuſtice*, with his hatred vnto ill,
And threatnings if we diſobay his will.
Or elſe remember he did ſtill behold,
And ſee vs when we ſin'd; for who ſo bold,
Vnleſſe depriu'd of grace then to offend?
But it ſhould ſeeme we our endeuors bend
To anger *God*, for we of ſinne complaine,
Yet with our will ſinne in his ſight againe.
Say wer't not a preſumption very great
If comming to a *King* one ſhould intreat
A pardon for ſome murther, and yet bring
The bloudy blade with which he did that thing,
He would haue mercy for? and whilſt he's ſpeaking,
Sheath it againe with bloud and gore yet reaking,
In the *Kings* ſonne before his fathers face,
And yet ſtill bide as if he hop't for grace:
Should we not thinke him mad? ſure yes; yet we
Cannot that madnes in our owne ſelues ſee:
For we dare come before th' Almighty King
To ſue for pardon for our ſinnes; yet bring
The ſelfe ſame bad minde ſtill, concening murther
Againſt his children to prouoke him further.
And looke what ill is but in thought begun,
With him's all one as if the ſame were done.
It is no maruaile that no humane law
Can keepe our ouer-daring hearts in awe:

Since

Since that we doe so little dread the rod,
Of such a powerfull and so iust a God:
And if in mans, and Gods owne sight we dare,
So fearelesse sinne without respect or care,
It seemes that we doe little conscience make
What mischiefes by our selues we vndertake:
Or thinke it no Presumption to commit,
Something alone in our owne sight vnfit;
Oh grosse and ignorant! why that's the worst,
Of all presumptions the most accurst
And ful'st of *Danger*. Silly man take heed,
Doe not before thy selfe an euill deed;
For when *God* will forgiue, and man forget,
Thy owne ill Conscience will oppose and set
Her selfe against thee; tell thee thine offending
And keep thee back from euer apprehending
Grace or forgiuenesse; neither will afford
The smallest comfort of the sacred word:
But rather to thy sad remembrance call,
Each saying that may serue to proue thy fall:
And though that fire wondrous torture brings
Vnto the body, yet when conscience stings
Nor fire, nor sword, nor hell it selfe can yeeld,
A worser torment; *God* defend and shield
Me from the like, and giue me grace to feare
So, that I may preserue my conscience cleare
In all my actions: And then I shall be,
In better case a thousand fold then he
That vnto wealth and honor hath attain'd
With a craz'd *Conscience* that is blurd and stain'd:

Alas

Alas how eaſie wer't to climbe or mount
To worldly Reputation and Account?
How ſoone could I if I had an intention
For to contriue or plot a damn'd inuention
Get golden heapes? yea and ſo priuily
That though 'twere done by craft and villany,
I by the blinded world would yet be deem'd
Perhaps more honeſt; but much more eſteem'd
Then now I am; But *God forbid that I*
Such baſe vaine traſh, and dung-hill ſtuff ſhould buy
At ſuch a rate; for there's no Iewell dearer,
Nor any loſſe a man can haue goe nearer
Then peace of *Conſcience*; which for to be true
The ancient Poets very wiſely knew;
And therefore fain'd their *Furies*, with intent,
For to declare the inward puniſhment
Of guiltie mindes; which ſure they might doe well,
For there is in them *Diuels*, yea and hell
With all her torture; what elſe was the cauſe,
Nero, who knew no God nor feared lawes,
When he had kil'd his mother tooke no reſt
But thought he ſaw her comming to moleſt
And plague him for't? what made him to ſurmiſe,
He was ſtill tortur'd in ſuch helliſh wiſe
That furies did to his appearance ſcorch
His liuing body with a burning torch?
Waſt not his Conſcience that had priuy bin
Vnto the fact? was not the cauſe within
His owne bad ſelfe? If 'twere let's to amending,
Of our preſumptuous ſinnes, and bold offending:

If

If neither in regard of *God* nor men,
Oh let's for feare of our owne Conſcience then.
Yet there's another thing which wer't wel weigh'd,
Our raſh preſumption would be ſome-what ſtaid.
The end of life; with the ne're-ending paine,
God for preſumptuous Sinners doth ordaine;
Could wee note that, with deaths vncertaine times,
And how it takes men acting of the crimes,
Euen in the very nick of their offence,
And beares them ere they can repent them, hence
To ſuch a place where nothing ſhall appeare,
But all the Gaſtly obiects of grimme feare.
Whereas each ſence ſhall ſeuerally ſuſtaine,
The miſerable ſmart of endleſſe paine.
The tender feeling ſhall in euery part,
Be ſubiect to th'intollerable ſmart
Of helliſh flames, commixt with gnaſhing cold,
Tortures beyond conceit, not to be told,
The dainty mouth, that had the Curiouſt *taſt*,
And of the choyſeſt cates ſtill made repaſt,
Shall be fild vp, yea belly, throat and all,
With filth more loath-ſome then the bittereſt gall.
The once perfumed *Noſtrell*, there ſhall drinke
Foule noyſome ſmels: beſide the ſulpherous ſtinke,
Of choaking flames; and there the liſtning eare,
Fed with the ſound of pleaſing *Muſicke* heare,
Shall change it for the wofull ſcreeching cry
Of *Damned ſoules*, that in hels torture lye;
VVhoſe hydeous howlings can by no defence,
Be kept from percing that amazed ſence:

And then while they shall trembling thinke to flie
From those amazements that doe seeme so nigh.
Lo there the fearefulst obiects of the sight,
Their quite despairing mindes shall more affright;
For garish formes of foule mishapen fiends,
And vgly *Bugs* for euermore attends,
To thwart each looke. But if this doe not make
Thy ouer-hardened heart oh man to quake:
If this relation be too weake to win,
Or to reclaime thee from thy wonted sinne;
Reader, if this doe no impression leaue,
So that thou canst not any feare conceiue
Through this description; thinke vpon't at night,
Soone in thy bed, when earths depriu'd of light;
I say at mid-night, when thou wakest from sleepe,
And lonely darkenesse doth in silence keepe
The Grim-face't night. And but imagine then,
Thou wert borne all alone to some darke den
And there set naked; though thou feltst no paine,
Yet seeing no way to get out againe,
If thou shouldst in that naked loneneſſe heare,
Some yelling voice or some strange noise draw nere
With threatning: or but calling on thy name,
Oh with what *Patience* couldst thou bide the same!
But if withall thy wandring eyes should marke,
And now and then see pearing through the darke,
Some monstrous visages, or vgly faces
Which should make proffer of some rude embraces:
And sometime seeme as if they would begin
With griping pawes to ceize thy trembling skin:

Or,

Or, but ſuppoſe that in thy *Chamber* there,
Where cannot be the hundreth part of feare:
(Becauſe to thee the place well knowne will be
And thou muſt haue wherewith to couer thee)
Yet there I ſay ſuppoſe thou ſhouldſt behold
Not ſuch grim obiects as are heere foretold,
But Onely heare the dolefull voyce of men
Complaining in the darke; And now and then
Behold the ghaſtly ſhape of friends long dead
Wrapt in their ſheetes as they were buried,
Or elſe from out thy Chamber floore to riſe
A troupe of bony, pickt *Anatomies*
Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
That muſt ere long there bare companion be:
Then thou would'ſt feare I know and thinke on him
Whoſe might & feareful power thou didſt contemn:
Thou wouldſt conſider better of the feare,
And helliſh horror I haue mention'd heare.
That Dungeons eſtate thou would'ſt conceiue,
And ſomewhat thy preſumptuous actions leaue;
Thou wouldſt not ſo caſt all thy care behind thee,
But watch thy ſelfe for feare leaſt death ſhould finde thee,
Doing ſome ill; nor wouldſt thou thus delay,
Times of repentance ſtill from day to day:
But oh! how ſhould I hope that this I plead,
VVill worke in them that ſhall but barely read
VVhat I haue writ? Since I my ſelfe that know,
And haue ſome inward feeling of that woe
Forget my ſelfe; I thought when I ſhall be
From ſuch, and ſuch like cares and troubles free,

Then will I all my *Vanities* forsake,
A better course of life Ile vndertake,
And onely seeke the glory of his name
By whom I liue; that day e're long time came;
Then I had other lets; but if that they
As I did seeke they might, were once away,
I would indeed my duty better doe:
Well so it pleas'd God, I ore-past them too;
Yet something hindred still that I could neuer
In my entended *Christian* course perseuer.
But euer found vnto my griefe and sorrow,
That I was bad to day, and worse to morrow:
But oh! thou God that knowest my hearts desire
Doe not, oh doe not at my hands require,
My youthfull sinnes; though that my flesh be fraile,
And my affections often doe preuaile:
Seeing thou knowest the weake estate of man,
And what a little his small power can;
Accept my will, and let thy blood suffice,
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.
But now because I haue obseru'd such store,
I needs must tell a few presumptions more.
Some in contemning others wisdome, show,
That they presume themselues do all things know:
But that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,
Certaine I am it is the fall of many:
Others (And they in this kind too offend,)
On their owne *Memories* too much depend:
Such I haue heard so confidently speake,
As if they had no thought that men were weake:

Yet

Yea thoſe, though twenty men haue all gain-ſaid,
VVhat they affirmed, were not yet afraide,
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face,
With ſundry othes, ſuch wondrous truſt they place
In their *Remembrance*; yea my ſelfe ere now
Haue beene oft-times more raſh for to auow
VVhat I thought truth; then ere ile be againe
For what I deem'd to be ſo ſure and plaine,
That I not onely ſtood in't to my might,
But would haue paun'd my life 't had bin the right.
That to my ſhame, I haue my ſelfe alone,
Found to be falſe when all the reſt were gone.
VVhich grieu'd me ſo that Ile nere more rely
Or truſt ſo much to mine owne memory.
But what may I terme thoſe, who for a name,
Or for to get ſome vile prepoſterous fame;
VVill deſperately for the nonce beginne,
To put in action ſome vngodly ſinne
That all men loth; and onely as they ſay,
For to be talkt of. What are ſuch I pray?
Preſumptuous, vaine, or weake, or all that's bad;
The laſt I thinke and ten-times more then mad;
Yet we haue gallants, and great ſtore of ſuch,
That in their great Brauadoes care not much
VVhat Villanies they doe; But tis their humor,
Only to fill mens mouths with idle Rumor. (them,
And cauſe they know the Vulgar ſort doe deeme
Youths of great Spirit, and do much eſteeme them,
But amongſt wiſe-men they are ſure to gaine,
Reprochfull ſhame and well deſeru'd diſdaine,

Yet for to adde ſome fame vnto this ſtory:
Then will bequeath them *Eroſtratus* glory.
Nor haue our old men left that humor yet,
For though through feebleneſſe they are vnfit
To put in practiſe their old tricks againe,
Yet for to ſhow they like them, and would faine,
Theile often with a lie or two recite them,
And the Remembrance doth ſo much delight them,
That whereas they ought rather to repent,
And with a grieued heart for to lament
Their former follie; They with Ioy and Laughter,
Seeme to approu't in thoſe that ſhall come after.
Yet there's a crew the which my *Muſe* well knowes:
To them ſhe here a Memorandum owes,
And yet no Commendations, for they are
But buſie fellowes that doe boldly dare
Take on them in their comments for to finde,
The ſecret meaning of each Authors minde.
And to apply that in particular
That ſhould extend to all in generall:
And in this little booke perhaps they can,
Say here I ment one, there another man;
And by their names they wil not ſtick to ſhew them,
When as perhaps I nere ſo much as knew them;
So from my honeſt meaning they will reare them
A ſlander for ſome priuat grudge they beare them;
But though theſe are ſo bold yet I beleeue,
Or hope at leaſt no men of wiſedome giue
Credit to any ſuch interpretations,
That are but falſe imaginations;

Since each of these what stile so e're he craue,
Doth show him a presumptuous foole and knaue,
But heare all you that are quite voide of care,
VVhat you presume in, chiefly you that dare,
Maugre *Gods* threats, goe forward to fulfill
Your naughty, rash, vnbridled, hare-braine will;
As if you thought that you your selues made all
And that indeed there were no God at all.
Know this, ere long time, it shall come to passe,
That you shall houling sit and cry alas,
Cursing your births and miserable state
VVith sad repentance when it is too late
Vnlesse you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!
Forsake your follies, oh forsake them then.
VVhat will you doe else when that ceiz'd by death,
Ready to draw the latest gaspe of breath:
When as you are so weake that you would faine,
But cannot moue your tongues for to complaine?
What would you doe if then there should appeare
The Authors of most miserable feare
Your guilty Conscience, and there vnroll
To your remembrances the dreadfull scroll
Of your Presumptions, and withall present
A vision of th'infernall punishment
Prepar'd for such? And if in that bad case,
You should behold him you esteem'd so base
Sit with such powre, that at each frowne he makes,
The earth doth tremble and the heauen shakes:
VVhat would you doe? Oh any thing I'me sure,
No paine there is but you would then endure

To 'scape his wrath, If you doe not diſpaire,
Then will you beg, entreat, and promiſe faire:
Or any thing, if ſo it were you might
Returne to life againe; then you would quite
Alter your doings, then forſooth you'le be
A patterne vnto all poſteritie.
You will be humble, meeke, deuout and chaſt,
But now there's time, and then it may be paſt:
Yet I my ſelfe haue herd thoſe that haue vow'd,
Much in their anguiſh, and God hath allow'd
A longer time, yea hath vouchſaft to ſaue
And giue them life againe e'ne at the graue:
And yet haue theſe forgot their former paine
And turn'd vnto their owne ill waies againe:
Which hauing ſeene, this for vs men Ile ſpeake,
Not without griefe, though nothing be ſo weake;
Yet we are in our owne conceits ſo tall
That for preſumption we doe out paſſe all:
And if ſo be that this ſame hardning ſinne,
Doe ceaſe vpon the heart once, and get in;
My minde is this, 'twill nere be purg'd thence well,
No not with all the feares and pangs of *Hell.*

EPILO

EPILOGVS.

SO in some measure I haue now made knowne,
What foule abuses *Time* to me hath showne,
And what man is: I haue explain'd some crimes
That I haue noted in these present times.
Then, though I haue beene still accounted idle,
This showes I haue not giuen time the bridle
To runne away vnmanag'd; But did vse it
Then best, when I seem'd most for to abuse it:
Here sinfull Man thou maist behold in part,
Thy miserable state and what thou art:
Thy Passions, thy Vanities here see,
In part I say, for all there cannot be:
Thy wauerings and thy frailties I've explain'd,
With thy Presumption, yet nothing fain'd;
If thou hast read it, then I hope thou know'st,
Though thou seem'st bad, thou art worse then thou
And I doe trust thy wretchednesse espide, (shou'st
Will quell thy most intollerable pride;
I mus'd a while thou wert so prone to sinning,
But 'twas thy fault I see from the beginning:
And as the Lord himselfe once said, so still,
Th' imaginations of thy heart are ill:
Thats one maine cause, then to performe an euill,
Thou hast the proneneſſe of the flesh, the Diuell:

With

With bad examples of thy Inſtigation
Beſides the worlds raſh approbation.
But yet I would not haue thee think, oh man!
That I with *Tymon* the *Athenian*:
Deſire to make thee ſo much feele thy woe
To goe and hang thy ſelfe; I meane not ſo:
Or for to driue thee thereby to deſpaire,
'Tis not my purpoſe, my intent's more faire:
This I would haue thee doe, ſince fleſh is fraile
And Sathan will be buſie to preuaile:
With heed and care watch ouer thy Affection
And in thy doings follow this direction.
Firſt ſee if 't be thy fleſh that moues thee to
Thoſe things the which thou art about to doe:
Next to conſider well it doth behoue thee,
What kind of men they are that doe approoue thee
For true it is, as I haue oft beene taught,
What fleſh deſires, and moſt approoues it naught:
And ſince to thruſt thee forward vnto euill,
Thou haſt an ill heart, proud fleſh, and the Diuell
With bad example. Learne oh man to ſeaſon
Thy hart with ſacred thoughts, with truth & reaſon,
Thy fleſh with labour and with faſting tame
And 'twill not be ſo ſubiect vnto blame,
Preuent the Diuels baits and his temptations
With earneſt prayers and good meditations;
And ſee thou heed to thy companions giu'ſt,
Since thou wilt be as theſe with whom thou liu'ſt;
Yea ſince thou art ſo ſubiect vnto ſin,
Shunne all occaſions that may draw thee in;

So

So when thy God ſhall ſee thou haſt a will,
And true deſire for to amend what's ill,
He will accept it for his ſonnes deare ſake,
And thee more willing, and more able make;
Yea ſhould thy ſinnes more red then ſcarlet grow,
Yet he would make them whiter then the ſnow.
Thy now blacke ſoule were it thriſe more defilde,
As innocent as is the new borne child:
And thy moſt miſerable body, farre
More glorious then is the brighteſt Starre:
But if thou without care or heed doſt leane
Vnto thoſe luſts of fleſh that are vncleane.
If thou take pleaſure and delight to doe them,
Quite giuing ouer thy deſire vnto them,
They both in ſoule and body to will make thee
So fowle a Leaper that God will forſake thee,
His holy Angels and his Saints abhor thee,
And onely Diuels make entreatie for thee;
Yea thou muſt in *Gehynnon* waile with them,
That are excluded new *Ieruſalem*.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

THE SCOVRGE.

MY Muſe I purpos'd to haue reſted here,
And ſo ſhe ſhould indeed, but that I feare
A gentle warning will not now ſuffice
To make men leaue of their iniquities:
Yea, I doe know their negligence ſo great,
Tis not enough for to perſwade or threat:
And therefore I'me reſolued ere I part,
To giue them a remembrance to their ſmart,
And though full loth; cauſe their ill natures vrge
Ile ſend abroad a Satyr with a ſcourge,
That to their ſhame for this abuſe ſhall ſtrip them,
And being naked in their vices, whip them:
And to be ſure of theſe that are moſt raſh,
Not one ſhall ſcape him that deſerues a laſh;
But ſome will kick, now let them kick & ſpare not
So he may come and Ierk them well I care not;
For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or ſtrong,
Ile make him find them that delight in wrong,
Not in deſpight to make reuengefull rumors;
Rather in ſport to mock the worlds baſe humors;
But leaſt I make my Prologue ouer-large,
'Ile let my whipping-Satyr know his charge:
Firſt though he haue but little manners got;
Bred in the woods; where many vſe them not:

Yet

Yet will I ſend him to ſuruey the court,
And dance the *Witch* to make his king ſome ſport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe, thou ſhalt not be diſdain'd,
Loue without merit hath bin entertain'd,
And ſo may thine; that Progenies the moſt,
Yea all indeed of which the world can boaſt,
And that ſo worthy: ('tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt thou canſt not flatter.
If thou maiſt get their fauour that's the beſt,
There is no cauſe why thou ſhould'ſt feare the reſt;
The good will help but neuer hurt, then care not,
Although the wicked would offend they dare not.
Firſt laſh the great ones, but if thou be wiſe,
In generall and doe not ſpeciallize:
Yet if thou do, ſo wiſely let it be,
None may except but thoſe that faulty be.
Now peraduenture ſome will rage or ſtorme,
But that's no matter thou art freely borne;
And though their eyes ſpark fire, and they look big,
Be thou as ſterne, thou need'ſt not care a figge;
And tell them plainely 'tis not all their ſhew,
Can make them think them better then they know;
'Tis not great words, nor yet a large poſſeſſion,
Shall free them from the ſcandall of oppreſſion,
Though they can now, to get themſelues a name,
Build *Babel* vp a new and quickly frame
Such lofty Pallaces as if they ment,
To threaten heauen from the batlement.
Who wonders at it? none I thinke; and why?
VVho is ſo mad to tell them that, not I?

Yet

Yet Satyr looke that thou before thou part,
Giue them one ierke to make their Honors ſmart,
Their ſtately houſes ſay are things but vaine:
An age or two ſhall rot them downe againe;
And for their vice if there be none dare ſhow it,
Say I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.
Then tis not toombes nor yet a heape of ſtones,
Shall make men thinke the better of their bones,
No, it ſhall ſpeake their Auarice and pride,
Which thoſe they ſcorn'd and wrong'd, ſhall then
So let them go their ſoueraigne to attend, (deride.
And thoſe that be not at the beſt, amend:
Search on for more; but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kinde,
Women or Angels, bad or good; thine eyes
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere ſome ſay, no man will, or can,
Wrong him (Ile warrant) that's an honeſt man,
For they are good and ſurely would be ſtill,
Wer't not that men did often make them ill:
Thoſe that are angry with them let them ſhow it,
Ile ſay th'are Vertuous for becauſe I know it.
Mens faults I tell, ſo may he womens too
That's plagu'd by whores with whom he had to do.
Theſe if thou hap to ſee, I charge thee skip,
And ſearch in euery office with thy whip;
There, there are thoſe that for their priuate ſtore
Make both th'exchequer and the commons poore,
Extortion doth maintaine their braüery,
Yet lay not open all their knauery,

But

But tell them that a new account muſt bring,
That laſh perhaps their guiltie ſoule will ſting.
Thou ſhalt in Court another troope eſpy,
Such as in ſhew are full of honeſtie,
Faire toung'd; but he that ſuch fine followers wants
Is happy, for they are but Sycophants,
Diſſembling Villaines: do but note them well
And thou wilt ſay they are the brood of hell,
For pluck away their fain'd fidelitie,
And they are e'ne a heape of villany (mend
To make them ſmart, theſe words to them com-
That beggery and ſhame ſhall be their end.
Yet, thou ſhalt find depending on the Court
Some that will ieſt to make their betters ſport,
But ſift them, I durſt pawne a brace of teſters, (ſters,
If truth were knowne they are more fooles then Ie-
And ſo they are ſuppos'd, although indeed, (heed
They are more knaues then fooles; but take thou
Come not within the compaſſe of their Bable,
Then call them knaues as loud as thou art able;
If thou come thither at ſome publicke ſhow,
As there thou ſhalt be whether they will or no,
Remember that thou make a ſhift to creepe
Nere to the place where they the Reuels keep.
There ſtand a while vnſeene, and do no more,
But note thoſe fellowes that do keepe the doore,
If thou perceiue ſome, as ſome will doe then,
Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundreſſe or a Scoundrel paſs,
Giue him a ierk, and tell him hee's an aſs;

But

But leaſt thou ſpy what may make thee aſham'd,
Or ſpeake of that for which thou maiſt be blam'd;
Leaue thou the Court, if thy owne eaſe thou pitty,
And come a while to walke about the Citty;
As ſoone as there thou ent'reſt thou ſhalt meet
Great ſtore of Gallants pacing out the ſtreet;
A part from dice, or fence, or dancing come,
And peraduenture from a whore-houſe ſome,
Thoſe are good fellowes that will frankly ſpend,
While land will laſt or any man will lend;
And yet to ſee (more fooles the world had neuer)
They are ſo proud as if 't would laſt for euer:
And though theſe lightly cannot haue a worſe
Or dreadlier ſicknes then an empty purſe
Which will enſue; yet tell them they muſt meet
At the Kings-bench, the Counter, or the Fleet:
Then ſtep vnto the Lawyers, peraduenture
They'l by ſome writ command thee not to enter:
Yet feare them not but looke and thou ſhalt ſpy
Vnder thoſe gownes a maſſe of Knauery,
Pluck off their maſk of law that cloaks their drifts,
And thou ſhalt ſee a world of lawleſſe ſhifts;
But tell them there's a Iudge will not be feed,
And that perhaps will make their conſcience bleed,
Then tell the Scriueners, as thou paſſeſt by,
That they were beſt to leaue their forgery;
Or elſe, why is't their eares do ſcape ſo well,
The Diuell meanes to beare them whole to hell:
Tell the Phyſicians if thou meete with any,
Their Potions & their Drugs haue murther'd many,

For which thou would'ſt haue laſht, but doſt delay
Becauſe the diuel means himſelf to pay them; (them
But if they'l proue concluſions, bid them then
Try't on themſelues and not on other men:
Deſire the Brokers that they would not yawne,
After the forfeit of anothers pawne;
It is their right by law, they'l ſay tis true,
And ſo's their ſoule, perhaps, anothers due,
But ſting them if their conſcience quite be fled,
Then ſhall they pay what they haue forfited:
Entreat the Taylor next, if that he can,
To leaue his theft and proue an honeſt man;
If that he thinke the matter be too-hard,
Knock him about the noddle with his yard,
If he be rich and take the ſame in ſnuffe,
Tell him his ſubſtance is but ſtolen ſtuffe;
And that the Iay would hardly brooke the weather,
If eu'ry Bird ſhould take away her feather;
So hauing whipt him let the Prieſt go ſhriue him,
And if he haue authoritie forgiue him:
Go warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke
All day at Ale-houſe and neglect his worke,
And then ſuruey the ware of eu'ry trade,
For much, I tell thee, is deceitfull made;
Which if thou find I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knaue, and bid him goe and mend it;
Oh ſee if thou the Marchant-man canſt finde,
For hee'l be gone at turning of the winde,
Bid him keep touch, or tell his worſhip how
His heart will tremble when the ſeas are rough,

Deſire

Desire him to if he doe trauaile thither, (hither;
Where conscience is, that he would bring some
Here's little; some will haue it, if none will,
He shall gaine by it though he keepe it still;
If he bring none, 'twere Charitie, I thinke,
To pray some storme might make his vessell sinke;
Looke in their ships, for I haue knowne deceit
Hath beene in both the Owner and the fraight,
Yea note them well & thou shalt finde their bookes;
Are ginnes for wood-cocks, made like tenter hookes;
Well they are ritch, the Marchant wealth obtaines
And cares not how so he encrease his gaines,
Yet least his wealth may hap to make him proud,
Satyr I pray thee, tell him this aloude
To make him smart, *that whilst he like a mome,*
Playes fast abroad, his wife playes loose at home;
Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth hold out
But he or his become a banquerout:
Now to thy rest, tis night; but here approaches
A troupe with torches hurried in their Coaches,
Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shorditch, or for Clarken-well:
Oh these are they which thinke that fornication,
Is but a youthfull sportfull recreation:
These to hold out the game, maintaine the back
With marrow pies, potato rootes and sack:
And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hold out a Luxurious course by art:
Goe stop the horses quickly least thou misse
And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,

They of their guide muſt be aduiſed well,
For they are running downe the hill to hell.
Their Venery will ſoone conſume their ſtocks,
And bring them to repentance with a poxe.
So other crimes committed without light,
Let ſuch reueale as ſee like Owles by night:
For many men a ſecret fault can finde,
But in apparant rougeries are blind
Or elſe they will not ſee; but thou wertſt beſt
Leaue whipping and betake thee to thy reſt;
If in an Inne it be before thou ſup,
Will that the tapſter call his maiſter vp
And bid him kindly, ſince he giues thee lodging,
To vſe plaine dealing and deteſt all dodging.
Diſſembling's naught, hard rekonings they arworſe,
Light gaines (they ſay) *will make a heauy purſe.*
And let them not (this fault is very rife)
Make any gueſt familiar with his wife.
For many men (they weare but what they ſhould)
Do make their wiues more wantó then they would.
Thereby they gaine, their Innes are wel frequented,
But ſuch ill courſes are to late repented,
So ſchoole him well and do thy whip refraine,
And ſend him to his other gueſts againe.
Then thou ſhalt ſee the nimble Tapſter flie,
Still yalling, *here, anon ſir, by and by,*
So diligent, till thou thy ſelfe acquaint
With his ſly tricks thou'lt take him for a Saint.
But I ſuppoſe that they haue tane an oth,
Neuer to fill a pot but halfe with froth;

And

And there's an old ſhift if they leaue it not,
There muſt be ſomething added to the ſhot.
But wilt thou ſwagger with him for it? no,
But take him as he is and let him goe.
Now for moſt hoſtlers if thou hap to try them,
Knaues thou maiſt ſay they are & not beleeue them,
For they deceaue the poore dumb trauelling beaſt,
And for the ſame deſeru'd a ierke at leaſt;
Yet doe thou ſpare them, for there is no doubt,
Some gueſt will finde a time to pay the lout.
Well, hauing reſted and diſcharg'd thine hoſt,
Ile ſend thee downe, into the country, Poſt;
For I haue buſ'nes, no man would beleeue, (Shreeue.
With whom d'ye think? e'ne with the vnder-
Tell him thou heardſt (and that's a fault indeed)
That in ſome cauſes he is double feed.
And that moreouer he deſerues a Portion,
With thoſe that are indited for extortion.
Yea and for other things as well as that,
Tell him the country tearmes him hee knowes what.
At which if he make light as if he care not,
Whip him in conſcience ſoundly for't, and ſpare not;
Now for our Knights their much formalitie,
Hath made them leaue their hoſpitalitie,
Yet, leſt they ſhould be angry ſay no more,
This age hath made a number of them poore;
And that ſome toe (or elſe they are belide)
Haue begger'd their poſteritie with pride,
And ſince thou art ſo neere them doe not ceaſe
Vntill thou ſee our Iuſtices of peace,

There try if thou canſt get but ſo much fauour,
To bind the Country to the good behauiour,
And tell them how thou haſt informed been,
That they haue granted Warrants vpon ſpleene;
Are partiall, and haue ouer-ſway'd by might
The poore mans cauſe that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde be true, thou haſt permiſsion,
To laſh, or put them out of the Commiſsion;
The Conſtable if he were bid, I wiſs,
Be good in's office, 'twere not much amiſs:
For he, they ſay, a many meanes may haue,
If ſo he be diſpos'd to play the knaue;
See how he deales and make thy meſſage knowne,
For he hath ſtocks and whipping-poſts of's owne:
There are Church-wardens to, I ſhame to ſee
How they runne into wilfull periury,
Partly in fauour and in part for feare
They wink't at much diſorder in a yeere;
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them as euill members of the Church;
If they reply, offenders are ſo friended
Though they preſent, 'tis little thing amended,
Yet tell them 'tis their dutie to diſcharge,
Their conſciences in euery thing at large;
Which if they doe ill doers ſhall be ſham'd
Or the corrupted Viſitors be blam'd:
And prethee tell the B. Chancellor,
That thou art ſent to be his counſellor:
And will him if he meane not to be ſtript,
And like a ſchoole boy once againe be whipt,

His

His worſhip would not ſo bad minded be,
To peruert iudgement for a ſcuruie Fee;
Then next goe tell their reuerent good maiſters,
Thou and the Clergy needs muſt fall to waſters:
Faith thou ſhalt find their Doctorſhips perhaps,
Diſputing of their Surpleſſes and Caps:
About the holy Croſſe, and Gowne, a Hood,
Or ſome ſuch matters for the churches good,
But tell them there are other things to doe,
A great deale fitter to be lookt into.
And if they pleaſe to goe their Viſitation,
There's weightier matters looke for Reformation,
Yea ſay there's many an infirmitie,
Which they both may and ought to remedy,
But touch them with remembrance of their place,
And they perhaps will alter then the caſe:
Then bid thoſe Dunces in our Colledges,
That they prouide them good Apologies:
For 'tis reported lately they haue both,
Betooke themſelues to Venery and ſloth,
And ſeeke not learning onely as they ſhould,
But are back friends to many a man that would:
'Twere fit they made a publike recantation,
And were well whipt before a Congregation.
So leauing them their wits for to refine,
Thou ſhalt be bold to looke on the Diuine;
They ſay, hee's growne more careſull of his ſtock,
His profits, and his tithes, then of his flock:
Now if thou finde report hath not belide him,
With a reſpect vnto his calling, chide him,

I had almoſt forgot our ciuill Doctors;
I pray thee warne them, and their lazy Proctors,
They would not vſe to make ſo many pauſes,
Before they doe determine poore-mens cauſes,
And let them not ſuppoſe their fees are ſmall,
Since they at laſt, will get the Diuell and all.
There bē Court Barrons many in the way,
Thus maiſt thou to the Guards of them ſay,
Their policy in raiſing fines and rents
Hath put poore-men beſide their Tenements:
And tell them, let them anſwer't if they can,
Their falſe Court-roles hath vndone many a man;
Say thou haſt ſeen what to their place belong'd,
And knowſt oft-times, both Lord & tenant's wrōgd:
Yet ſpare thy whip, for why? the peoples curſe,
Already hath prepared them a worſe;
So when that thou haſt puniſht vices ſlaues,
And roundly Ierk't the Country petty-knaues,
Then march vnto the camp to bloody *Nero*,
And tell the ruffling, ſhuffling Caualero;
He whoſe hard-heart can brook to rob or ſpill,
His friend or foe; to ruine, wound or kill:
Tell him, I ſay, there is a miſery
Muſt follow to reuenge his cruelty,
And ſee that thou the Ruffaines courage quaile,
Or laſh him till the ſtock and whipcord faile;
Walke but the round, and thou maiſt hap to catch,
The careleſſe Souldiers ſleeping in their watch,
Or in a march, perhaps, thei'le goe aſtray,
But if thou ſee them in their beſt aray,

And without leaue and warrant roming out,
To fetch ſome deſperate booty there about,
Remember them; and for their ſtout brauadoes,
Let them be well preferr'd with baſtinadoes.
Then bid the Captaines in their Garriſons,
Not lay to pawne their rich Capariſons,
Nor come vpon the ſcore till they are forc't,
To be diſarm'd for paiment, or vnhors't;
Nor keep the Souldiers hire, leaſt they be faine
To make an inſurrection or complaine,
For that indeed proues oftentimes the cauſe,
They doe ſo much tranſgreſſe the Martiall lawes;
Yea tell him 'tis a ſcandall to be drunke
And drowne their valour, or maintaine a Punk;
Then if he mend not for to blot his fame,
In ſteed of honour whip him for't with ſhame.
Then laſtly there are ſelfe-conceited wits,
Whoſe ſtomacks nought but their owne humor fits,
Detractors, Critticks; who e'ne at the beſt,
Doe bite with enuy, or elſe ſnarle at leaſt,
And in thy progreſſe if diſcern'd thou be,
'Tis out of queſtion they will ſnap at thee; (them,
To ſpight them then the waie's not to out-braule
But ſay thou car'ſt not, and that laſh wil gaul them,
Now Satyr leaue me to my ſelfe alone,
Thou haſt thy meſſage and thou maiſt be gone,
Whip any that ſhall offer to withſtand thee,
In executing that which I command thee;
And yet ſo, ho, ho, ho, come back againe,
Be ſure that thou vnderſtand me plaine:

Firſt note; I from thy Scourge doe here except,
The Guard, by whom the kingdomes peace is kept,
The vertuous Peeres: Alas! I nothing grutch them,
And on my bleſsing ſee thou doe not touch them;
And if in all our Offices there's any,
That is an honeſt man amongſt ſo many;
Him did I euer meane that thou ſhould'ſt ſpare,
Becauſe I know that ſuch a one is rare;
Phyſick and law I honour both (God bleſſe it)
With euery vertuous man that doth profeſſe it,
I doe not ayme at ſuch as they, nor when
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
Such worthy Brittaines as maintained be,
According to their faſhion and degree:
No, thoſe I loue; and what can I leſſe doe
Since I of them am wel-beloued toe;
To blame all Marchants neuer was my will,
Nor doe I thinke all Tradeſ-mens worke is ill;
My meaning muſt not ſo be vnderſtood;
For the laſt ſhooes I had were very good;
Yea, and ſo farre am I from ſuch a thought
Thou ſhouldſt againſt the vertuous doe ought,
That if thou but an honeſt Tapſter ſee,
Tell him I wiſh, we might acquainted be;
And Ile that Hoſtler loue, which in amends
Will vſe my horſe well that we may be friends;
And to be briefe, good Satyr vnderſtand
That thou maiſt not miſtake what I command:
Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like,
That thou at this time ſhouldſt in ſpeciall ſtrike,

Becauſe

Becauſe my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men;
Which is not ſo, for though ſome malice me
With eu'ry one am I in charitie;
And if that thou doe euer come to ſight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wiſh it might be tooke as 'twas intended;
And then no vertuous man will be offended:
But if that any man doe thinke amiſs,
Vpon my life that party guilty is;
And therefore laſh him, ſo get out of dore
Come what come will, I'le call thee back no more:
So, now he's gone the way that I direct him,
I wonder how the world will now reſpect him,
If that ſhe maruaile why he was not bolder,
Perhaps he may be when that he is older;
He hath too ſmooth a chin, a looke too milde,
A token that he is not wholly wilde;
But may I reach the yeeres of other men,
If that this looſe world be not mended then,
Ile ſend a Satyr rougher then a Beare
That ſhall not chide and whip, but ſcratch & teare,
And ſo I'le teach him he ſhall be too ſtrong,
For all your *Paris-garden* dogs to wrong.
This Satyr hath a ſcourge, (but it wants weight,
Your Spaniſh whips were worſe in eighty-eight,)
That ſhall not onely make them howle for paine,
But touſe them, till they hold their peace againe:
Now if the world, frowne vpon me for't,
Shall I be ſorie? No, 'twill mend my ſport;

But what if I my ſelf ſhould hap to ſtray,
Out of my bounds into my Satyrs way?
Why then; and that's as much as I need doe,
I giue him leaue to come and laſh me toe.
So now my Muſe a reſting time requires,
For ſhee's or'wearied and her ſpirit tires.

Παύσω δ' ἐγὼ θεά.

FINIS.

Certaine Epigrammes to the *Kings moſt excellent Maieſtie*, the Queene, the Prince, the Princeſſe, and other Noble and Honorable Perſonages, *and friends to whom the Author gaue any his bookes.*

To the Kings Maieſtie.

Epigram 1.

LOe here dread Sou'raign, *& great* Brittans *King*
Firſt to thy view I haue preſum'd to bring,
Theſe my Eſſaies; *On which but gently looke,*
I doe not make thee Patron of my booke:
For 'tis not fit our Faiths-Defender *(ſtill)*
Take the protection of each trifling quill;
No; yet becauſe thy wiſdome able is,
Of all things to make vſe; I giue thee this:
The Picture *of a Beaſt in* Humane *ſhape,*
'Tis neither Monkey, *nor* Baboone, *nor* Ape,
Though neere Conditioned; I haue not ſought it
In Affrike *deſerts; neither haue I brought it*

Out

Out of Ignota terra: *those wild lands,*
Beyond the farthest Magalanick strands
Yeeld not the like; the Fiend lines in this Ile
And I muse that you spied not all this while
That Man-like Monster. *But (alas) I saw,*
The looke of Maiestie kept him in awe;
He will not, for he dares not before thee
Shew what (indeed) he vses for to be;
But in thy presence he is meeke, demure,
Demure, chast, honest, innocent, and pure:
Seeming an Angell, *free from thought of ill,*
And therefore thou must needs so thinke him still.
But for because thy Soueraigne place denies,
The sight of what is view'd by meaner eyes:
This I haue brought thee with much care and paine,
'Twas like to haue beene forced back againe:
So loath the world was, that thou shouldst view,
The Portraiture that I haue drawne so true;
Yea yet, (I feare) shee findes her selfe so gald,
That some will study how to haue't recald;
But tis too late; for now my Muse doth trust,
When thou hast seene thou wilt approoue what's iust.
And if I may but once perceiue, or heare,
That this sounds pleasing in thy kingly eare,
Ile make my Muse for to describe him fuller,
And paint him forth in a more liuely cullour:
Yea I will to the worlds great shame vnfold,
That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told;
Meane while great King a happy Monarch raigne,
In spight of Rome, the Diuell, Hell, and Spaine.

Another

Another to his Maieſtie.

EPIGR. 2.

AS he that feeds on no worſe meat then Quailes,
And with choice dainties pleaſeth Appetite:
Will never haue great liſt to gnaw his nailes,
Or in a courſe thin diet take delight:
So thou great King, *that ſtill doſt ouerlooke*
The learned workes, that are moſt deep, moſt rare:
Canſt not perhaps theſe my rude Satyrs *brooke:*
Thou doſt not for ſuch ſharp fang'd Critticks care.
Oh doe not yet thy ſelfe ſo much eſtrange,
From wonted curteſie to others ſhowne;
A Country diſh doth often ſerue for change,
And ſome thing here is worthy to be knowne.
Sharpe ſawce gines ſweeteſt meat a better taſt;
And though that this, to many bitter be,
Then no ſuch ſickneſſe in thy ſtomack haſt.
And therefore 'twill be pleaſing vnto thee:
What; though I neither flatter, fawne, nor ſooth,
My honeſt plaineneſſe ſhall more truely prayſe thee
Then thoſe that in Court language *filed ſmooth,*
Strive vnbeleeuing Tropheis *for to raiſe thee.*
My loyall heart cannot ſo well impart,
The loue it beares your Maieſtie *as others:*
The want of Time, Encouragement *and Art,*
My purpoſe in the Embrio *ſtill ſmothers.*

Obſcuritie,

Obſcuritie, Groſſe-Fates, *and want of* Meanes,
Would haue made Romes *great* Maro *hardly ſing*,
But if once Cæſar *to his muſique leanes*;
His tunes through all the world will ſweetly ring:
And why are Engliſh *wits ſo perfect growne?*
But for becauſe thy Kingly hand peruſes,
Their well tun'd Poems; *and hath bounty ſhowne*,
Yea it is thou giu'ſt light vnto their Muſes.
Oh! had I ſuch a Star *for* Pole *to mine*;
I'de reach a ſtraine ſhould raviſh all the Nine.

To the Queenes Maieſtie.

EPIGR. 3.

* In poſſe.

DAughter, Wife, Siſter Mother to a King*;
And Empreſſe *of the North, enrich your* Name:
Yet does you (huſtitie, and Wiſedome bring,
Bounty, and curt'ſie, to make vp true fame.
Which ſince (faire Queene) *my* Muſe *hath vnderſtood*,
She's bold into your preſence to intrude;
Aſſured, honeſt meanings that are good
Shall find acceptance there, though they ſeeme rude,
Looke, and behold the Vanities *of men*,
Their Miſery, *their* Weakeneſſe, *and their* Pride;
Daigne to ſuruey this booke (I ſay) and then,
When you haue each particular eſpide:
Thinke with your ſelfe, how highly bleſt you be,
For to enioy a Prince, that both knowes how,

To

To keepe himselfe, from such fell Passion *free,*
And make so many mad-wild creatures bow.
Indeed here's Vices *tablet plainely made,*
Not veiled ouer, or obscurely drawne;
Tis in a colour which shall neuer fade,
That men may blush, on such a hag to fawne.
But if your Grace *will fauour what I sing,*
Though Vertue *be in durance Ile repreeue her:*
That now despised Nimph *to honour bring,*
Set all her hidden beauties forth; and giue her
So sweet a looke, and such a deft attire,
Men shall grow loue-sick and burne with desire.

To CHARLES Prince of Wales.

EPIGR. 4.

SEe here faire *Of-spring* of the royall *Stem*,
What all the world almost is subiect to;
Behold it so, thou truely maist contemne,
And from thy heart abhorre what others doe.
Now is the fit and onely time to season,
That yong, rare-vnderstanding breast of thine
With sacred *precepts*, good aduise, and *reason*;
But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline,
Inheritance, great Prince, will make it thine:
And were *Mans* nature, yet more prone to fall,
For to be so borne, and so taught, helpes all.

To the Princeſſe.

EPIGR. 5.

SWeet *Princeſſe*; though my Muſe ſings not the glories,
Of faire aduentrous Knights or Ladies loues:
Though here be no *Encomiaſtick* ſtories,
That tender hearts, or gentle Spirits moues,
Yet in an honeſt homely Ruſtick ſtraine,
She ſhewes the Creature (ſuch may you here know)
Forgiue her though ſhe be ſeuere, or plaine,
Truth that may warrant it commanded ſo.
Yea view it ouer with beleeſe; but than,
I am afraid you will abhor a man.

And yet you need not; All deſerue not blame,
For that great *Prince* that wooes for to be yours
If that his worth but equalize his fame,
Is free from any *Satyr* here of ours.
Nay they ſhall praiſe him; for though they haue
To make the wicked their offences rue, (whips
And dare to ſcourge the greateſt when he trips,
Vertue ſhall ſtill, be certaine of her due.
But for your ſake; (if that you entertaine him,)
Oh would he were (a man) as I could faine him.

Yet ſweet *Elizabeth*: that happy *Name*,
If we loſt nothing elſe by looſing thee;

So

So deare to *England* is, we are to blame,
If without teares, and sighes we parted be;
But if thou must make blest another Clime,
Remember *Our*: and for that; though I vse,
A crabbed subiect, and a Churlish Rime.
Daigne but to be the Mistris of my *Muse*;
And Ile change *Theames*, and in a lofty stile,
Keepe thee aliue for euer, in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his Maiesties most honorable priuy Counsell.

EPIGRAM 6.

MOst *Honor'd Lords*; I heere present this booke,
To your graue censures, not to show my *Art*;
Ne're did you on so rude a matter looke,
Yet 'tis the token of an honest heart.
I did it not to please, nor flatter any,
Nor haue I made it for the thirst of gaine;
For sure I am, it will not humor many,
And I expect much hatred for my paine.
Here, something you may see that now requires,
Your care and prouidence to haue't amended:
That's the maine point to which my *Muse* aspires,
And whereto I haue all my labor tended:
It may be there be some out of their hate,
Will mis-interpret what is' plainely ment;

Or tax me as too ſaucy with the *State*,
In hope to make me for the *Truth* be ſhent.
Yet know *Great Lords*, I doe acknowledge here,
It is your wiſedomes, that next God maintaines
This Kingdomes good; and from my heart I beare
A reuerent reſpect vnto your paines.
I do not, as ſuch faine would haue it ſeeme,
Preſume to teach your wiſedomes what is beſt;
I doe not my owne knowledge ſo eſteeme
Vile ſelfe-conceit I from my heart deteſt.
But for becauſe I know the piercing'ſt eye,
Can neuer into all abuſes ſee;
And ſince the greateſt in Authoritie,
May not behold ſome-time ſo much as we:
And therefore I haue thought to be amiſſe
And worth amending I haue told it here;
I know your Honors will be pleas'd in this,
Though ſome (it may be) cannot rage forbeare.
But if there's any take this writing badly;
Had it told all, it would haue vext him madly.

To Henry *Earle of South-hampton.*

EPIGR. 7.

SOuth-hampton; ſince thy Prouince brought me (forth,
And on thoſe pleaſant mountaines I yet keepe,

I ought to be no ſtranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy *Vertues* in obliuion ſleepe.
Nor will I; if my *Fortunes* giue me *Time*,
Meane while read this, and ſee what others be;
If thou canſt like't, and will but grace my *Rime*,
I will ſo blaze thy *Hampſhire* ſprings and thee,
Thy *Arle*, *Teſt*, *Stoure*, and *Auon* ſhal ſhare *Fame*,
Either with *Humber*, *Seuerne*, *Trent* or *Thame*.

To *William* Earle of Penbrooke.

EPIGR. 8.

THou whom reſpect of kin makes not vniuſt,
True Noble Spirit, free from hate or guile;
Thou, whom thy *Prince* hath for thy care and truſt
Plac't for to keepe the entrance of this *Ile*.
See heere th'abuſes of theſe wicked *Times*,
I haue expos'd them open to thy view;
Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,
And therefore mai'ſt perceiue that all is true. (thee;
Take't though I ſeeme a ſtranger, yet I know
And for thy vertues *Penbrooke*, this I owe thee.

To the Lord *Lile*, Chamberlaine to the Queene.

Epigr. 9.

BEing a *Sydney* and ſo nere ali'de
To him whoſe matchleſſe, rare, immortall pen,
Procur'd of Fame to haue him deifide,
And liue for euer in the hearts of men:
The loue my ſoule hath euer borne that *Name*,
Would certainely perſwade me for your ſake;
In honeſt ſeruice to aduenture blame,
Or any open dangers vndertake.
Yet ſhall not that your titles, nor your place,
Your honors, nor your might, nor all you haue,
Cauſe me to flatter for reward or grace,
Fortune ſhall neuer make my minde a ſlaue,
But ſeeing that your *Vertue* ſhines apparant,
And honorable acts doe ſpeake your praiſe;
Since *Good Report* hath giuen forth her *warrant*,
Which none ſo much as by himſelfe gaine-ſaies,
That (and naught elſe but that) compels my *Muſe*,
To ſing your *worth*, and to preſent her *Owne*:
If this imperfect iſſue you'le peruſe,
Ile make her in a better forme be knowne.
And teach her, that is now ſo rude and plaine,
To ſore a pitch aboue the common ſtraine.

To the Lady *Mary Wroth.*

EPIGR. 10.

MAdame, to call you *beſt*, or the *moſt faire*,
The *Vertu'ſt* and the wiſeſt in our daies:
Is now not commendations worth a haire,
For that's become to be each huſ-wifes praiſe.

There's no degree, below *Superlative*,
Will ſerue ſome ſoothing *Epigrammatiſts*:
The *Worſt* they praiſe, exceeds *Comparative*,
And *Beſt* can get no more out of their fiſts.

But, *Arts ſweet Louer*; (vnto whom I know,
There is no happy *Muſe* this day remaines;
That doth not for your *Worth* and bounty owe,
Euen himſelfe, his beſt and ſweeteſt ſtraines.)

Vouchſafe, to let this booke your fauour finde,
And as I here haue *Mans* abuſes ſhowne,
Ile with like iuſt, and vncorrupted minde,
So make your true vnfained *Vertues* knowne,

While others falſe praiſe, ſhall in one's mouth be,
All ſhall commend you, in the high'ſt degree.

To Sir *Thomas Ridgeway*, Knight Barronet, Treasurer of Ireland.

Epigr. 11.

Sir, you first grac't and gratifi'd my *Muse*,
Which nere durst try til then what she could do,
That which I did vnto my selfe was newes,
A matter I was little vs'd vnto:
Had you those first endeauors not approou'd,
I should for euermore haue silence kept;
But now your good encouragement hath moou'd
And rous'd my Spirits, that before time slept;
For which I vow'd a guift that should bee better:
Accept this for't, and ile be still your debtor.

Here you shall see the *Images* of men,
More sauage then the wildest *Irish kerne*:
Abuses whipt and stript, and whipt agen,
I know your Iudgement can the *Truth* discerne.
Now so you will thinke well of this my Rime,
I'ue such a mind yet to *Saint Patricks* Ile,
That if my *Fate* and *Fortunes* giue me time,
I hope for to reuisit you a while,
And make those sparkes of honor to flame high,
That rak't vp in obliuions cinders lie.

To his Father.

Epigr. 12.

OThers may glory that their Fathers hands
Haue ſcrapt together mighty ſummes of gold,
Boaſt in the circuit of new purchaſt lands,
Or heards of cattell more then can be told.
God giue them ioy; their wealth Ile nere enuy,
For you haue gotten me a greater ſtore,
And though I haue not their proſperitie,
In my conceit I am not halfe ſo poore.
You learn't me with a little to content me,
Shew'd how to bridle paſsion in ſome meaſure;
And through your meanes I haue a *Talent* lent me,
Which I more valew then all *Indies* treaſure;
For when the al-moſt boundleſſe *patrimonies*,
Are waſted; thoſe by which our great ones truſt
To be eterniz'd: when their *Ceremonies*
Shall be forgotten, and their toombes be duſt;
Then to the glory of your future line,
Your owne and my friends ſacred memory,
This little, poore, deſpiſed, *wealth* of mine,
Shall raiſe a *Trophee* of eternitie,
Which fretting *enuy*, nor conſuming *time*,
Shall ere aboliſh or one whit offend:

A topleſſe *Statue* that to ſtarres ſhall clime,
Far greater then your Art ſhall comprehend:
But I muſt needs confeſſe tis true, I yet
Reape little profit in the eyes of men:
My Talent yeelds ſmall outward benefit,
Yet Ile not leaue it for the world agen.
Though't bring no gaine that you by artfull ſleight
Can meaſure out the earth in part or whole;
Sound out the Centers depth and take the height,
Either of th'Artick, or Antartick pole:
Yet tis your pleaſure, it contentment brings,
And ſo my Muſe is my content and ioy,
I would not miſſe her to be ranckt with Kings,
How euer ſome account it as a toy.
But hauing then (and by your meanes) obtaind,
So rich a *patrimonie* for my ſhare?
For which with linkes of loue I'me euer chaind,
What duties fitting for ſuch bounties are?
Moreouer *Nature* brought me in your debt,
And ſtill I owe you for your cares and feares:
Your paines and charges I doe not forget
Beſide the intereſt of many yeares:
What way is there to make requitall for it?
Much I ſhall leaue vnpaid doe what I can:
Should I be then vnthankefull? I abhorre it,
The Will may ſerue when Power wants in man:
This booke I giue you then, heere you ſhall finde
Somewhat to counteruaile your former coſt;
It is a little *Index* of my minde;
Time ſpent in reading it will not be loſt.

Accept

Accept it and when I haue to my might,
Paid all I can to you; if powers diuine
Shall ſo much in my happineſſe delight,
To make you grandſire to a ſonne of mine:
Looke what remaines, and may by right be due
Ile pay it him as 'twas receiu'd from you.

Your louing ſonne

George Wither.

To his Mother.

EPIGR. 13.

VNgratefull is the child that can forget,
The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares,
And therefore though I cannot pay the debt,
Due for the ſmalleſt drop of your kind teares.
This Booke I for acknowledgement doe giue you,
Wherein you may perceiue my heart, my minde;
Let neuer falſe report of me more greeue you,
And you ſhall ſure no iuſt occaſion finde.

Loue

Loue made you apt to feare thoſe ſlanders true,
Which in my abſence were but lately ſowne,
It was a motherly diſtruſt in you,
But thoſe that rais'd them are falſe villaines knowne:
For though I muſt confeſſe I am indeed,
The vileſt to my ſelfe that liues this time:
Yet to the world-ward I've tane ſuch heed,
There's none can ſpot me with a hainous crime.
This I am forc't to ſpeake (you beſt know why,)
Where's that man liuing that dare ſay I lye?

To his deare friend Maſter *Thomas Cranly.*

EPIGR. 14.

BRother, for ſo I call thee, not becauſe
Thou wert my Fathers, or my Mothers ſonne,
Nor conſanguinitie, nor wedlock lawes,
Could ſuch a kindred twixt vs haue begunne,
We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,
Nor ſworne in brotherhood with alehouſe quaits
We neuer were ſo much as drunke together,
Twas no ſuch ſlight acquaintance ioyn'd our hearts
But a long knowledge with much trial did it,
(Which for to chuſe a friend are good directions,)
And though we lou'd both well at firſt, both hid it,
Till 'twas diſcouered by a like affections.

Since

Since which, thou hast out-gon me far in showing
The Office of a friend; do't still and spare not,
I o here's a *memorandum* for what's owing;
But know for all thy kind respect I care not,
Vnlesse thou 'lt shew how I may seruice doe thee,
Then I will sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine, G.W.

To his louing friend, and Couſen-German, M. WILLIAM WITHER.

EPIGRAM. 15.

IF that the *Standerds* of the houſe bewray,
What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide;
Or if their Deſtinies, as ſome men ſay,
Be in the names of any ſignifi'd;
Tis ſo in thine; for that faire antique *ſhield*
Borne by thy Predeceſſors long agoe,
Depainted with a cleere pure *Argent* field,
The innocencie of thy line did ſhow.
The ſable *Cheuron* twixt three *Creſcents* gul'de,
Tel's that black *fates* obſcur'd our houſes light;
Becauſe the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
Loſt her owne luſtre, and was darkned quite:

And

And as indeed our aduerſaries ſay,
The very name of *Wither* ſhowes decay.
But yet deſpaire not, keep thy *white* vnſtain'd,
And then it skils not what thy *Cheuron* be, (wain'd;
What though the *Moone* be now encreaſt, now
Learne thence to know thy lifes inconſtancie;
Be carefull as thou hitherto haſt beene
To ſhun th'abuſes *Man* is taxt for here;
And then thy ſoule, that's now ecclips'd with ſin,
When *Moone* and *Sun* are darkned ſhall look cleere:
And whatſoe're thy *Engliſh* name may threat,
The * *Harueſts ſonne* the *Greeks* entitle thee,
Ere thou ſhalt want, thy * *Hare* wil bring thee meat,
And, to kill care, her ſelfe thy make-ſport be,
Yea yet (though *Ennies* miſts do make them dull)
I hope to ſee the wained *Orbes* at full.

For the better vnderſtanding of this Epigram, note that his Armes are, in a field argent a Cheuron ſable, betwixt three creſcents gules, his name according to the Greekes is Τυίθηρ, *and his Creſt is a Hare with three wheat eares in her mouth.*

To

To his Schoole-maiſter, Maſter IOHN GREAVES.

EPIGR. 16.

IF euer I doe wiſh I may be rich,
(As of perhaps ſuch idle breath I ſpend;)
I doe it not for any thing ſo much,
As for to haue wherewith to pay my friend.
For truſt me, there is nothing grieues me more
Then this; that I ſhould ſtill much kindnes take,
And haue a Fortune (to my mind) ſo poore,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make:
Yet for to be as thankefull as I may,
Since my eſtate no better meanes affords,
What I in deed receiue, I doe repay
In willingnes, in thankes and gentle words.
Then though your loue doth well deſerue to haue
Better requitals then are in my power;
Knowing you'l nothing *vltra poſſe* craue,
Here I haue brought you ſome *Eſſaies* of our:
You may thinke much, perhaps, ſince ther's ſo many
Learn'd *Graduates* that haue your pupils been;
I who am none, and more vnfit then any,
Should firſt preſume in publike to be ſeene:
But you doe know thoſe horſes in the teeme,
That with their worke are ableſt to goe through,
Seldome ſo forward as blind *Bayard* ſeeme,
(Or giue ſo many twitches to the plough)
And ſo though they may better; their intent
Is not, perhaps, for to be fooles in print.

To

To the captious Reader.

VVHat thou maist say or thinke; it is no matter,
But if thou busily imagine here,
Since most of these are mighty, that I flatter;
Know, sacred Iustice is to me so deare, (them;
Did not their *Vertues* in my thoughts thus raise
To get an *Empire* by them I'de not praise them.

FINIS.